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GUESSES AT TRUTH

BY

TWO BROTHERS.

THIRD EDITION.

FIRST SERIES.

Μάντις δ' ἄριστος ὅστις εἰκάζει καλῶς.

The best divine is he who well divines.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND WALTON,

UPPER GOWER STREET.

SOLD BY MACMILLAN, CAMBRIDGE.

1847.

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Χρυσὸν οἱ διζήμενοι, φησὶν Ἡράκλειτος, γῆν πολλὴν ὀρύσσουσι, καὶ εὑρίσκουσιν ὀλίγον.

Clem. Alex. Strom. IV. 2. *p.* 565.

As young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a further stature; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practice; but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.

Bacon, Advancement of Learning, B. 1. . 48.

34-206

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

My honoured Friend,

The favour I have always experienced from you emboldens me to address you publicly by this name. For more than twenty years I have cherisht the wish of offering some testimony of my gratitude to him by whom my eyes were opened to see and enjoy the world of poetry in nature and in books. In this feeling he, who shared all my feelings, fully partook. You knew my brother; and though he was less fortunate than I have been, in having fewer opportunities of learning from your living discourse, you could not deny him that esteem and affection, with which all delighted to regard him. Your writings were among those he prized the most: and unless this little work had appeared anonymously when it

first came out, he would have united with me in dedicating it to you.

Then too would another name have been associated with yours,—the name of one to whom we felt an equal and like obligation,—a name which, I trust, will ever be coupled with yours in the admiration and love of Englishmen,—the name of Coleridge. You and he came forward together in a shallow, hard, and worldly age,—an age alien and almost averse from the higher and more strenuous exercises of imagination and thought, —as the purifiers and regenerators of poetry and philosophy. It was a great aim; and greatly have you both wrought for its accomplishment. Many, among those who are now England's best hope and stay, will respond to my thankful acknowledgement of the benefits my heart and mind have received from you both. Many will echo my wish, for the benefit of my country, that your influence and his may be more and more widely

diffused. Many will join in my prayer, that health and strength of body and mind may be granted to you, to complete the noble works which you have still in store, so that men may learn more worthily to understand and appreciate what a glorious gift God bestows on a nation when He gives them a poet.

Had this work been dedicated to you then, it might have pleased you more to see your great friend's name beside your own. The proof of my brother's regard too would have endeared the offering. Then,—if you will allow me to quote a poem, which, from its faithful expression of fraternal love, has always sounded to me like the voice of my own heart,—"There were two springs which bubbled side by side, As if they had been made that they might be Companions for each other." But now for a while that blessed companionship has been interrupted: "One has disappeared: The other, left

behind, is flowing still." Yet, small as the tribute is, and although it must come before you without these recommendations, may you still accept it in consideration of the reverence which brings it; and may you continue to think with your wonted kindness

Of your affectionate Servant,

JULIUS CHARLES HARE.

HERSTMONCEUX,
January, 1838.

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you with a few suggestions, the fruits, alas! of much idleness. Such of them as are distinguisht by some capital letter, I have borrowed from my acuter friends. My own are little more than glimmerings, I had almost said dreams, of thought: not a word in them is to be taken on trust.

If then I am addressing one of that numerous class, who read to be told what to think, let me advise you to meddle with the book no further. You wish to buy a house ready furnisht: do not come to look for it in a stonequarry. But if you are building up your opinions for yourself, and only want to be provided with materials, you may meet with many things in these pages to suit you. Do not despise them

for their want of name and show. Remember what the old author says, that "even to such a one as I am, an idiota or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods and quiet places by rivers, the Goddesse herself Truth has oftentimes appeared."

Reader, if you weigh me at all, weigh me patiently; judge me candidly; and may you find half the satisfaction in examining my Guesses, that I have myself had in making them.

Authors usually do not think about writing a preface, until they have reacht the conclusion; and with reason. For few have such stedfastness of purpose, and such definiteness and clear foresight of understanding, as to know, when they take up their pen, how soon they shall lay it down again. The foregoing paragraphs were written some months ago: since that time this little book has increast to more than four times the bulk then contemplated; and withal has acquired two fathers instead of one. The temptations held out by the freedom and pliant aptness

of the plan,—the thoughtful excitement of lonely rambles, of gardening, and of other like occupations, in which the mind has leisure to muse during the healthful activity of the body, with the fresh wakeful breezes blowing round it,—above all, intercourse and converse with those, every hour in whose society is rich in the blossoms of present enjoyment, and in the seeds of future meditation, in whom too the Imagination delightedly recognises living realities goodlier and fairer than her fairest and goodliest visions, so that pleasure kindles a desire in her of portraying what she cannot hope to surpass,—these causes, happening to meet together, have occasioned my becoming a principal in a work, wherein I had only lookt forward to being a subordinate auxiliary. The letter U, with which my earlier contributions were markt, has for distinction's sake continued to be affixt to them. As our minds have grown up together, have been nourisht in great measure by the same food, have sympathized in their affections and their aversions, and been shaped reciprocally by the assimilating influences of brotherly

communion, a family likeness will, I trust, be perceivable throughout these volumes, although perhaps with such differences as it is not displeasing to behold in the children of the same parents. And thus I commit this book to the world, with a prayer that He to whom so much of it, if I may not say the whole, is devoted, will, if He think it worthy to be employed in His service, render it an instrument of good to some of His children. May it awaken some one to the knowledge of himself! May it induce some one to think more kindly of his neighbour! May it enlighten some one to behold the footsteps of God in the Creation! U.

May 17th, 1827.

In this new edition the few remarks found among my brother's papers, suitable to the work, have been, or will be incorporated. Unfortunately for the work they are but few. Soon after the publication of the first edition, he gave up guessing at Truth, for the higher office of preaching Truth. How faithfully he discharged that office, may be

seen in the two volumes of his Sermons. And now he has been raised from the earth to the full fruition of that Truth, of which he had first been the earnest seeker, and then the dutiful servant and herald.

My own portion of the work has been a good deal enlarged. On looking it over for the press, I found much that was inaccurate, more that was unsatisfactory. Many thoughts seemed to need being more fully developt. Ten years cannot pass over one's head, least of all in these eventful times, without modifying sundry opinions. A change of position too brings a new horizon, and new points of view. And when old thoughts are awakened, it is as with old recollections: a long train of associations start up; nor is it easy to withstand the pleasure of following them out. Various however as are the matters discust or toucht on in the following pages, I would fain hope that one spirit will be felt to breathe through them. It would be a delightful reward, if they may help the young, in this age of the Confusion of Thoughts, to discern some of those

principles which infuse strength and order into men's hearts and minds. Above all would I desire to suggest to my readers, how in all things, small as well as great, profane as well as sacred, it behoves us to keep our eyes fixt on the Star which led the Wise Men of old, and by which alone can any wisdom be guided, from whatsoever part of the intellectual globe, to a place where it will *rejoice with exceeding great joy.*

J. C. H.

January 6th, 1838.

This third edition is little else than a reprint of the second, with the addition of a quotation here and there in support of opinions previously exprest, and with the insertion of some half a dozen passages, partly to vindicate or to correct those opinions, partly to enforce them by reference to later events, partly to prevent their being misconstrued in behalf of certain errours which have recently become current.

October 6th, 1847.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

The virtue of Paganism was strength: the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances: Religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

Moral prejudices are the stopgaps of virtue: and, as is the case with other stopgaps, it is often more difficult to get either out or in through them, than through any other part of the fence.

A mother should desire to give her children a superabundance of enthusiasm, to the end that, after they have lost all they are sure to lose in mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

The heart has often been compared to the needle for its constancy: has it ever been so for its

variations? Yet were any man to keep minutes of his feelings from youth to age, what a table of variations would they present! how numerous! how diverse! and how strange! This is just what we find in the writings of Horace. If we consider his occasional effusions,—and such they almost all are,—as merely expressing the piety, or the passion, the seriousness, or the levity of the moment, we shall have no difficulty in accounting for those discrepancies in their features, which have so much puzzled professional commentators. Their very contradictions prove their truth. Or could the face even of Ninon de l'Enclos at seventy be just what it was at seventeen? Nay, was Cleopatra before Augustus the same as Cleopatra with Antony? or Cleopatra with Antony the same as with the great Julius?

The teachers of youth in a free country should select those books for their chief study,—so far, I mean, as this world is concerned,—which are best adapted to foster a spirit of manly freedom. The duty of preserving the liberty, which our ancestors, through God's blessing, won, establisht, and handed down to us, is no less imperative than any commandment in the second table; if it be not the concentration of the whole. And is this duty to be learnt from the investigations of science? Is it to be pickt up in the crucible? or extracted from the properties of lines and numbers? I fear there is a moment of broken lights in the

intellectual day of civilized countries, when, among the manifold refractions of Knowledge, Wisdom is almost lost sight of. Society in time breeds a number of mouths, which will not consent to be entertained without a corresponding variety of dishes, so that unity is left alone as an inhospitable singularity; and many things are got at any way, rather than a few in the right way. But "howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgements and affections," would we imbibe the feelings, the sentiments, and the principles, which become the inheritors of England's name and glory, we must abide by the springs of which our ancestors drank. Like them, we must nourish our minds by contemplating the unbending strength of purpose and uncalculating self-devotion, which nerved and animated the philosophic and heroic patriots of the heathen world: and we shall then blush, should Christianity, with all her additional incentives, have shone on our hearts without kindling a zeal as steady and as pure.

> Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
> As worthy of all our heart's devotion,
> As Virtue was to that first blinded age?
> As we do them in means, shall they surpass
> Us in the end? *Donne, Satires*, iii. 5.

The threatenings of Christianity are material and tangible. They speak of and to the senses; because they speak of and to the sensual and earthly, in character, intellect, and pursuits. The

promises of Christianity on the other hand are addrest to a different class of persons,—to those who love, which comes after fear,—to those who have begun to advance in goodness,—to those who are already in some measure delivered from the thraldom of the body. But, being spoken of heaven to the heavenly-minded, how could they be other than heavenly?

The fact then, that there is nothing definite, and little inviting or attractive, except to the eye of Faith, in the Christian representation of future bliss, instead of being a reasonable objection to its truth, is rather a confirmation of it. And so perhaps thought Selden, who remarks in his *Table-Talk*: "The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. The Christians quite invert this order: they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what." L.

Why should not distant parishes interchange their apprentices? so that the lads on their return home might bring back such improvements in agriculture and the mechanical arts, as they may have observed or been taught during their absence. E.

A practice of the sort was usual two centuries ago; and still exists in Germany, and other parts of the Continent.

The first thing we learn is *Meum*, the last *Tuum*. None can have lived among children without noticing the former fact; few have associated with men and not remarkt the latter.

To address the prejudices of our hearers is to argue with them in short-hand. But it is also more: it is to invest our opinion with the probability of prescription, and by occupying the understanding to attack the heart.

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.

A person should go out upon the water on a fine day to a short distance from a beautiful coast, if he would see Nature really smile. Never does she look so joyous, as when the sun is brightly reflected by the water, while the waves are rippling gently, and the scene receives life and animation here and there from the glancing transit of a row-boat, and the quieter motion of a few small vessels. But the land must be well in sight; not only for its own sake, but because the vastness and awfulness of a mere sea-view would ill sort with the other parts of the gay and glittering prospect.

The second Punic war was a struggle between Hannibal and the Roman people. Its event proved that the good sense and spirit of a nation, when embodied in institutions and exerted with

perseverance, must ultimately exhaust and overpower the resources of a single mind, however excellent in genius and prowess.

The war of Sertorius, the Roman Hannibal, is of the same kind, and teaches the same lesson.

Nothing short of extreme necessity will induce a sensible man to change all his servants at once. A new set coming together fortuitously are sure to cross and jostle . . like the Epicurean atoms, I was going to say; but no, unlike the silent atoms, they have the faculty of claiming and complaining; and they exert it, until the family is distracted with disputes about the limits of their several offices.

But after a household has been set in order, there is little or no evil to apprehend from minor changes. A new servant on arriving finds himself in the middle of a system: his place is markt out and assigned; the course of his business is set before him; and he falls into it as readily as a new wheel-horse to a mail, when his collar is to the pole, and the coach is starting.

It is the same with those great families, which we call nations. To remould a government and frame a constitution anew are works of the greatest difficulty and hazard. The attempt is likely to fail altogether, and cannot succeed thoroughly under very many years. It is the last desperate resource of a ruined people, a staking double or quits with evil, and almost giving it the first

game. But still it is a resource. We make use of cataplasms to restore suspended animation; and Burke himself might have tried Medea's kettle on a carcass.

Be that however as it may, from judicious subordinate reforms good, and good only, is to be lookt for. Nor are their benefits limited to the removal of the abuse, which their author designed to correct. No perpetual motion, God be praised! has yet been discovered for free governments. For the impulse which keeps them going, they are indebted mainly to subordinate reforms; now, by the exposure of a particular delinquency, spreading salutary vigilance through a whole administration; now, by the origination of some popular improvement from without, leading,—if there be any certainty in party motives, any such things in ambitious men as policy and emulation,—to the counter-adoption of numerous meliorations from within, which would else have been only dreamt of as impossible.

As a little girl was playing round me one day with her white frock over her head, I laughingly called her *Pishashee*, the name which the Indians give to their white devil. The child was delighted with so fine a name, and ran about the house crying to every one she met, *I am the Pishashee, I am the Pishashee.* Would she have done so, had she been wrapt in black, and called *witch* or *devil* instead? No: for, as usual, the

reality was nothing, the sound and colour everything.

But how many grown-up persons are running about the world, quite as anxious as the little girl was to get the name of Pishashees! Only she did not understand it.

True modesty does not consist in an ignorance of our merits, but in a due estimate of them. Modesty then is only another name for self-knowledge; that is, for the absence of ignorance on the one subject which we ought to understand the best, as well from its vast importance to us, as from our continual opportunities of studying it. And yet it is a virtue.

But what, on second thoughts, are these merits? Jeremy Taylor tells us, in his Life of Christ: "Nothing but the innumerable sins which we have added to what we have received. For we can call nothing ours, but such things as we are ashamed to own, and such things as are apt to ruin us. Everything besides is the gift of God; and for a man to exalt himself thereon is just as if a wall on which the sun reflects, should boast itself against another that stands in the shadow." *Considerations upon Christ's Sermon on Humility.*

After casting a glance at our own weaknesses, how eagerly does our vanity console itself with deploring the infirmities of our friends! T.

It is as hard to know when one is in Paris, as when one is out of London. R.

The first is the city of a great king; the latter, of a great people. M.

When the moon, after covering herself with darkness as in sorrow, at last throws off the garments of her widowhood, she does not expose her beauty at once barefacedly to the eye of man, but veils herself for a time in a transparent cloud, till by degrees she gains courage to endure the gaze and admiration of beholders.

To those whose god is honour, disgrace alone is sin.

Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart, and yet both actively working together. A.

Life may be defined to be the power of self-augmentation, or of assimilation, not of self-nurture; for then a steam-engine over a coalpit might be made to live.

Philosophy, like everything else, in a Christian nation should be Christian. We throw away the better half of our means, when we neglect to avail ourselves of the advantages which starting in the right road gives us. It is idle to urge

that, unless we do this, antichristians will deride us. Curs bark at gentlemen on horseback; but who, except a hypochondriac, ever gave up riding on that account?

In man's original state, before his soul had been stupefied by the Fall, his moral sensitiveness was probably as acute as his physical sensitiveness is now; so that an evil action, from its irreconcilableness with his nature, would have inflicted as much pain on the mind, as a blow causes to the body. By the Fall this fineness of moral tact was lost; — Conscience, the voice of God within us, is at once its relic and its evidence; — and we were left to ourselves to discover what is good; though we still retain a desire of good, when we have made out what it consists in.

They who disbelieve in virtue, because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny the sun, because it is not always noon.

Two persons can hardly set up their booths in the same quarter of Vanity Fair, without interfering with, and therefore disliking each other. B.

Fickleness in women of the world is the fault most likely to result from their condition in society. The knowing both what weaknesses are the most severely condemned, and what good qualities the most highly prized in the female

character, by our sex as well as their own, must needs render them desirous of pleasing generally, to the exclusion, so far as Nature will permit, of strong and lasting affection for individuals. Well! we deserve no better of them. After all too the flame is only smothered by society, not extinguisht. Give it free air, and it will blaze.

The following sentence is translated from D'Alembert by Dugald Stewart: "The truth is, that no relation whatever can be discovered between a sensation in the mind, and the object by which it is occasioned, or at least to which we refer it: *it does not appear possible to trace, by dint of reasoning, any practicable passage from the one to the other.*" If this be so, if there be no necessary connexion between the reception of an object into the senses, and its impression on the mind, what ground have we for supposing the organs of sense to be more than machinery for the uses of the body? The body may indeed be said to see through the eye: but how,—if we can trace no nearer connexion between the mind and an object painted on the retina, than between the mind and the object itself,—how can it be asserted, that the mind needs the eye to see with?

Most idle then are all disquisitions on the intermediate state, founded on the assumption that the soul, when apart from the body, has no perceptions. Waller's couplet,

> The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new lights through chinks that Time has made,

may be, perhaps is, no less true in fact, than pretty in fancy. Spirits may acquire new modes of communication on losing their mouths and ears, just as a bird gets its feathers on bursting from the shell. Our own experience furnishes a similar analogy. As the unborn infant possesses dormant senses, which it puts forth on coming into this world, in like manner our still embryo soul may perhaps have latent senses,—living inlets shall I call them, or capacities of spiritual vision and communion?—to be exercised hereafter for its improvement and delight, when it issues from its present womb, the body.

But here a dreadful supposition crosses me. What if sin, which so enfeebles the understanding, and dulls the conscience, should also clog and ultimately stifle these undevelopt powers and faculties, so as to render spiritual communion after death impossible to the wicked? What if the imbruted soul make its own prison, shut itself up from God, and exclude everything but the memory of its crimes, evil desires "baying body," and the dread of intolerable, unavoidable, momentarily approaching punishment? At least it is debarred from repentance: this one thought is terrible enough.

In Bacon's noble estimate of the dignity of knowledge, in the first book of *the Advancement of Learning*, he observes that, "in the election of those instruments, which it pleased God to use for

the plantation of the faith, notwithstanding that at the first he did employ persons altogether unlearned, otherwise than by inspiration, more evidently to declare His immediate working, and to abase all human wisdom or knowledge, yet nevertheless that counsel of His was no sooner performed, but in the next vicissitude and succession He did send His divine truth into the world waited on with other learnings, as with servants or handmaids: for so we see St Paul, who was the only learned amongst the Apostles, had his pen most used in the Scriptures of the New Testament."

From this remark let me draw a couple of corollaries: first, that such a man, as well from his station, as from his acuteness, and the natural pride of a powerful and cultivated intellect, was the last person to become the dupe of credulous enthusiasts; especially when they were lowborn and illiterate. And secondly, that from this appointment we may draw an inference in favour of a learned ministry. If some of the Apostles had no other human instructor than the best Master that ever lived, Jesus Christ; the one most immediately and supernaturally called by him to preach the Gospel was full of sacred and profane learning.

It was a practice worthy of our worthy ancestors, to fill their houses at Christmas with their relations and friends; that, when nature was frozen

and dreary out of doors, something might be found within doors "to keep the pulses of their hearts in proper motion." The custom however is only appropriate among people who happen to have a heart. It is bad taste to retain it in these days, when everybody worth hanging

oublie sa mère,
Et par bon ton se défend d'être père.

Most people, it is evident, have life granted to them for their own sake: but not a few seem sent into the world chiefly for the sake of others. How many infants every year come and go like apparitions! This remark too, if true in any degree, holds good much further.

A critic should be a pair of snuffers. He is oftener an extinguisher; and not seldom a *thief*. U.

The intellect of the wise is like glass: it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.

They who have to educate children, should keep in mind that boys are to become men, and that girls are to become women. The neglect of this momentous consideration gives us a race of moral hermaphrodites. A.

Poetry is to philosophy what the sabbath is to the rest of the week.

The ideal incentives to virtuous energy are a sort of moon to the moral world. Their borrowed light is but a dimmer substitute for the lifegiving rays of religion; replacing those rays, when hidden or obscured, and evidencing their existence, when they are unseen in the heavens.

To exclaim then, during the blaze of devotional enthusiasm, against the beauty and usefulness of such auxiliary motives, is fond. To shut the eye against their luminous aid, when religion does not enlighten our path, is lunatic. To understand their comparative worthlessness, feel their positive value, and turn them, as occasion arises, to account, is the part of the truly wise.

I have called these incentives a sort of moon. Had the image occurred to one of those old writers, who took such pleasure in tracing out recondite analogies, he would scarcely have omitted to remark, that, in the conjunctions of these two imaginary bodies, the moral moon is never eclipst, except at the full, nor ever eclipses, but when it is in the wane. "Love," says our greatest living prose-writer,* in one of his wisest and happiest moods, "is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who

* See Landor's beautiful conversation between Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Gray. The passage is all the better for its accidental coincidence with those noble lines by Lovelace;

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honour in a greater." So is it with honour and religion.

Before me were the two Monte Cavallo statues, towering gigantically above the pygmies of the present day, and looking like Titans in the act of threatening heaven. Over my head the stars were just beginning to look out, and might well have been taken for guardian angels keeping watch over the temples below. Behind, and on my left, were palaces; on my right, gardens, and hills beyond, with the orange tints of sunset over them still glowing in the distance. Within a stone's throw of me, in the midst of objects thus glorious in themselves, and thus in harmony with each other, was stuck an unplaned post, on which glimmered a paper lantern. Such is Rome.

Many men, however ambitious to be great in great things, have been well content to be little in little things. A.

Jupiter-Scapin was a happy name, witty and appropriate: he however for whom it was invented, was one of a large family. By the vulgar he is admired, and has been almost worshipt, as the hero of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of how many other fields of carnage: but go and read his will in Doctors Commons; and you will find that this manslayer on a huge and grand scale could also relish murder on the meanest

scale, and that in his solitude in St Helena such malignity festered in his heart, as made him leave a legacy of ten thousand franks to a man for having attempted to assassinate the true hero who conquered him at Waterloo. U.

So great enormities have been committed by privateers, within the memory of living men,—as may be seen in the *Journal of Alexander Davidson,* in the *Edinburgh Annual Register,* vol. iii. p. 2,—that it seems advisable that, on board every such ship, except perhaps in the four seas, there should be a superintending national officer, to keep a public journal, and to prevent crimes. If the officer die on the cruise, the privateer should be bound to make the nearest friendly port, unless she meet with a national ship-of-war that can spare her a superintendent out of its crew. A privateer not conforming to the regulations on these points should be deemed a pirate.

Unless some such provisions are adopted, the States now springing up in America will one day send forth a swarm of piratical privateers, cruel as the Buccaneers, and more unprincipled.

A statesman may do much for commerce, most by leaving it alone. A river never flows so smoothly, as when it follows its own course, without either aid or check. Let it make its own bed: it will do so better than you can. A.

Anguish is so alien to man's spirit, that nothing is more difficult to will than contrition. Therefore God is good enough to afflict us, that our hearts, being brought low enough to feed on sorrow, may the more easily sorrow for sin unto repentance.

In most ruins we see what Time has spared. Ancient Rome appears to have defied him; and its remains are the limbs which he has rent and scattered in the struggle. T.

How melancholy are all memorials! T.

Were we merely the creatures of outward impulses, what would faces of joy be but so many glaciers, on which the seeming smile of happiness at sunrise is only a flinging back of the rays they appear to be greeting, from frozen and impassive heads

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It is with flowers, as with moral qualities: the bright are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe, never the sweet.

Picturesqueness is that quality in objects which fits them for making a good picture; and it refers to the appearances of things in form and colour, more than to their accidental associations. Rembrandt would have been right in painting turbans and Spanish cloaks, though the Cid had been a

scrivener, Cortez had sold sugar, and Mahomet had been notorious for setting up a drug-shop instead of a religion.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that gain is slower and harder than loss, in all things good: but in all things bad, getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.

Would you cure or kill an evil prejudice? Manage it as you would a pulling horse; tickle it as you would a trout; treat it as you would the most headstrong thing in the world, and the readiest to take alarm, the likeliest to slip through your fingers at the moment you think you have got it safe, and are just about to make an end of it.

Three reasons occur to me for thinking bodily sins more curable than mental ones.

In the first place they are more easily ascertained to be sins; since they clothe themselves in outward acts, which admit neither of denial, nor, except in way of excuse, of self-deception. Nobody, the morning after he has been drunk, can be ignorant that he went to bed not sober: his nerves and stomach assure him of the fact. But the same man might be long in finding out that he thinks more highly of himself than he ought to think, from having no palpable standard to convince him of it.

Secondly bodily sins do not so immediately affect the reason, but that we still possess an uncorrupted judge within us, to discover and proclaim their criminality. Whereas mental sins corrupt the faculty appointed to determine on their guilt, and darken the light which should shew their darkness.

Moreover bodily sins must be connected with certain times and places. Consequently, by a new arrangement of his hours, and by abstaining, so far as may be, from the places which have ministered opportunities to a bodily vice, a man may in some degree disable himself for committing it. This in most vices of the kind is easy, in sloth not; which is therefore the most dangerous of them, or at least the hardest to be cured. The mind on the other hand is its own place, and does not depend on contingencies of season and situation for the power of indulging its follies or its passions.

Still it must be remembered that bodily sins breed mental ones, thus, after they are stifled or extinct, leaving an evil and vivacious brood behind them. "Nothing grows weak with age (says South, vol. ii. p. 47), but that which will at length die with age; which sin never does. The longer the blot continues, the deeper it sinks. Vice, in retreating from the practice of men, retires into their fancy" . . . and from that stronghold what shall drive it?

'Twas a night clear and cloudless, and the sight,
Swifter than heaven-commissioned cherubim,
Soaring above the moon, glancing beyond
The stars, was lost in heaven's abysmal blue.

There are things the knowledge of which proves their revelation. The mind can no more penetrate into the secrets of heaven, than the eye can force a way through the clouds. It is only when they are withdrawn by a mightier hand, that the sight can rise beyond the moon, and ascending to the stars repose on the unfathomable ether; that emblem of omnipresent Deity, which, everywhere enfolding and supporting man, yet baffles his senses, and is unperceived, except when he looks upward and contemplates it above him.

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what most mothers say and do to their infants, we should be filled with a conceit of our own importance, which would render us insupportable through life. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him, before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself. R.

It has been objected to the Reformers, that they dwelt too much on the corruption of our nature.

But surely, if our strength is to be perfected, it can only be "in weakness." He who feels his fall from Paradise the most sorely, will be the most grateful for the offer of returning thither on the wings of the Redeemer's love.

Written on Whitsunday.

Who has not seen the sun on a fine spring morning pouring his rays through a transparent white cloud, filling all places with the purity of his presence, and kindling the birds into joy and song? Such, I conceive, would be the constant effects of the Holy Spirit on the soul, were there no evil in the world. As it is, the moral sun, like the natural, though "it always makes a day," is often clouded over. It is only under a combination of peculiarly happy circumstances, that the heart suffers this sweet violence perceptibly, and feels and enjoys the ecstasy of being borne along by overpowering, unresisted influxes of good. To most, I fear, this happens only during the spring of life: but some hearts keep young, even at eighty.

After listening to very fine music, it appears one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attempered to our perceptions, as to become endurable for their pain.

A speech, being a matter of adaptation, and having to win opinions, should contain a little for

the few, and a great deal for the many. Burke injured his oratory by neglecting the latter half of this rule, as Sheridan must have spoilt his by his carelessness about the former. But the many always carry it for the moment against the few; and though Burke was allowed to be the greater man, Sheridan drew most hearers.

"I am convinced that jokes are often accidental. A man in the course of conversation throws out a remark at random, and is as much surprised as any of the company, on hearing it, to find it witty."

For the substance of this observation I am indebted to one of the pleasantest men I ever knew, who was doubtless giving the results of his own experience. He might have carried his remark some steps further with ease and profit. It would have done our pride no harm to be reminded, how few of our best and wisest, and even of our newest thoughts, do really and wholly originate in ourselves, how few of them are voluntary, or at least intentional. Take away all that has been suggested or improved by the hints and remarks of others, all that has fallen from us accidentally, all that has been struck out by collision, all that has been prompted by a sudden impulse, or has occurred to us when least looking for it; and the remainder, which alone can be claimed as the fruit of our thought and study, will in every man form a small portion of his store, and in most men will

be little worth preserving. We can no more make thoughts than seeds. How absurd then for a man to call himself a poet, or *maker!* The ablest writer is a gardener first, and then a cook. His tasks are, carefully to select and cultivate his strongest and most nutritive thoughts, and, when they are ripe, to dress them, wholesomely, and so that they may have a relish.

To recur to my friend's remark: let me strengthen it with the authority of one of the wittiest men that ever lived; who, if any man, might assuredly have boasted that his wit was not a foundling. "As the repute of wisdom, (says South, *Sermon* viii), so that of wit also is very casual. Sometimes a lucky saying or a pertinent reply has procured an esteem of wit to persons otherwise very shallow; so that, if such a one should have the ill hap to strike a man dead with a smart saying, it ought in all reason and conscience to be judged but a chance-medley. Nay, even when there is a real stock of wit, yet the wittiest sayings and sentences will be found in a great measure the issues of chance, and nothing else but so many lucky hits of a roving fancy. For consult the acutest poets and speakers; and they will confess that their quickest and most admired conceptions were such as darted into their minds like sudden flashes of lightning, they knew not how nor whence; and not by any certain consequence or dependence of one thought upon another." Were further confirmation needed, the

poet of our age has been heard to declare, that once in his life he fancied he had hit upon an original thought, but that after a while he met with it in so common an author as Boyle.

Whoever wishes to see an emblem of political unions and enmities, should walk, when the sun shines, in a shrubbery. So long as the air is quite still, the shadows combine to form a pretty trellice-work, which looks as if it would be lasting. But the wind is perverse enough to blow; and then to pieces goes the trellice-work in an instant; and the shadows, which before were so quiet and distinct, cross and intermingle confusedly. It seems impossible they should ever reunite: yet, the moment the wind subsides, they dovetail into each other as closely as before.

Before I traveled, I had no notion that mountain scenery was so unreal. Beside the strangeness of finding common objects on new levels, and hence in new points of view, you have only to get into a retired nook, and you hear water and catch a glimpse of the tops of trees, but see nothing distinctly except the corner of rock where you are standing. You are surrounded by a number of well-known effects, so completely severed to the eye and imagination from their equally well-known and usually accompanying causes, that you cannot tell what to make of them.

All things here are strange!
Rocks scarred like rough-hewn wood! Ice brown as sand
Wet by the tide, and cleft, with depths between,
And streams outgushing from its frozen feet!
Snow-bridges arching over headlong torrents!
And then the sightless sounds, and noiseless motions,
Which hover round us! I should dream I dreamt,
But for those looks of kindness still unchanged.

O these mob torrents! here, with show of fury,
Rushing submissive to an arch of snow,
That frailest fancy-work of Nature's idlesse;
There threatening rocks, and rending ancient firs,
The sovereins of the wood, yet overwhelmed
And dasht to the earth with hooting violence.

Many actions, like the Rhone, have two sources, ne pure, the other impure.

It is with great men as with high mountains. They oppress us with awe when we stand under them: they disappoint our insatiable imaginations when we are nigh, but not quite close to them: and then, the further we recede from them, the more astonishing they appear; until, their bases being concealed by intervening objects, they at one moment seem miraculously lifted above the earth, and the next strike our fancies as let down from heaven.

The apparent and the real progress of human affairs are both well illustrated in a waterfall; where the same noisy bubbling eddies continue for

months and years, though the water which froths in them changes every moment. But as every drop in its passage tends to loosen and detach some particle of the channel, the stream is working a change all the time in the appearance of the fall, by altering its bed, and so subjecting the river during its descent to a new set of percussions and reverberations.

And what, when at last effected, is the consequence of this change? The foam breaks into shapes somewhat different: but the noise, the bubbling, and the eddies are just as violent as before.

A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome. A.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable: they even dance: yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

How disproportionate are men's projects and means! To raise a single church to a single Apostle, the monuments of antiquity were ransackt, and forgiveness of sins was doled out at a price. Yet its principal gate has been left unfinisht; and its holy of holies is encrusted with stucco.

On entering St Peter's, my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees; and, but for the fear of being observed by my companions, I must have bowed my face to the ground, and kist the pavement. I moved slowly up the nave, opprest by my own littleness; and when at last I reacht the brazen canopy, and my spirit sank within me beneath the sublimity of the dome, I felt that, as the ancient Romans could not condemn Manlius within sight of the Capitol, so it would be impossible for an Italian of the present day to renounce Popery under the dome of St Peter's.

The impressions produced by an object which addresses itself to the understanding and the heart by a number of conflicting associations, will probably vary much even in the same mind under different aspects of moral light and shade: nor do I believe that there is any real discrepancy between my own feelings and my brother's, when I say that the hollowness and fraud of Popery were never brought before my mind more forcibly, nay, glaringly, than beneath the dome of St Peter's. One of my first visits to that gorgeous cathedral was on Christmasday 1832. I expected to see a sight agreeing, at least in outward appearance, with the title of Catholic, which the Church of Rome claims as exclusively her own,—to find a multitude of persons thronging in from the city and from the neighbouring country to attend the celebration of high mass on that blessed

festival by him whom they were taught to revere as Christ's vicegerent upon earth. But instead of this a row of soldiers was drawn up along each side of the nave, and kept everybody at a distance during the whole service, except the few who were privileged by station or favour to enter within the lines. Beside the altar, under the dome, seats had been erected for persons of rank or wealth, who were mainly foreiners, and consequently in great part English or German Protestants. Thus the whole proceeding acquired the character, not of a religious ceremony, in which the congregation was to join, but of a theatrical exhibition before strangers, regarded, for the most part, as heretics, and many of whom came merely out of curiosity to see the show. After a while the Pope was brought in, borne on a raised seat or palanquin, with splendid robes and plumes and fans and other paraphernalia: he celebrated mass, the persons who ought to have formed the congregation, a very scanty one at the utmost, being prevented from approaching by the barrier of troops: and when the rite was over, the chief performer, or chief victim, in this miserable pageant was carried out again with the same pomp. The thought of the moral debasement thus inflicted on a man, who personally might be honest and pious, and of his utter inability to struggle against such a crushing system, so opprest me as I walkt away, that when, in mounting the steps before the Trinità, my eyes fell on a poor beggar who used to sit

there, and who had neither hands nor feet, picking up the alms thrown to him with his mouth, I could not refrain from exclaiming, *How infinitely rather would I be that poor cripple, than Pope!*

Can the effect of the ceremonies in St Peter's on intelligent Italians in these days be very different? I doubt it; whatever might be their feelings when they merely saw the empty shell of the building. I have known men indeed, whom I esteem and honour, and who have regarded Rome as a solemn and majestic witness of what they have deemed the truth. But to me, though, from the indescribable beauty and grandeur of many of the views, the intense interest of its heathen and Christian recollections, and its inexhaustible stores of ancient and modern art, the three months I spent there were daily teeming with fresh sources of delight, and have left a love such as I never felt for any other city, yet, when I thought of Rome in connexion with the religion, of which it is the metropolis, it seemed to me of all places the last where a man with his eyes open could be converted to Romanism. In the Tyrol, I could have understood how a person living amongst its noble and devout inhabitants might have been led to embrace their faith, but not at Rome. The vision of the Romish Church, and of its action upon the people, which was there graven on my mind, accords with that implied in the answer of an ingenious English

painter, whom I askt, how he could bring himself to leave Rome, after living so many years there. *It was indeed very painful,* he replied, *to tear myself away from so much exquisite beauty: but, as my children grew up, it became absolutely necessary; for I found it utterly impossible to give them a notion of truth at Rome.* The terrible curse, which is represented in the words of the ancient satirist,—*Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio,*— seems still to cleave to the fateful city. U.

The germ of idolatry is contained in the proneness of man's feelings and imagination to take their impressions from outward objects, rather than from the dictates of reason; under the controll of which they can scarcely be brought without a great impairing of their energies.

It may possibly have been in part from a merciful indulgence to this tendency of our nature, that God vouchsafed to shew Himself in the flesh. At least one may discern traces which seem to favour such a belief, both in the Jewish scheme and in the Christian. In both God revealed Himself palpably to the outward senses of His people: in both He addrest Himself personally by acts of loving-kindness to their affections. It is not merely for being redeemed, that we are called on to feel thankful; but for being redeemed by the blood of the God-man Jesus Christ, which He poured out for us upon the Cross. So it was not simply as God, that

Jehovah was to be worshipt by the Jews; but as the God of their fathers, who had brought them out of the house of bondage, whose voice they had heard and lived, who had chosen them to be His people, and had given them His laws, and a land flowing with milk and honey.

The last sentence has suggested a query of some importance. *Out of the house of bondage:* what says the advocate of colonial slavery to this? That the bondage was no evil? that the deliverance of a people from personal slavery was not a work befitting God's right hand? Or will he tell us that the cases differ? that the animal wants of the Israelites were ill attended to? that they were ill fed? This at least will not serve his purpose: for the fleshpots of Egypt are proverbial. What will serve it, I leave him to discover; only recommending him to beware of relying much on the order to expose the Hebrew children. If he does, it will give way under him. Meanwhile to those religious men who are labouring for the emancipation of the Negroes, amid the various doubts and difficulties with which every great political measure is beset, it must needs be an inspiring thought, that to rescue a race of men from personal slavery, and raise them to the rank and self-respect of independent beings is, in the strictest sense of the word, a godlike task; inasmuch as it is a task which, God's book tells us, God Himself has accomplisht. *But these things*, as St Paul says, expressly speaking of the Pentateuch,

happened for examples, and were written for our admonition.

Often would the lad
Watch with sad fixedness the summer sun
In bloodred blaze sink hero-like to rest.
Then, *O to set like thee! but I, alas!*
*Am weak, a poor unheeded shepherd boy.**
'Twas that *alas* undid him. His ambition,
Once the vague instinct of his nobleness,
Thus tempered in the glowing furnace-heat
Of lone repinings and aye-present aims,
Brightened to hope, and hardened to resolve.
To hope! What hope is that, whose clearest ray
Is drencht with mothers tears? what that resolve,
Whose strength is crime, whose instrument is death?

There is something melancholy and painful in the entire abandonment of any institution designed for good. It is too plain a confession of intellectual weakness, too manifest a receding before the brute power of outward things. Any one can amputate: the difficulty and the object is to restore. To reanimate lifeless forms,—to catch their departed spirit, and embody it in another shape,—in the room of institutions grown obsolete, to substitute such new ones as will mould, sway, and propell the existing mass of thought and character, and thus do for the present age, what the old in their vigour did for the past,—these are things worth living a

* Since these lines were written, a fine passage, expressing the feelings with which an ambitious lad sits watching the setting sun, has been pointed out to me in Schiller's *Robbers*.

politician's life for, with all its labours and disgusts. Did that alone suffice, who would live any other? But to accomplish these things, the most dextrous mastery of the art is requisite, guided by the brightest illuminations of the science: and where is the man with both these, when so few have either?

Quicquid credam valde credo, must be the motto of every true poet. His belief is of the heart, not of the head, and springs from himself, much more than from the object.

It is curious that we express personality and unity by the same symbol.

Is there any country in which polygamy is more frequent than in England?

In some cases the mistress has been so much a wife, it only remains for the wife to be a mistress.

Yet, strictly speaking, it is just as impossible for any but a wife to be a wife, as for any but a wife to be a mother. And Wisdom cries, through the lips of a great French philosopher, "N'en croyez pas les romans: il faut être épouse pour être mère." Bonald, *Pensées*, p. 97.

Xerxes promist a great reward to the inventer of a new pleasure. What would he not promise

in our days to the inventer of a new incident? Fancy and Chance have long since come to an end, the one of its combinations, the other of its legerdemain.

> Now the huge book of faery-land lies closed,
> And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.

But since the fictitious sources of poetry are thus as it were drunk up, is poetry to fail with them? If not, from whence is it to be supplied? From the inexhaustible springs of truth and feeling, which are ever gurgling and boiling up in the caverns of the human heart.

It is an uncharitable errour to ascribe the delight, with which unpoetical persons often speak of a mountain-tour, to affectation. The delight is as real as mutton and beef, with which it has a closer connexion than the travelers themselves suspect; arising in great measure from the good effects of mountain air, regular exercise, and wholesome diet, upon the spirits. This is sensual indeed, though not improperly so: but it is no concession to the materialist. I do not deny that my neighbour has a soul, by referring a particular pleasure in him to the body.

Poetry should be an alterative: modern playwrights have converted it into a sedative; which they administer in such unseasonable quantities, that, like an overdose of opium, it makes one sick.

Time is no agent, as some people appear to think, that it should accomplish anything of itself. Looking at a heap of stones for a thousand years will do no more toward building a house of them, than looking at them for a moment. For Time, when applied to works of any kind, being only a succession of relevant acts, each furthering the work, it is clear that even an infinite succession of irrelevant and therefore inefficient acts would no more achieve or forward the completion, than an infinite number of jumps on the same spot would advance a man toward his journey's end. There is a motion without progress in time as well as in space; where a thing often remains stationary, which appears to us to recede, while we are leaving it behind.

A sort of ostracism is continually going on against the best, both of men and measures. Hence the good are fain to purchase the acquiescence of the bad, by contenting themselves with the second, third, or even fourth best, according as they can make their bargain.

Courage, when it is not heroic self-sacrifice, is sometimes a modification, and sometimes a result of faith. How vast a field then is opened to man, by establishing faith and its modifications upon the power and truth of God! Had this great Gospel virtue (which, as the New Testament philosophically affirms, has power to remove

mountains) been really and extensively operative, what highth of perfection might we not have reacht? As the apparent impossibilities, which check man's exertions, vanisht, his views would have enlarged in proportion: so that, considering how the removal of a single obstacle will often disclose unimagined paths, and open the way to undreamt advances, our wishes might perhaps afford a surer measure even than our hopes, for calculating the progress of man under the impulse of this master principle. Who, twenty years ago, notwithstanding the *Vicar of Wakefield*, thought that practicable, which Mrs Fry has shewn to be almost easy?

From a narrow notion of human duty, men imagine that the devout and social affections are the only qualities stunted by want of faith. Were it so, we should not have to deplore that narrow sphere of knowledge, that dearth of heroic enterprise, that scarcity of landmarks and pinnacles in virtue, for which cowardly man has to thank his distrust of what he can accomplish, God assisting. We could in no wise have had more than one discoverer of America; but we should then have been blest with many Columbuses. So Bacon teaches in his *Essay on Atheism:* "Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a god, or *melior natura;* which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that

confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith, which human nature in itself could not obtain. Therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so it is especially in this, that it destroys magnanimity, and depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty."

But I may be told perhaps that, although this is spoken most truly against atheism, no such thing as atheism is to be found now; and I may be askt, *Who are atheists?* I answer, with sorrow and awe, *Practically every man is an atheist, who lives without God in the world.*

Friendship is Love, without either flowers or veil.

Juliet's flow of feeling is a proof of her purity.

As oftentimes, when walking in a wood near sunset, though the sun himself be hid by the highth and bushiness of the trees around, yet we know that he is still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us, illumining a thousand leaves, the several brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence; thus is it with the Holy Spirit. He works in secret; but His work is manifest in the lives of all true Christians. Lamps so heavenly must have been lit from on high.

As the Epicureans had a Deism without a God, so the Unitarians have a Christianity without a Christ, and a Jesus but no Saviour.

Christian prudence passes for a want of worldly courage; just as Christian courage is taken for a want of worldly prudence. But the two qualities are easily reconciled. When we have outward circumstances to contend with, what need we fear, God being with us? When we have sin and temptation to contend with, what should we not fear? God leaving our defense to our own hearts, which at the first attack surrender to the enemy, and go over at the first solicitation.

Of Christian courage I have just spoken. On Christian prudence it is well said, that *he who loves danger shall perish by it.* "He who will fight the devil at his own weapon, must not wonder if he finds him an overmatch." South, *Sermon* lxv.

Mark how the moon athwart yon snowy waste
An instant glares on us! then hides her head,
Curtained in thickest clouds, while half her orb
Hangs on the horizon like an urn of fire.
That too diminishes, drawn up toward heaven
By some invisible hand: and now 'tis gone:
And nought remains to man, but anxious thoughts,
Why one so beautiful should frown on him;
With painful longings for a gift resumed,
And the aching sense that something has been lost.

Light will blind a man, sooner than darkness. Are we then to pray that we may be left in darkness? O no! but beware, ye who walk in light, lest ye turn your light into a curse. A.

Plan for the Alleviation of the Poor-rates, written in 1826.

I entreat every one who does not see the grievous evil of the Poorlaws as now administered, or who doubts the necessity of applying some strong remedy, to read the article on those laws in the 66th number of the Quarterly Review. It is written professedly in their defense: yet, unless with Malachi Malagrowther I called them *a cancer*, I could say nothing severer than is there said against their present administration, and its effects and tendencies; which the writer refers to the act passed in 1795, "enabling overseers *to relieve poor persons at their own homes.*" For nearly a century before, the Poor-rates had fluctuated little. In the thirty-one years since, they have risen from two to six millions; and if no measures are taken to stop the evil, they must still go on increasing. "Yet (as the Reviewer says) the direct savings which would accrue from a better system of supporting the poor, are not worth consideration, when contrasted with the indirect advantages, from the melioration of the character and habits of the agricultural labourer."

Almost every man in England is affected by

this evil system; almost every man, except the farmers, who are the loudest in their complaints, is directly injured by it; the poor most. Let them then, to use their own phrase, know the rights of the matter. Shew them how great, how important a part of the system, as it now exists, is quite new. Appeal to their own experience, whether it is not most pernicious. Half the difficulty which impedes an alteration of the Poor-laws, will be at an end. The repeal of the Act of 1795 may do a good deal, especially for the payers of Poor-rates. But I am disposed to go much further; not from hardheartedness, or a disregard for the happiness and welfare of the honest and industrious poor of this land; but from a belief that, after a few years, when the evil effects of the present system are worn out of the character and habits of the English labourer, his condition would be improved by a complete change in our system of legal charity. Old age is the only period of a poor man's life, when, if honest and industrious, he would not be sorry to owe his regular support to any hands except his own. Now in old age his comforts would be augmented, and, what is of still more consequence to him, his respectability would be increast,—he would be a richer man, a more independent man, a man of greater weight in the village,—from the adoption of some regulations of this sort.

Let a fund be establisht for the benefit of the poor, to be called the National Poor-fund. Out

of this fund, every labourer (paying the sum of .....weekly, from the time he is sixteen till he is.....,) shall at the age of sixty-five be entitled to receive the third of a hale labourer's average wages. That third at the end of four years is to be doubled; and at the end of eight years tripled. Thus at seventy-three the labourer, if he live so long, will be entitled of right to receive the full amount of a healthy labourer's wages.

The poor of large towns and manufacturers, I conceive, are shorter-lived than peasants. If so, they should be entitled to the benefits of the National Poor-fund earlier. The trifle to be paid weekly both by them and by the agricultural labourers should be less, perhaps considerably less, than what would be demanded by an Insurance-office guaranteeing the same prospective advantages.

Occasional distress may safely be left to private charity. Consequently there need not be any temporary relief: nor should there, as that would reopen a door to all the present evils. There should also be few poor-houses. Orphans, and occasionally the aged, in country parishes might be boarded out, (as is, or was, the custom at Lyons with the foundlings, who, instead of being reared in the hospital, were put out to nurse,) due care being taken to place the orphans with cottagers of good repute. But a subscriber to the fund, if disabled by an accident, might at any

age claim relief from it apportioned to his maimedness.

Persons who had not contributed to the fund in their youth, would receive no relief from it in old age. Contributions for less than.....years should be forfeited: but every man, paying his dues for that number of years, and then discontinuing his contribution, should be entitled to relief proportionate. Whether he should begin to receive at sixty-five, only receiving less weekly, or should begin to receive aid later, is a question I am not prepared to answer. Perhaps the latter would be the better plan in most cases.

Of women I say nothing: but it would be easy to form a liberal scale,—and liberal it should be,—for them. Only I would allow contributors, who die without benefiting by the fund, to bequeathe to women who are, or to female infants provided they become, contributors, the amount of one year's contribution for every.....during which the testator may have contributed; such amount being carried to the account of the legatee, exactly as if she had paid it herself.

To increase this Poor-fund, either a parliamentary grant should be voted yearly, or,—what would be far better, and should therefore be tried in the first instance,—the rich should come forward as honorary subscribers. Nay, every one without exception should belong to it, either as subscriber or contributor. It is the littles of the little that make the mickle.

Of the contributors I have spoken already. For subscribers the following yearly proportion, or something like it, would suffice: *one* pound for all who in any way have sixty pounds a year; *two* for all who have a hundred; and so on. Only there should be a maximum, and that not a large one; so that in rich families the wife might subscribe as well as the husband. All persons now liable to be rated should put in a trifle for every child above six or seven years old: this in the case of the wealthy should be as much, or nearly so, as they put in for themselves. Moreover all masters should take care that their servants are subscribers, making them an allowance on purpose. In return for this they should be admitted to relief in old age, as they would now be, on making out a case of necessity. But only *bona fide* working persons should be entitled to receive of right, as contributors to the fund; who are carefully to be distinguisht from the subscribers in aid of it.

The Jacobins, in realizing their systems of fraternization, always contrived to be the elder brothers. L.

——————————I rise
From a perturbed sleep, broken by dreams
Of long and desperate conflict hand to hand,
Of wounds, and rage, and hard-earned victory,
And charging over falling enemies
With shouts of joy...How quiet is the night!

The trees are motionless ; the cloudless blue
Sleeps in the firmament ; the thoughtful moon,
With her attendant train of circling stars,
Seems to forget her journey through the heavens,
To gaze upon the beauties of the scene.
That scene how still ! no truant breeze abroad
To mar its quietness. The very brook,
So wont to prattle like a merry child,
Now creeps with caution o'er its pebbled way,
As if afraid to violate the silence.

Handsomeness is the more animal excellence, beauty the more imaginative. A handsome Madonna I cannot conceive, and never saw a handsome Venus : but I have seen many a handsome country girl, and a few very handsome ladies.

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the side of wrong.

Curiosity is little more than another name for Hope.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

There is an honest unwillingness to pass off another's observations for our own, which makes a man appear pedantic.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint!...Immo vivant! provided they are worthy to live. So may we have the satisfaction of knowing,—what literary incentive can be greater?—that we too have been permitted to utter sacred words, and to think the thoughts of great minds.

The commentator guides and lights us to the altar erected by the author; but he himself must already have kindled his torch at the flame which burns upon it. And what are Art and Science, if not a running commentary on Nature? what are poets and philosophers, but torchbearers leading us through the mazes and recesses of God's two majestic temples, the sensible and the spiritual world? Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are spectacles to read Nature. Eschylus and Aristotle, Shakspeare and Bacon, are priests who preach and expound the mysteries of man and the universe. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses. Do you not, since you have read Wordsworth, feel a fresh and more thoughtful delight, whenever you hear a cuckoo, whenever you see a daisy, whenever you play with a child? Have not Thucydides and Machiavel aided you in discovering the tides of feeling and the currents of passion by which events are borne along the ocean of Time? Can you not discern something more in man, now that you look at him with eyes purged and unscaled

by gazing upon Shakspeare and Dante? From these terrestrial and celestial globes we learn the configuration of the earth and the heavens.

But wheresoever good is done, good is received in return. The law of reciprocation is not confined to the physical system of things: in the career of benevolence and beneficence also every action is followed by a corresponding reaction. Intellectual light is not poured from a lantern, leaving the bearer in the shade: it supplies us with the power of beholding and contemplating the luminary it flows from. The more familiar we become with Nature, with the greater veneration and love do we return to the masters by whom we were initiated; and as they have taught us to understand Nature, Nature in turn teaches us to understand them.

"When I have been traveling in Italy (says a lively modern writer), how often have I exclaimed, *How like a picture?* I remember once, while watching a glorious sunset from the banks of the Arno, I caught myself saying, *This is truly one of Claude's sunsets.* Now when I again see one of my favorite Grosvenor Claudes, I shall probably exclaim, *How natural! how like what I have seen so often on the Arno, or from the Monte Pincio!*" *Journal of an Ennuyée, p.* 335.

The same thing must have happened to most lovers of landscape-painting. How often in the Netherlands does one see Cuyp's solid oppressive sunshine! and Rubenses boundless, objectless

plains, which no other painter would have deemed either worthy or susceptible of being transferred from Nature's Gallery to Art's! More than once, in mounting the hill of Fiesole to Landor's beautiful villa, have I stopt with my companion to gaze on that pure living ether, in which Perugino is wont to enshrine his Virgins and Saints, and which till then I had imagined to be a heavenly vision specially vouchsafed to him, such as this world of cloud and mist could not parallel. Many a time too among the Sussex downs have I felt grateful to Copley Fielding for opening my eyes to see beauties and harmonies, which else might have been unheeded, and for breathing ideas into the prospect, whereby "the repose Of earth, sky, sea, and air was vivified."

Hence we may perceive, why what is called a taste for the picturesque never arises in a country, until it has reacht an advanced stage of intellectual culture: because an eye for the picturesque can only be formed by looking at pictures; that is, primarily. In this, as in other cases, by Art are we first led to fix our attention and reflexion more observantly on the beauties of Nature: although, when such attention and reflexion have once become general, they may be excited in such as have never seen a picture. When we are told therefore that the earliest passages to be found in any ancient author, which savour of what we should now call poetical description, are in the epistles of Pliny, we must not

infer from this that Pliny had a livelier and intenser love of Nature than any of the ancient poets. Supposing the remark to be correct,—and I will not stop to enquire how far it is so,—all it would prove is, that Pliny was, as we know him to have been, what we used to call a *virtuoso*, a picture-fancier, and that people in his day were beginning to look at Nature in the mirror of Art. It is a mistake however to conclude that men are insensible to those beauties, which they are not continually talking about and analysing,—that the love of Nature is a new feeling, because the taste for the picturesque is a modern taste. When the mountaineer descends into the plain, he soon begins to pine with love for his native hills; and many have been known to fall sick, nay, even to die, of that love. Yet, had he never left them, you would never have heard him prate about them. When I was on the Lake of Zug, which lies bosomed among such grand mountains, the boatman, after telling some stories about Suwarrow's march through the neighbourhood, askt me, *Is it true, that he came from a country where there is not a mountain to be seen?—Yes,* I replied *: you may go hundreds of miles without coming to a hillock.—That must be beautiful!* he exclaimed: *das muss schön seyn.* His exclamation was prompted no doubt by the thought of the difficulties which the mountains about him opposed to traffic and agriculture; though even on his own score he erred, as Mammon is ever wont to do grossly. For

those mountains gave him the lake, and attracted the strangers, whereby he earned his livelihood. But it is a perverse habit of the Imagination, when there is no call for action, to dwell on "the ills we have," without thinking of "the others which we know not of." This very man however, had he been transported to the plains he sighed for,—even though they had been as flat as Burnet's Paradise, or the *tabula rasa* which Locke supposed to be the paradisiacal state of the human mind,—would probably have been seized with the homesickness which is so common among his countrymen, as it is also among the Swedes and Norwegians, but which, I believe, is hardly found, except in the natives of a mountainous and beautiful country.

The noisiest streams are the shallowest. It is an old saying, but never out of season; least of all in an age, the fit symbol of which would not be, like the Ephesian personification of Nature, *multimamma*,—for it neither brings forth nor nourishes,—but *multilingua*. Your *amateur* will talk by the ell, or, if you wish it, by the mile, about the inexpressible charms of Nature: but I never heard that his love had caused him the slightest uneasiness.

It is only by the perception of some contrast, that we become conscious of our feelings. The feelings however may exist for centuries, without the consciousness; and still, when they are mighty, they will overpower Consciousness; when they are

deep, it will be unable to fathom them. Love has indeed been called "loquacious as a vernal bird;" and with truth: but his loquacity comes on him mostly in the absence of his beloved. Here too the same illustration holds: the deep stream is not heard, until some obstacle opposes it. But can anybody, when floating down the Rhine, believe that the builders and dwellers in those castles, with which every rock is crested, were blind to all the beauties around them? Is it quite impossible that they should have felt almost as much as the sentimental tourist, who returns to his parlour in some metropolis, and puffs out the fumes of his admiration through his quill? Has the moon no existence independent of the halo about her? Or does the halo even flow from her? Is it not produced by the dimness and density of the atmosphere through which she has to shine? Give me the love of the bird that broods over her own nest, rather than of one that lays her eggs in the nest of another, albeit she warble about parental affection as loudly as Rousseau or Lord Byron.

Convents too . . how many of them are situate amid the sublimest and most beautiful scenery! I will only mention two, the Great Chartreuse, and the monastery of the Camaldulans near Naples. The hacknied remark at such places is, *O yes! the monks always knew how to pick out the eyes of the land, and to pounce upon its fatness.* It is forgotten that, when the convents were built,

the country round was mostly either a barren wilderness, or a vast impenetrable forest, and that, if things are otherwise now, the change is owing to the patient industry of the monks and their dependents, not liable to alternations and interruptions, as is the case with other proprietors, but continued without intermission through centuries. Though one is bound however to protest against this stale and vulgar scoff, I know not how we can imagine that the men, who, when half "the world lay before them, where to choose Their place of rest," pitcht their homes in spots surrounded by such surpassing grandeur and beauty, can have been without all sense for what they saw. Rather, in retiring from the world to worship God in solitude, did they seek out the most glorious and awful chambers in that earthly temple, which also is "not made with hands."

Add to this, that in every country, where there are national legends, they are always deeply and vividly imprest with a feeling of the magnificence or the loveliness in the midst of which they have arisen. Indeed they are often little else than the expression and outpouring of those feelings: and such primitive poetical legends will hardly be found, except in the bosom of a beautiful country, growing up in it, and pendent from it, almost like fruit from a tree. The powerful influence exercised by natural objects in giving shape and life to those forms in which the Imagination embodies the ideas of superhuman power, is finely illustrated by

Wordsworth in one of the noblest passages of *the Excursion:* where he casts a glance over the workings of this principle in the mythologies of the Persians, the Babylonians, the Chaldeans, and the Greeks; shewing with what plastic power the imaginative love of Nature wedded and harmonized the dim conceptions of the mysteries which lie behind the curtain of the senses, with the objects by which it happened to be surrounded, incarnating the invisible in the visible, and impregnating the visible with the invisible. The same principle is of universal application. You may perceive how it has operated in the traditions of the Highlands, of the Rhine, of Bohemia, of Sweden and Norway, in short of every country where poetry has been indigenous. As the poetry of the Asiatic nations may be termed the poetry of the sun, so the Edda is the poetry of ice. U.

I have been trying to shew, that, though a taste for the picturesque, as the very form of the word *picturesque*, which betrays its recent origin, implies, is a late growth, a kind of aftermath, in the mind of a people, which cannot arise until a nation has gone through a long process of intellectual culture, nor indeed until after the first crop has been gathered in, still a feeling and love for the beauties of Nature may exist altogether independently of that self-conscious, self-analysing taste, and that such a feeling is sure to spring up, wherever there is nourishment for it, in a nation's vernal prime:

although there may be a period, between the first crop and the aftermath, when the field looks parcht and yellow and bristly, and as if the dew of heaven could not moisten it. When the mind of a people first awakes, it is full of its morning dreams, and holds those dreams to be, as the proverb accounts them, true. A long time passes,—it must encounter and struggle with opposition,—before it acquires anything like a clear, definite self-consciousness. For a long time it scarcely regards itself as separate from Nature. It lies in her arms, and feeds at her breast, and looks up into her face, and smiles at her smiles. When it speaks, you rather hear the voice of Nature speaking through it, than any distinct voice of its own. It is like a child, in all whose words and thoughts you may perceive the promptings of its mother. Very probably indeed it may not talk much about its love for its mother: but it will give the strongest proofs of that love, by thinking in all things as its mother thinks, and speaking as its mother speaks, and doing as its mother does.

This is the character of poetry in early times. It may be objected that you find no picturesque descriptions in it. That is to say, the poets have not learnt to look at Nature with the eye of a painter, nor to seek for secondary, reflex beauties in natural objects, arising whether from symbolical, or from accidental associations. Nor do you see their love of Nature from their talking about Nature: for they are not conversant with abstractions; they

deal only with persons and things. You may discern that love however by the way in which it is mixt up with the whole substance of their minds, as the glow of health mixes itself up with the whole substance of our bodies, unthought of, it may be, until we are reminded of it by its opposite, but still felt and enjoyed.

Of Asiatic poetry it is needless to speak: for that even now has hardly emerged from its nonage, or risen beyond a child's fondness for flowers. But even in Homer,—although in Greek poetry afterward the human element, that which treats of man as being and doing and suffering, predominated more than in the poetry of any other country over the natural, which dwells on the contemplation of the outward world, its forms, its changes, and its influences,—and though the germs of this are to be found in the living energy and definiteness and bodiliness of all Homer's characters,—still what a love of Nature is there in him! What a fresh morning air breathes through those twin firstbirths of Poetry! what a clear bright sky hangs above those two lofty peaks of Parnassus! In his own words we may say, that over them ὑπερράγη ἄσπετος αἰθήρ. Indeed this ἄσπετος αἰθήρ may be regarded as the peculiar atmosphere of Greek literature and art, an atmosphere which then first opened and broke upon it. Of all poems the Homeric have the most thoroughly out-of-door character. We stand on the Ionian coast, looking out upon the sea, and beholding it under every

variety of hue and form and aspect. And there he too was wont to stand; there, as Coleridge so melodiously expresses it, he

> Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

Every epithet he gives to a natural object, every image taken from one, has the liveliest truth: and truth is ever the best proof that any one can give of love. Of the poetical descriptions of morning composed since the days of Homer, the chief part are little else than expansions and amplifications of his three sweet epithets, *ἠριγένεια*, *κροκόπεπλος*, and *ῥοδοδάκτυλος*. Nor can anything be more aptly chosen than his adjuncts and accompaniments: which shews that he was not destitute of what we call the sentimental love of Nature, that love of Nature which discerns a correspondence, and as it were a sympathy, between its appearances and changes, and the vicissitudes of human feeling and passion. Chryses, after his entreaties have been denied, walks *ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*, where the murmur of its waves responds to his feelings, and stirs him to pour them forth in a prayer to Apollo. In like manner Achilles, when Briseis is taken from him, sits apart by himself, *θίν' ἔφ' ἁλὸς πολιῆς ὀρόων ἐπὶ οἴνοπα πόντον*. The epithet *οἴνοπα*, denoting the dark gloom, perhaps the purple grape-colour of the distant sea, while it was dashing and foaming at his feet, brings it into harmony and sympathy with Achilles. A bright blue sea would have

been out of keeping. Or take a couple of similies. When Apollo comes down from Olympus to avenge his insulted priest, he comes νυκτὶ ἐοικώς. When Thetis rises from the sea to listen to her son's complaint, she rises ἠΰτ' ὀμίχλη. Parallels to these two similies may be found in two of our own greatest poets. Milton says that Pandemonium "Rose like an exhalation from the earth." Coleridge's Ancient Mariner tell us that he passes "like night from land to land." Milton's image is a fine one. Coleridge's appears to me, to adopt an expression which he uses in speaking of Wordsworth's faults, "too great for the subject," a piece of "mental bombast." Be this however as it may, how inferior are they both, in grandeur, in simplicity, in beauty, in grace, to the Homeric! which moreover have better caught the spirit and sentiment of the natural appearances. For Apollo does come with the power and majesty, and with the terrours of night; and the soft waviness of an exhalation is a much fitter image for the rising of the goddess, than for the massiness and hard stiff outline of a building. In Homer's landscapes, it is true, there is a want, or rather an absence, of those ornamental, picturesque epithets, with which Pope has bedizened his translation. This however only shews that the objects he speaks of "had no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied, or any interest Unborrowed from the eye." Such as they are, he loves them for their

own sake. In his vivid, transparent verse, ἐξέφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ, καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι, Καὶ νάπαι,—Παντὰ δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα. We feel too that he, as he says of his shepherd, γέγηθε φρένα at the sight; though no "*conscious* swain," as Pope styles him, nor thinking of "blessing the *useful* light," as by a kind of second sight of utilitarianism the bard of Twickenham is pleased to make him.

This distinctness of the Homeric descriptions leads Cicero, in a fine passage of the *Tusculan Questions*, to contend that he who, though blind, could so represent every object as to enable us to see what he himself could not see, must have derived great pleasure and enjoyment from his inward sight. There is more reason however in the witticism of Velleius, that, if any one supposes Homer to have been born blind, he must himself be destitute of every sense. For never was a fable more repugnant to truth, than that of Homer's blindness. It originated probably in the identification of the author of the Iliad with the author of the Hymn to Apollo; and was then fostered by the notion that Homer designed to represent himself under the character of Demodocus in the Odyssee. Milton has indeed made a fine use of Homer's blindness: but, looking at it as a fact, one might as reasonably believe that the sun is blind, as that Homer was.

In the Greek poets of the great age, I have already admitted, there is little love of Nature.

Man was then become very nearly all-in-all, to whose level the gods themselves were brought down; not the skeleton man of philosophy, nor the puppet of empirical observation, but the ideal man of imaginative thought, an idea as perfect as it can be, when drawn from no higher source than what lies in man himself. The manifold dazzling glories of Athens and of Greece filled their minds with the notion of the greatness of human nature: and that greatness they tried to exhibit in its struggles with fate and with the gods. Their characters are mostly statuesque even in this respect, that they have no background. In the *Prometheus* itself, the wilderness and the other natural horrours are mainly employed, like the chains and wedge, as instruments by which Jupiter tries to intimidate the benefactor of mankind. This however is not so much the case with Sophocles; in whose *Œdipus at Colonus*, *Ajax*, and *Philoctetes*, the scenery forms an important element, not merely in the imaginative, but even in the dramatic beauty. In after times, when the glory of Greece had faded and sunk, when its political grandeur had decayed, and man was no longer the one engrossing object of admiration, we find a revival of the love of Nature in the pastoral poetry of the Sicilians.

With regard to modern poetry, when we are looking at any question connected with its history, we ought to bear in mind that we did not begin from the beginning, and that, with very few

exceptions, we had not to hew our materials out of the quarry, or to devise the groundplan of our edifices, but made use, at least in great measure, of the ruins and substructions of antiquity. Hence Greece alone affords a type of the natural development of the human mind through its various ages and stages. Owing to this, and perhaps still more to the influence, direct and indirect, of Christianity, we from the first find a far greater body of reflective thought in modern poetry than in ancient. Dante is not, what Homer was, the father of poetry springing in the freshness and simplicity of childhood out of the arms of mother earth: he is rather, like Noah, the father of a second poetical world, to whom he pours forth his prophetic song, fraught with the wisdom and the experience of the old world. Indeed he himself expresses this by representing himself as wandering on his awful pilgrimage under the guidance of Virgil.

It would require a long dissertation, illsuited to these pages, to pursue this train of thought through the literature of modern Europe. Let me hasten home, and take a glance at our own poets. The early ones, especially the greatest among them, were intense and devoted lovers of Nature. Chaucer sparkles with the dew of morning. Spenser lies bathed in the sylvan shade. Milton glows with orient light. One might almost fancy that he had gazed himself blind, and had then been raised to the sky, and there

stood and waited, like "blind Orion hungering for the morn." So abundantly had he stored his mind with visions of natural beauty, that, when all without became dark, he was still most rich in his inward treasure, and "Ceast not to wander where the muses haunt Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill." Shakspeare "glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven." All Nature ministers to him, as gladly as a mother to her child. Whether he wishes her to tune her myriad-voiced organ to Romeo's love, or to Miranda's innocence, or to Perdita's simplicity, or to Rosalind's playfulness, or to the sports of the Fairies, or to Timon's misanthropy, or to Macbeth's desolating ambition, or to Lear's heart-broken frenzy,—he has only to ask, and she puts on every feeling and every passion with which he desires to invest her.

But when Milton lost his eyes, Poetry lost hers. A time followed, when our poets ceast to commune with Nature, and ceast to love her, and, as there can be no true knowledge without love, ceast therefore to know anything about her. Man again became all-in-all; but not the ideal human nature of Greek poetry, in its altitudes of action and passion. The human nature of our poets in those days was the human nature of what was called *the town*, with all its pettinesses and hollownesses and crookednesses and rottennesses. The great business and struggle of men seemed to be, to outlie, outcheat, outwhore, and outhector each other. Our

poets then dwelt in Grub-street, and, to judge from their works, seldom left their garrets, save to go to the coffeehouse, the playhouse, or the stews. Dryden wrote a bombastical description of night, from which one might suppose that he had never seen night, except by candlelight. He talkt of "Nature's self seeming to lie dead,"—of "the mountains seeming to nod their drowsy head,"—much as Charles the Second used to do at a sermon,—and of "sleeping flowers *sweating* beneath the nightdews,"—which I can only parallel by a translation I once saw of Virgil's *Scilicet is superis labor est*, "Ay sure, for this the gods laborious *sweat*." Yet this was extolled by Rymer, a countryman of Shakspeare's, as the finest description of night ever composed: an opinion which Johnson quotes, without expressing any dissent; telling us moreover that these lines were repeated oftener in his days than almost any others of Dryden's.

It is true that, as I have been reminded, Shakspeare also has said of night, "Now o'er the one half world Nature seems dead;" and doubtless it was from hence that Dryden took what he thought a very grand idea. But as thieves never know or dare to make the right use of their stolen goods, so is it mostly with plagiaries. The verbal likeness only exposes the empty turgidity of
len: nor can there be a more striking illus-
of Quintilian's saying, *Multa fiunt eadem,*
ter. For observe where Shakspeare uses

this expression, and how it exemplifies that unrivaled power of imagination, wherewith, under the impulses of a mighty passion, he fuses every object by its intense radiation, and brings them into harmony with that passion by bathing them in a flood of bright, or sombre, or mellow, or bloodred light. Macbeth, just as he is going to commit the murder, standing on the very brink of hell, and about to plunge into it, sees the reflexion of his own chaotic feelings in all things. Order is turned into disorder; law is suspended; every natural, every social tie is cracking; he is hurling an innocent man, his guest, his king, into the jaws of death: death is in all his thoughts. To him therefore, with the deepest truth, "o'er the one half world Nature seems dead;" even as he had just seen the instrument with which the crime was to be perpetrated, "in palpable form" before him, though only "a dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain." All the other visions too which haunt him, are of the same kind.

Wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horrour from the time,
Which now suits with it.

With what wonderful fitness do all the images, all the thoughts, all the words here "suit" with each other, and with Macbeth's terrific purpose! whereas in Dryden's description there is no congruity, but only a string of poor and incongruous conceits, cold and extravagant; and the occasion is merely that Cortez, who with like incongruity has fallen in love at sight with the daughter of Montezuma, cannot sleep, because "Love denies Rest to his soul, and slumber to his eyes." What then must have been the knowledge of Nature, and what the feeling for it, in an age when the poetical imagery, which the readers and repeaters of poetry were accustomed to associate with night, was Nature's lying dead, mountains nodding their drowsy heads, little birds repeating their songs in sleep, and sleeping flowers sweating beneath the nightdews! People even learnt to fancy, and to tell one another, that all this was indeed so. As it is the wont of hollow things to echo, whenever a poet hit on a striking image or a startling expression, it was bandied from mouth to mouth. Thus *nodding mountains* became a stock phrase. Pope makes Eloisa talk of "lowbrowed rocks that hang *nodding* o'er the deep:" where however we may suppose the poet to transfer the motion of the image in the water to the rocks themselves. In his Iliad, "Pelion *nods* his shaggy brows," and "*nodding* Ilion waits the impending fall:" in his Odyssee, "On Ossa Pelion *nods* with all his woods." The same piece of falsetto is doubtless

to be found scores of times in the versewriters of the same school.

Yet description, and moral satire or declamation, were the richest veins, poor and shallow as they are at best, which were opened in our serious verse between the death of Milton and the regeneration of English poetry at the close of the last century. Nor was our description of the highest kind, being deficient both in imaginativeness and in reality. It seldom betokened anything like that intimate, personal, thoughtful, dutiful, and loving communion with Nature, which we perceive in every page of Wordsworth: and owing to this very want of familiarity with the realities, our poets could not deal with them as he does, shaping and moulding and combining and animating them, according to the impulses of his imagination, and calling forth new melodies and harmonies, to fill earth, sea, and sky. They did look at Nature through the spectacles of books. It was as though a number of eyes had been set in a row, like boys playing at leap-frog, each hinder one having to look through all that stood before it, and hence seeing Nature, not as it is in itself, but refracted and distorted by a number of more or less turbid media. Ever and anon too some one would be seized with the ambition of surpassing his predecessors, and would try by a feat at leap-eye to get before them: in so doing however, from ignorance of the ground, he mostly stumbled and fell. Making an impotent effort after originality, he would attempt to vary

the combinations of words in which former writers had spoken of the same objects: but, as one is ever liable to trip, and to violate idiom at least, if not grammar, when speaking a forein language, so by these aliens to Nature, and sojourners in the land of poetry, images and expressions, which belonged to particular circumstances, or to particular phases of feeling, were often misapplied to circumstances and feelings with which they were wholly incongruous. When the jay spread out his peacock's tail, many of the quills were sticking up in the air.

But though our descriptive poetry was mostly wanting both in imaginativeness and in reality, this did not disqualify it for being what is called picturesque. For picturesqueness, as it is commonly understood, consists not in looking at things as they really are, and as the sun or Homer look at them, nor in seeing them, as Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth see them, transfigured by the plastic power of the imagination, but rather in seeing them arrayed in the associations of various kinds with which the course of ages has surrounded them. Painting, even historical painting, being mute, and poorly supplied with means for expressing new or remote combinations of thought, has ever succeeded best in representing that which is familiar and easy to be understood. It has so scanty a vocabulary to tell its story with, that its story must needs be a short one, and ought to be such that its outline and main features should be discernible at

a glance. For it has to speak to the eye, which does not proceed cumulatively and step by step, and the impressions of which are rather coinstantaneous than successive. Its business is to give the utmost accuracy, completeness, and delicacy, to the details it makes use of in expressing such ideas as have already got possession of the popular mind, and form a portion of the popular belief. If it can do this, it can well refrain from seeking to utter new ideas, or going on a voyage of discovery into unknown regions of thought. Its stock in trade may be said to consist chiefly in commonplaces: and it no more tires of or by repeating them, than a rosebush tires of or by pouring forth roses, or than the sun tires of or by shining daily upon the same landscape. In poetry on the other hand commonplaces are worthless. Only so far as a work is original, only so far as a thought is original, either in its form and conception, or at least in its position and combination, can it be said to be truly poetical. Poetry and Painting are indeed sister arts, as they have often been termed. But the sphere of each is totally distinct from that of the other: though they can be made to touch at any point, they cannot be made to coincide; nor can they be brought to touch in more points than one at the same moment, without some bruise and injury to one or the other. Painting by the outward is to express the inward; Poetry by the inward is to express the outward: but the main and immediate business of Painting is with the

outward, that of Poetry with the inward. That which Painting represents, Poetry describes: that which Poetry represents, Painting can only symbolize. Whenever this is forgotten, it is hurtful to both. Fuseli, for instance, was always forgetting the painter, in striving to be a poet. Perhaps the same was sometimes too much the case with Hogarth. Assuredly it is so with Martin, and frequently with Turner, who might have been a very great painter, had he been content to be what he might be. On the other hand, when Poetry becomes picturesque, it is like Prospero casting away his wand, to take up a common sceptre: and it will mostly have to learn that ordinary men are more unmanageable, not only than Ariels, but even than Calibans.

In truth this has been one of the misfortunes of our poetry for the last hundred and fifty years, that it has been much more picturesque than poetical. To many of the excellences of painting indeed it has made little pretension. It has no foreground; it has no background: it wants light; it wants shade: it wants an atmosphere: it wants the unity resulting from having all the parts placed at once before the eye. All these things are missing in descriptive poetry; though in epic and dramatic there are qualities that correspond to them. This is enough to shew how idle it is for Poetry to abandon its own domain, and try to set up its throne in the territory of its neighbour. Every thing that our poets had to mention, was described

and reflected upon. First one thing was described and reflected upon; and then something else was described and reflected upon; and then . . . some third thing was treated in the same way. The power of infusing life and exhibiting action is wanting. No word was supposed to be capable of standing alone: all must have a crutch to lean on: every object must be attended by an epithet or two, or by a phrase, pickt out much as schoolboys pick theirs out of the Gradus, with little regard to any point except its fitting the verse, and not disturbing its monotonous smoothness. If it had ever been applied to the object by any poet, if it ever could be applied to it under any circumstances, this was enough: no matter whether it suited the particular occasion or no. The grand repository for all such phraseology was that translation of Homer, which has perhaps done more harm than any other work ever did to the literature of its country; thus exactly reversing the fate of its original. For assuredly no human work ever exercised so powerful and beneficial an influence on the literature and arts of the people out of whom it sprang, as the Homeric poems. Nor can I think that there was much ground in point of fact for Plato's charge, of their having been injurious to religion and morality. The mischief had other sources, inherent in polytheism, and such as natural religion cannot quench. But as for Pope's translation, it has been a sort of poetic stage-wardrobe, to which anybody might resort for as much tinsel

and tawdry lace, and as many Bristol diamonds, as he wanted, and where everybody might learn the welcome lesson, that the last thing to be thought of in writing verses is the meaning.

Even since the dawn of a better day on our poetry, description and reflexion have still absorbed too large a portion of its energy. Few writers have kept it before their eyes so distinctly as the authors of *Count Julian* and of *Philip Van Artevelde*, that the great business and office of poetry is not to describe, but to create; not to pour forth an everlasting singsong about mountains and fountains, and hills and rills, and flowers and bowers, and woods and floods, and roses and posies, and vallies and allies, but to represent human character and feeling, action and passion, the ceaseless warfare, and the alternate victories of Life and of Death. U.

The line of Milton quoted above, in which Pandemonium is described as rising out of the earth, "like an exhalation," is supposed by Mr Peck to be "a hint taken from some of the moving scenes and machines invented for the stage by Inigo Jones." This conjecture is termed very probable by Bishop Newton, in a note repeated by Dr. Hawkins, and by Mr Todd; and the latter tries to confirm it by an extract from an account of a Mask acted at Whitehall in 1637. Alas for poets, when the critics set about unraveling their thoughts! when they even pretend to make out

by what old bones their minds have been manured! On seeing a poet overlaid by a copious *variorum* commentary, one is often reminded of Gulliver lying helpless and stirless under the net that the Lilliputians had spun around him.

But to be serious: even if the Mask referred to had been acted in 1657, instead of 1637, and if Milton in that year had had eyes to see it with, I should still have been slow to believe that a thought so trivial could have crost his mind, when he was hovering on the outspread wings of his imagination over the abyss of hell. An eagle does not stoop after a grub. Sheridan indeed, who never scrupled to borrow, whether money or thoughts, and to pass them off for his own, might have caught such a hint from the stage. For having no light in himself, he tried to patch up a mimic sun, by sticking together as many candles as he could lay hands on,—wax, mould, or rush-lights, no matter which. Hence, brilliant as his comedies are, they want unity and life: they rather sparkle, than shine; and are like a box of trinkets, not a beautiful head radiant with jewelry. Of Milton's mind, on the other hand, the leading characteristic is its unity. He has the thoughts of all ages at his command; but he has made them his own. He sits "high on a throne of royal state, adorned With all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, And where the gorgeous East with richest hand Has showered barbaric pearl and gold." There are no false gems in him no

tinsel. It seems as if nothing could dwell in his mind, but what was grand and sterling.

Besides, if we look at the passage, the "fabric huge" does not rise at once, as the commentators appear to have supposed, ready-made by a charm out of the earth, like a scene from the floor of a theatre: which is thus strangely brought in to serve for a go-between in this simily; as though Milton, without such a hint, could not have thought of comparing the erection of Pandemonium to the rising of a mist. Such was the dignified severity of Milton's mind, that he has carefully abstained throughout Paradise Lost from everything like common magic. His spirits are superhuman; and their actions are supernatural, but not unnatural, or contranatural. That is, the processes by which they accomplish their purposes are analogous to those by which men do so: they are subject to the same universal laws; only their strength and speed are immeasurably greater. But he has nothing arbitrary, no capricious fantastical transformations. When anything appears to be such, there is always a moral purpose to justify it; as in the sublime passage where the applause which Satan expects, is turned into "a dismal universal hiss," exemplifying how the most triumphant success in evil is in fact a sinking deeper and deeper in misery and shame. To a higher moral law the laws of Nature may bend, but not to a mere act of wilfulness. That Pandemonium was built aboveground, and not drawn

up from underground, is clear from the previous account of the materials prepared for it. Milton wanted a council-chamber for his infernal conclave. Of course it was to surpass everything on earth in magnificence; and it was to be completed almost instantaneously. Hence, instead of exhibiting the gradual process of a laborious accumulation, it seemed to spring up suddenly, to rise "like an exhalation."

This comparison may possibly have been suggested by the Homeric ἠΰτ' ὀμίχλη. At least a recollection of Homer's image may have been floating in Milton's mind; as it is clear that just after, when he says, the fabric rose "with the sound Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet," he must have been thinking of the legend of Amphion's building the walls of Thebes. For his mind was such a treasury of learning,—he had so fed on the thoughts of former ages, transubstantiating them, to use his own expression, by "concoctive heat,"—and the knowledge of his earlier years seems to have become so much more vivid and ebullient, when fresh influxes were stopt,— that one may allowably attribute all manner of learned allusions to him, provided they are in harmony with his subject, and lie within the range of his reading. Many of these have been detected by his commentators: but the investigation is by no means exhausted. Not a few of his allusions they have mist: others they have mistaken.

For instance, in the note on the passage where Milton compares one of the regions of hell to "that great Serbonian bog Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old, Where armies whole have sunk," the modern editors, in a note taken from Patrick Hume, refer only to Herodotus and Lucan; neither of whom says a word about armies being lost in the bog. I conclude therefore that no commentator has traced this passage to its real source in Diodorus Siculus (i. 30); where we are told, that "persons ignorant of the country, who approach the lake Serbonis, have to encounter unlookt-for perils. For the firth being narrow and like a fillet, and vast sandbanks lying round it on all sides, when the south wind blows for a continuance, a quantity of sand is driven over it. This covers the water, and renders the surface of the lake so like that of the land, as to be quite undistinguishable. Hence many who did not know the nature of the spot, missing the road, have been swallowed up, *along with whole armies.*" In a subsequent part of his history (xvi. 46), he says that Artaxerxes, in his expedition into Egypt, lost a part of his army there. The substance of the preceding passage is indeed given by George Sandys in his travels, and thence extracted by Purchas, p. 913; but Milton's source was probably the Greek. For his historical allusions are often taken from Diodorus, with whom he seems to have been better acquainted than with the earlier historians,—the immense superiority of the latter not

being generally recognised in those days;—and who, as Wakefield has shewn, was his authority for the beautiful passage about the mariners off at sea, senting "Sabean odours from the spicy shore Of Araby the blest."

Other blind men, it is true, seldom quote books: but it is not so with Milton. The prodigious power, readiness, and accuracy of his memory, as well as the confidence he felt in it, are proved by his setting himself, several years after he had become totally blind, to compose his treatise on Christian Doctrine; which, made up as it is of scriptural texts, would seem to require perpetual reference to the sacred volume. A still more extraordinary enterprise was that of the Latin dictionary,—a work which, one would imagine, might easily wear out a sound pair of eyes, but in which hardly any man could stir a couple of steps without eyes. Well might he, who, after five years of blindness, had the courage to undertake these two vast works, along with Paradise Lost, declare that he did "not bate a jot Of heart or hope, but still bore up and steered *Uphillward.*" For this is the word which Milton at first used in his noble sonnet: though for the sake of correctness, *steering uphillward* being a kind of pilotage which he alone practist, or which at all events is only practicable where the clogs of this material world are not dragging us down, he altered it into *right onward.*

To return to the passage which led to this

discussion: not only is Mr Peck's conjecture at variance with Milton's conception of the manner in which Pandemonium is constructed, and with the processes by which thoughts arise in the mind of a true poet, as incongruous as it would be for the sun to shoot his rays through a popgun: there is also a third objection, to which some may perhaps attach more weight; namely, the long interval which must have elapst since Milton saw the machinery referred to, if indeed he had ever seen it at all. Sheridan, as I have said, had he been at the play overnight, and been writing verses about Pandemonium the next morning, might have bethought himself that it would be a happy hit to make Pandemonium rise up like a palace in a pantomime. But even Sheridan would hardly have done this, unless the impression had been so recent and vivid, as to force itself upon the mind in despite of the more orderly laws of association. Now Milton can have seen nothing of the sort since the closing of the theatres in 1642. Nor is it likely that he was ever present at a Court-mask. But Inigo Joneses improvements in machinery were probably confined to the Court. For new inventions did not travel so fast in those days as now: and the change of scene in Comus from the wood to the palace seems to have been effected in a different manner. At all events one should have to suppose that this spectacle, which Milton, if he ever saw it, would have forgotten forthwith, lay dormant in

his mind for above fifteen years, until on a sudden it started up unbidden, when he was describing the building of Pandemonium.

That an antiquarian critic, like Mr Peck, should have brought forward such a conjecture, may not be very wonderful. For it requires no little self-denial to resist the temptation of believing that we have hit on an ingenious thought: the more strange and out of the way the thought, the likelier is it to delude us. But that he should have found companions in his visionary ramble,—that a person like Bishop Newton, who was not without poetical taste, and who had not the same temptation to mislead him, should deem his conjecture very probable,—that critic after critic should approve of it,—is indeed surprising. With regard to Mr Todd however, we see from other places that he too has an itching for explaining poetry by the help of personal anecdotes. Thus he suggests that the two lines in the description of the castle in the *Allegro*,—"Where perhaps some beauty lies, The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,"—were designed as a compliment to the Countess of Derby, who had a house near Milton's father's at Horton. Yet in the same breath he tells us that she was already a grandmother; and so, whatever she might have been in earlier days, she could hardly be any longer *the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes*, or even fancy that she was so. Therefore, unless Milton had expressly told her that she was his Cynosure, the

compliment must have been wholly lost. And what need is there for supposing a particular reference to any one? The imaginative process by which Milton animates his castle, is so simple and natural, that I believe there are few young men, who have ever read a tale of romance, in whose minds, when they have been passing by castles, especially if "bosomed high in tufted trees," the fancy has not sprung up, how lovely a sight it would be, were a beautiful damsel looking out from the turret-window. The very first novel I have happened to take up since writing the above, Arnim's *Dolores*, opens with a description of an old castle, with its little bright gardens in the turrets, where, he says, "perchance beautiful princesses may be watching the passing knight among wreaths of flowers of their own training." This is nothing but the ordinary working of the imagination, "Which, if it would but apprehend some joy, Straight comprehends some bringer of that joy."

These remarks would hardly have been worth making, unless anecdotical explanations of poetry were so much in vogue. People of sluggish imaginations, whose thoughts seldom wander beyond the sphere of their eyes and ears, are glad to detect any mark in a great poet, which brings him down to their level, and proves that he could think of such matters as they themselves talk about with their neighbours. Moreover, as there is an irrepressible instinct of the understanding, which leads

us to seek out the causes of things, they who have no eyes to discern the cause in the thing itself, look for it in something round about. They fancy that every thought must needs have an immediate outward suggestment: and if they catch sight of a dry stick lying near a tree, they cry out, εὕρηκα! *Here is one of the roots.*

The vanity of these anecdotical explanations is well reproved by Buttmann in his masterly essay on the supposed personal allusions in Horace. But unfortunately even his own countrymen have not all taken warning from his admonitions. An overfondness for these exercises of ingenuity is the chief fault in Dissen's otherwise valuable edition of Pindar: where, among a number of similar fantasies, we are told that the famous words, by which critics have been so much puzzled, ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ,—which, as the context plainly shews, declare the superiority of water to the other elements, like that of the Olympic to the other games,—were merely meant by the poet to remind Hiero's guests that they ought to mix water with their wine: a conjecture which for impertinence is scarcely surpast by the notorious one, that Shakspeare served as a butcher's boy, because he has a simily about a calf driven to the shambles, and makes Hamlet say, "There 's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will." On equally valid grounds might we establish that he practist every trade, and was a native of every country under heaven; nay, that he,

instead of Pythagoras, must have been the real Euphorbus, and that the souls of half mankind must have transmigrated into his.

What then! Is it essential to poetry, that there should be nothing personal and individual in it? nothing indicative of the poet's own feelings? nothing drawn from his own experience? nothing to shew when, and where, and how, and with whom he has lived? Is he to dwell aloof from the earth, as it were in a ring like Saturn's, looking down on it in cold abstraction, without allowing any of its influences to come near him, and ruffle the blank mirror of his soul? So far from it, that the poet, of all men, has the liveliest sympathy with the world around him, which to his eyes "looks with such a look," and to his ears "speaks with such a tone, That he almost receives its heart into his own." Nor has a critic any higher office, than that of tracing out the correspondence between the spirit of a great author, and that of his age and country. Illustrations of manners and customs too may be valuable, as filling up and giving reality to our conception of the world the poet saw around him. Only in such enquiries we must be on our guard against our constitutional tendency to mistake instruments for causes, and must keep in mind that the poet's own genius is the corner-stone and the keystone of his works.

While we confine ourselves to generalities, we may endeavour, and often profitably, to explain the growth and structure of a poet's mind, so far

as it has been modified by circumstances. But to descend to particulars, to deduce such and such a thought, or such and such an expression, from such and such an occasion, unless we have some historical ground to proceed on, is hazardous and idle; just as hazardous and idle as it would be to determine why a tree has put forth such and such a leaf, or to divine from what river or cloud the sea has drawn the watery particles which it casts up in such and such a wave. Generals, being few and lasting, we may apprehend: but particulars are so numerous, indefinite, and fleeting, one might as easily mark out and catch a mote dancing in the sunbeam.

Not however that authentic information concerning the processes of a poet's mind, and the origin of his works, when attainable, is to be rejected. In a psychological view it may often be instructive. Even Walter Scott's confessions about the composition of his novels, external and superficial as they are, according to the character of his genius, are not without interest. Benvenuto Cellini's one can hardly read without partaking in his anxieties. Cowper's poems derive a fresh charm from their connexion with the incidents in his life. Above all, in Goethe's Memoirs, and in the other writings of his later years, we see the elements of his more genial works, and the *nisus formativus* which gave them unity and shape, exhibited with his own exquisite clearness, like the beautiful fibrous roots

of a hyacinth in a glass of water. To take an image something like that which he himself has applied to Shakspeare, after pointing out the hours and the minutes which mankind had reacht in the great year of thought, he has opened the watch and enabled us to perceive the springs and the wheels.

Here, to make my peace with anecdote-mongers, let me tell one relating to the origin of the finest statue of the greatest sculptor who has arisen since the genius of Greece droopt and wasted away beneath the yoke of Rome. An illustrious friend of mine, calling on Thorwaldsen some years ago, found him, as he said to me, in a glow, almost in a trance, of creative energy. On his enquiring what had happened, *My friend, my dear friend,* said the sculptor, *I have an idea, I have a work in my head, which will be worthy to live. A lad had been sitting to me some time as a model yesterday, when I bad him rest a while. In so doing he threw himself into an attitude which struck me very much. What a beautiful statue it would make! I said to myself. But what would it do for? It would do . . . it would do . . . it would do exactly for Mercury, drawing his sword, just after he has played Argus to sleep. I immediately began modeling. I workt all the evening, till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again. I struck a light, and workt at my model for three or four hours; after which I again went to bed.*

But again I could not rest: again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since. O my friend, if I can but execute my idea, it will be a glorious statue.

And a noble statue it is; although Thorwaldsen himself did not think that the execution came up to the idea. For I have heard of a remarkable speech of his made some years after to another friend, who found him one day in low spirits. Being askt whether anything had distrest him, he answered, *My genius is decaying.—What do you mean?* said the visiter.—*Why! here is my statue of Christ: it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again.* The same, I believe, must have been the case with all men of true genius. While they who have nothing but talents, may often be astonisht at the effects they produce, by putting things together which fit more aptly than they expected; a man of genius, who has had an idea of a whole in his mind, will feel that no outward mode of expressing that idea, whether by form, or colours, or words, is adequate to represent it. Thus Luther, when he sent Staupitz his Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, said to him (*Epist.* clxii), "Nec jam adeo placent, quam placuerunt primum, ut videam potuisse latius et clarius eos exponi." Thus too Solger, writing about his Dialogues

to Tieck, says (I. p. 432),' "Now that I have read them through again, I find that they are far from attaining to that which stood before my mind when I wrote them: I feel as though they were a mere extract or shadow thereof. My only consolation is, that so it must doubtless be with every one who has aimed at anything excellent, that the execution of his plan does not satisfy him." Hence it comes that men of genius have so often attacht the highest value to their less genial works. God alone could look down on His Creation, and behold that it was all very good. This contrast is remarkt by Bacon, and a grand use is made of it, at the close of the Introduction to the *Novum Organum*. "Tu postquam conversus es ad spectandum opera quae fecerunt manus Tuae, vidisti quod omnia essent bona valde, et requievisti. At homo conversus ad opera quae fecerunt manus suae, vidit quod omnia essent vanitas et vexatio spiritus, nec ullo modo requievit. Quare, si in operibus Tuis sudabimus, facies nos visionis Tuae et sabbati Tui participes."

Thorwaldsen's Mercury, it appears, was suggested by a lad whom he had seen sitting at rest. But does that detract from the sculptor's genius? Every other man living might have seen the lad; and no statue of Mercury would have sprung out of the vision: even as millions upon millions before Newton had seen apples drop, without being led thereby to meditate on universal gravitation. So that, though Genius does not wholly create its

works out of nothing, its "mighty world" is not merely what it perceives, but what, as Wordsworth expresses it in his lines on the Wye, "it half creates."

U.

Another form of the same Materialism, which cannot comprehend or conceive anything, except as the product of some external cause, is the spirit, so general in these times, which attaches an inordinate importance to mechanical inventions, and accounts them the great agents in the history of mankind. It is a common opinion with these exoteric philosophers, that the invention of printing was the chief cause of the Reformation, that the invention of the compass brought about the discovery of America, and that the vast changes in the military and political state of Europe since the middle ages have been wrought by the invention of gunpowder. It would be almost as rational to say that the cock's crowing makes the sun rise. Bacon indeed, I may be reminded, seems to favour this notion, where, at the end of the First Book of the *Novum Organum*, he speaks of the power and dignity and efficacy of inventions, "quae non in aliis manifestius occurrunt, quam in illis tribus quae antiquis incognitae—sunt, Artis nimirum Imprimendi, Pulveris Tormentarii, et Acus Nauticae. Haec enim tria rerum faciem et statum in orbe terrarum mutaverunt; primum, in re litteraria; secundum, in re bellica; tertium in navigationibus. Unde innumerae rerum

mutationes secutae sunt; ut non imperium aliquod, non secta, non stella, majorem efficaciam et quasi influxum super res humanas exercuisse videatur, quam ista mechanica exercuerunt." However, not to speak of the curious indication of a belief in astrology, it must be remembered that Bacon's express purpose in this passage is to assert the dignity of inventions, that is, not of the natural, material objects in themselves, but of those objects transformed and fashioned anew by the mind of man, to serve the great interests of mankind. The difference between civilized and savage life, he had just said, "non solum, non coelum, non corpora, sed artes praestant." In other words, the difference lies, not in any material objects themselves, but in the intelligence, the mind, that employs them for its own ends. These very inventions had existed, the greatest of them for many centuries, in China, without producing any like result. For why? Because the utility of an invention depends on our making use of it. There is no power, none at least for good, in any instrument or weapon, except so far as there is power in him who wields it: nor does the sword guide and move the hand, but the hand the sword. Nay, it is the hand that fashions the sword. The means and instruments, as we see in China, may lie dormant and ineffective for centuries. But when man's spirit is once awake, when his heart is alert, when his mind is astir, he will always discover the means

he wants, or make them. Here also is the saying fulfilled, that they who seek will find.

Or we may look at the matter in another light. We may conceive that, whenever any of the great changes ordained by God's Providence in the destinies of mankind are about to take place, the means requisite for the effecting of those changes are likewise prepared by the same Providence. Niebuhr applied this to lesser things. He repeatedly expresses his conviction that the various vicissitudes by which Learning has been promoted, are under the controll of an overruling Providence; and he has more than once spoken of the recent discoveries, by which so many remains of Antiquity have been brought to light, as providential dispensations for the increase of our knowledge of God's works, and of His creatures. His conviction was, that, though we are to learn in the sweat of our brow, and though nothing good can be learnt without labour, yet here also everything is so ordered, that the means of knowing whatever is needful and desirable may be discovered, if man will only be diligent in cultivating and making the most of what has already been bestowed on him. He held, that to him who has will be given,—that not only will he be enabled to make increase of the talents he has received, but that he is sure to find others in his path. This way of thinking has been reproved as profane, by those who yet would perhaps deem it impious if a man, when he cut his finger, or

caught a cold, did not recognise a visitation of Providence in such accidents. Now why is this? In all other things we maintain that man's labour is of no avail, unless God vouchsafes to bless it; that, without God's blessing, in vain will the husbandman sow, in vain will the merchant send his ships abroad, in vain will the physician prescribe his remedies. Why then do we outlaw Knowledge? Why do we declare that the exercise of our intellectual powers is altogether alien from God? Why do we exclude them, not only from the sanctuary, but even from the outer court of the temple? Why do we deny that poets and philosophers, scholars and men of science, can serve God, each in his calling, as well as bakers and butchers, as well as hewers of wood and drawers of water?

It is true, there is often an upstart pride in the understanding; and we are still prone to fancy that Knowledge of itself will make us as gods. Though so large a part of our knowledge is derivative, from the teaching either of other men or of things, and though so small a tittle of it can alone be justly claimed by each man as his own, we are apt to forget this, and to regard it as all our own, as sprung, like Minerva, full-grown out of our own heads; for this among other reasons, that, when we are pouring it forth, in whatsoever manner, its original sources are out of sight; nor does anything remind us of the numberless tributaries by which it has been swelled. This

tendency of Knowledge however to look upon itself as self-created and independent of God is much encouraged by the practice of the religious to treat it and speak of it as such. Were we wise, we should discern that the intellectual, the natural, and the moral world are three concentric spheres in God's world, and that it is a robbery of God to cut off any one of them from Him, and give it up to the Prince of darkness. As we read in *the Book of Wisdom*, it is God, that *hath given us certain knowledge of the things that are, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements; the beginning, ending, and midst of the times; the alterations of the turning of the sun, and the change of seasons; the circuits of years, and the positions of stars; the natures of living creatures, and the furies of wild beasts; the violence of winds, and the reasonings of men.*

Thus then does it behove us to deem of inventions, as instruments ordained for us, by the help of which we are to fulfill God's manifold purposes with regard to the destinies of mankind. At the fit time the fit instrument shews itself. If it comes before its time, it is still-born : man knows not what to do with it ; and it wastes away. But when the mind and heart and spirit of men begin to teem with new thoughts and feelings and desires, they always find the outward world ready to supply them with the means requisite for realizing their aims. In this manner, when the idea of the unity of mankind had become more vivid and

definite,—when all the speculations of History and Science and Philosophy were bringing it out in greater fulness,—when Poetry was becoming more and more conscious of its office to combine unity with diversity and multiplicity, and individuality with universality,—and when Religion was applying more earnestly to her great work of gathering all mankind into the many mansions in the one great house of the Eternal Father,—at this time, when men's hearts were yearning more than ever before for intercourse and communion, the means of communication and intercourse have been multiplied marvellously. This is good, excellent; and we may well be thankful for it. Only let us be diligent in using our new gifts for their highest, and not merely for meaner purposes; and let us beware of man's tendency to idolize the works of his own hands. The Greek poet exclaimed with wonder at the terrible ingenuity of man, who had yoked the horse and the bull, and had crost the roaring sea: and still, though the immediate occasions of his wonder would be somewhat changed, he would cry, *πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ, κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.* But, though a heathen, he kept clear of the twofold danger of worshiping either man or his work. May we do so likewise! For there is not a whit to choose between the worship of Steam, and that of the meanest Fetish in Africa. Nor is the worship of Man really nobler or wiser.

U.

I spoke some pages back of Greek literature as being characterized by its ἄσπετος αἰθήρ, its serene, transparent brightness. Ought I not rather to have said that this is the characteristic of the Christian mind, of that mind on which the true Light has indeed risen? Not, it appears to me, so far as that mind has been manifested in its works of poetry and art; at least with the exception of a starry spirit here and there, such as Fra Angelico da Fiesole and Raphael. For the Greeks lookt mainly, and almost entirely, at the outward, at that which could be brought in distinct and definite forms before the eye of the Imagination. To this they were predisposed from the first by their exquisite animal organization, which gave them a lively susceptibility for every enjoyment the outward world could offer, but which at the same time was so muscular and tightly braced as not to be overpowered and rendered effeminate thereby: and this their natural tendency to receive delight from the active enjoyment of the outward world found everything in the outward world best fitted to foster and strengthen it. The climate and country were such as to gratify every appetite for pleasurable sensation, without enervating or relaxing the frame, or allowing the mind to sink into an Asiatic torpour. They rewarded industry richly: but they also called for it, and would not pamper sloth. By its physical structure Greece gave its inhabitants the hardihood of the mountaineer.

Yet the Greeks were not like other mountaineers, whose minds seem mostly to have been bounded by their own narrow horizon, so as hardly to take count of what was going on in the world without: to which cause may in a great measure be ascribed the intellectual barrenness of mountainous countries, or, if this be too strong an expression, the scantiness of the great works they have produced, when compared with the feelings which we might suppose they would inspire. But the Greek was not shut in by his mountains. Whenever he scaled a hight, the Sea spread out before him, and wooed him to come into her arms, and to let her bear him away to some of the smiling islands she encircled. Hence, like the hero, who in his Homeric form is perhaps the best representative of the Greek character, *πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστεα, καὶ νόον ἔγνω.* He had the two great stimulants to enterprise before him. The voice of the Mountains, and the voice of the Sea," each a mighty voice," were ever rousing and stirring and prompting him; each moreover checking the hurtful effects of the other. The sea enlarged the range and scope of his thoughts, which the mountains might have hemmed in. Thus it saved him from the "homely wits," which Shakspeare ascribes to "home-keeping youth." The mountains on the other hand counteracted that homelessness, which a mere sea-life is apt to breed, except in those in whom there is a living consciousness that on the sea as on the shore they are

equally in the hand of God: to which homelessness, and want of a solid ground to strike root in, it is mainly owing that neither Tyre nor Carthage, notwithstanding their power and wealth, occupies any place in the intellectual history of mankind. To the Greeks however, as to us, who have a country and a home upon the land, the sea was an inexhaustible mine of intellectual riches. Nor is it without a prophetic symbolicalness that the sea fills so important a part in both the Homeric poems. The amphibious character of the Greeks was already determined: they were to be lords of land and sea. Both these voices too, "Liberty's chosen music," as Wordsworth terms them in his glorious sonnet, called the Greeks to freedom: and nobly did they answer to the call, when the sound of the mighty Pan was glowing in their ears, at Marathon and Thermopylae, at Salamis and Platea.

Freedom moreover, and the free forms of their constitutions, brought numerous opportunities and demands for outward activity. The Greek poets and historians were also soldiers and statesmen. They had to deal with men, to act with them, and by them, and upon them, in the forum, and in the field. Their converse was with men in the concrete, as living agents, not with the abstraction, man, nor with the shadowy, self-reflecting visions of the imagination. Even at the present day, though our habits and education do so much to remove the distinctions among the

various classes of society, there is a manifest difference between those authors who have taken an active part in public life, and those who are mere men of letters. The former, though they may often be deficient in speculative power, and unskilled in the forms of literature, have a knowledge of the practical springs of action, and a temperance of judgement, which is seldom found in a recluse, unaccustomed to meet with resistance among his own thoughts, or apt to slip away from it when he does, and therefore unpractist in bearing or dealing with it. That mystic seclusion, so common in modern times, as it has always been in Asia, was scarcely known in Greece. Even the want of books, and the consequent necessity of going to things themselves for the knowledge of them, sharpened the eyes of the Greeks, and gave them livelier and clearer perceptions: whereas our eyes are dimmed by poring over the records of what others have seen and thought; and the impressions we thus obtain are much less vivid and true.

Added to all this, their anthropomorphic religion, which sprang in the first instance out of these very tendencies of the Greek mind, reacted powerfully upon them, as the free exercise of every faculty is wont to do, and exerted a great influence in keeping the Greeks within the sphere which Nature seemed to assign to them, by preventing their thinking or desiring to venture out of that sphere, and by teaching them to find

contentment and every enjoyment they could imagine within it. For it was by abiding within it that they were as gods. The feeling exprest in the speech of Achilles in Hades was one in which the whole people partook:

βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ,
ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν.

Through the combined operation of these causes, the Greeks acquired a clearness of vision for all the workings of life, and all the manifestations of beauty, far beyond that of any other people. Whatever they saw, they saw thoroughly, almost palpably, with a sharpness incomprehensible in our land of books and mists.

To mention a couple of instances: the anatomy of the older Greek statues is so perfect, that Mr Haydon,—whose scattered dissertations on questions of art, rich as they often are in genius and thought, well deserve to be collected and preserved from a newspaper grave,—in his remarks on the Elgin marbles, pledged himself that, if any one were to break off a toe from one of those marbles, he would prove "the great consequences of vitality, as it acts externally, to exist in that toe." Yet it is very doubtful whether the Greeks ever anatomized human bodies,—at all events they knew hardly anything of anatomy scientifically, from an examination of the internal structure,—before the Alexandrian age. Now, even with the help of our scientific knowledge, it is a rarity in modern art to find figures, of which the anatomy

is not in some respect faulty; at least where the body is not either almost entirely concealed by drapery, or cased, like the yolk of an egg, in the soft albumen of a pseudo-ideal. When it is otherwise, as in the works of Michael Angelo and Annibal Caracci, we too often see studies, rather than works of art, and muscular contortions and convolutions, instead of the gentle play and flow of life. Mr Haydon indeed contends that the Greek sculptors must have been good anatomists: but all historical evidence is against this supposition. The truth is, that, as such wonderful stories are told of the keen eyes which the wild Indians have for all manner of tracks in their forests, so the Greeks had a clear and keen-sightedness in another direction, which to us, all whose perceptions are mixt up with such a bundle of multifarious notions, and who see so many things in everything, beside what we really do see, appears quite inconceivable. They studied life, not, as we do, in death, but in life; and that not in the stiff, crampt, inanimate life of a model, but in the fresh, buoyant, energetic life, which was called forth in the gymnasia.

Another striking example of the accuracy of the Greek eye is supplied by a remark of Spurzheim's, that the heads of all the old Greek statues are in perfect accordance with his system, and betoken the very intellectual and moral qualities which the character was meant to be endowed with; although in few modern statues or busts is any correspondence

discoverable between the character and the shape of the head. For groundless and erroneous as may be the psychological, or, as the authors themselves term them, the phrenological views, which have lately been set forth as the scientific anatomy of the human mind, it can hardly be questioned that there is a great deal of truth in what Coleridge (*Friend* iii. p. 62) calls the indicative or gnomonic part of the scheme, or that Gall was an acute and accurate observer of those conformations of the scull, which are the ordinary accompaniments, if not the infallible signs, of the various intellectual powers. But in these very observations he had been anticipated above two thousand years ago by the unerring eye of the Greek sculptors.

In like manner do the Greeks seem by a kind of intuition to have at once caught the true principles of proportion and harmony and grace and beauty in all things,—in the human figure, in architecture, in all mechanical works, in style, in the various forms and modes of composition. These principles, which they discerned from the first, and which other nations have hardly known anything of, except as primarily derivative from them, they exemplified in that wonderful series of masterpieces, from Homer down to Plato and Aristotle and Demosthenes; a series of which we only see the fragments, but the very fragments of which the rest of the world cannot match. Rome may have more regal majesty; modern Europe

may be superior in wisdom, especially in that wisdom of which the owl may serve as the emblem: but in the contest of Beauty no one could hesitate; the apple must be awarded to Greece.

This is what I meant by speaking of the ἄσπετος αἰθὴρ of Greek literature. The Greeks saw what they saw thoroughly. Their eyes were piercing; and they knew how to use them, and to trust them. In modern literature on the other hand the pervading feeling is, that we see through a glass darkly. While with the Greeks the unseen world was the world of shadows, in the great works of modern times there is a more or less conscious feeling that the outward world of the eye is the world of shadows, that the tangled web of life is to be swept away, and that the invisible world is the only abode of true, living realities. How strongly is this illustrated by the contrast between the two great works which stand at the head of ancient and of Christian literature, the Homeric poems, and the *Divina Commedia!* While the former teem with life, like a morning in spring, and everything in them, as on such a morning, has its life raised to the highest pitch, Dante's wanderings are all through the regions beyond the grave. He begins with overleaping death, and leaving it behind him; and to his imagination the secret things of the next world, and its inhabitants, seem to be more distinctly and vividly present than the persons and things around him. Nor was Milton's home on earth. And

though Shakspeare's was, it was not on an earth lying quietly beneath the clear blue sky. How he drives the clouds over it! how he flashes across it! Ever and anon indeed he sweeps the clouds away, and shines down brightly upon it; but only for a few moments together. Thus too has it been with all those in modern times whose minds have been so far opened as to see and feel the mystery of life. They have not shrunk from that mystery in reverent awe like the Greeks, nor planted a beautiful impenetrable grove around the temple of the Furies. While the Greeks, as I said just now, could not dream of anatomizing life, we have anatomized everything: and whereas all their works are of the day, a large portion of ours might fitly be designated by the title of *Night Thoughts*. As to the frivolous triflers, who take things as they are, and skip about and sip the surface, they are no more to be reckoned into account in estimating the character of an age, than a man would take the flies and moths into account in drawing up an inventory of his chattels.

Perhaps however the reason why modern literature has not had more of this serenity and brightness, is that it has so seldom been animated by the true spirit of Christianity in any high degree. A little knowledge will merely unsettle a man's prejudices, without giving him anything better in their stead: and Christianity, intellectually as well as morally, unless it be indeed

embraced with a longing and believing heart, serves only to make our darkness visible. The burning and shining lights of Christianity have rather been content to shine in the vallies: those on the hills have mostly been lights of this world, and therefore flaring and smoking. For individual Christians there are, individual Christians, I believe, there have been in all ages, whose spirits do indeed dwell in the midst of an ἄσπετος αἰθήρ. Nay, as Coleridge once said to me, "that in Italy the sky is so clear, you seem to see beyond the moon," so are there those who seem to look beyond and through the heavens, into the very heaven of heavens. U.

Thirlwall, in his History,—in which the Greeks have at length been called out of their graves by a mind combining their own clearness and grace with the wealth and power of modern learning and thought, and at whose call, as at that of a kindred spirit, they have therefore readily come forth,—remarks, that Greece "is distinguisht among European countries by the same character which distinguishes Europe itself from the other continents,—the great range of its coast, compared with the extent of its surface." The same fact, and its importance, are noticed by Frederic Schlegel in his second Lecture *on the Philosophy of History*. Nothing could be more favorable as a condition, not only of political and commercial, but also of intellectual greatness. Indeed this might be added

to the long list of grounds for the truth of the Pindaric saying, ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ, and would suggest itself in an ode addrest to Hiero far more naturally and appropriately than the superiority of wine and water to wine; a superiority which it may be a mark of barbarism to deny, but which few Englishmen would acknowledge.

A similar extent of coast was also one of the great advantages of Italy, and is now one of the greatest in the local condition of England. Goethe, who above all men had the talent of expressing profound and farstretching thoughts in the simplest words, and whose style has more of light in it, with less of lightning, than any other writer's since Plato, has thrown out a suggestion in one of his reviews (vol. xlv. p. 227), that "perhaps it is the sight of the sea from youth upward, that gives English and Spanish poets such an advantage over those of inland countries." He spoke on this point from his own feelings: for he himself never saw the sea, till he went to Italy in his 38th year: and it is ingeniously remarkt by Francis Horn, though apparently without reference to Goethe's observation, in his History of German Poetry and Eloquence (iii. p. 225), that "whatever is indefinite, or seems so, is out of keeping with Goethe's whole frame of mind: everything with him is *terra firma* or an island: there is nothing of the infinitude of the sea. This conviction (he adds) forced itself upon me, when for the first time, at the northermost

extremity of Germany, I felt the sweet thrilling produced by the highest sublimity of Nature. Here Shakspeare alone comes forward, whom one finds everywhere, on mountains and in vallies, in forests, by the side of rivers and of brooks. Thus far Goethe may accompany him: but in sight of the sea, and of such rocks on the sea, Shakspeare is by himself." Solger too, in one of his letters (i. p. 320), when speaking of his first sight of the sea, says, "Here for the first time I felt the impression of the illimitable, as produced by an object of sense, in its full majesty."

To us, who have been familiar with the Sea all our lives, it might almost seem as though our minds would have been "poor shrunken things," without its air to brace and expand them; if for instance we had never seen the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of the waves, as Aphrodite rises from their bosom,—if we had never heard the many-voiced song with which the Nereids now hymn the bridal, now bewail the bereavement of Thetis, —if we knew not how changeful the Sea is, and yet how constant and changeless amid all the changes of the seasons,—if we knew not how powerful she is, whom Winter with all his chains can no more bind than Xerxes could, how powerful to destroy in her fury, how far more powerful to bless in her calmness,—if we had never learnt the lesson of obedience and of order from her, the lesson of ceaseless activity, and of deep unfathomable rest,—if we had no sublunary teacher

but the mute, motionless earth,—if we had been deprived of this ever faithful mirror of heaven. The Sea appears to be the great separater of nations, the impassable barrier to all intercourse: *dissociabilis* the Roman poet calls it. Yet in fact it is the grand medium of intercourse, the chief uniter of mankind, the only means by which the opposite ends of the earth can hold converse as though they were neighbours. Thus in divers ways the πόντος ἀτρύγετος has become even more productive, than if fields of corn were waving all over it.

That it has been an essential condition in the civilizing of nations, all history shews. Perhaps the Germans in our days are the first people who have reacht any high degree of culture,—who have become eminent in poetry and in thought,—without its immediate aid. Yet Germany has been called "she of the Danube and the Northern Sea;" and might still more justly be called *she of the Rhine.* For the Danube, not bringing her into connexion with the sea, has had a less powerful influence on her destinies: whereas the Rhine has acted a more important part in her history, than any river in that of any other country, except the Nile.

Hence the example of Germany will not enable us to conceive how such a people as Ulysses was to go in search of,—οἳ οὐκ ἴσασι θάλασσαν Ἀνέρες, οὐδέ θ' ἅλεσσι μεμιγμένον εἶδαρ ἔδουσιν,—how those who, not knowing the sea, have no salt to

season their thoughts with,—how the Russians for instance can ever become civilized; notwithstanding what Peter tried to effect, from a partial consciousness of this want, by building his capital on the Baltic. Still less can one imagine how the centre of Asia, or of Africa, can ever emerge out of barbarism; unless indeed the Steam-king be destined hereafter to effect what the Water-king in his natural shape cannot. Genius or knowledge, springing up in those regions, would be like a fountain in an oasis, unable to mingle with its kindred, and unite into a continuous stream. Or if such a thing as a stream were to be found there, it would soon be swallowed up and lost, from having no sea within reach to shape its course to. In the legends Neptune is represented as contending with Minerva for the honour of giving name to Athens, and with Apollo for the possession of Corinth. In fact he wrought along with them,—and mighty was his aid,—in glorifying their favorite cities.

There is also a further point of analogy between the position of Greece and that of England. Greece, lying on the frontier of Europe toward Asia, was the link of union between the two, the country in which the practical European understanding seized, and gave a living, productive energy to the primeval ideas of Asia. Her sons carried off Europa with her letters from Phenicia, and Medea with her magic from Colchis. When the Asiatics, attempting reprisals, laid hands on

her Queen of beauty, the whole nation arose, and sallied forth from their homes, and bore her back again in triumph: for to whom could she belong rightfully and permanently, except to a Greek? If Io went from them into Egypt, it was to become the ancestress of Hercules.

Now England in like manner is the frontier of Europe toward America, and the great bond of connexion between them. Through us the mind of the Old World passes into the New. What our intellectual office may be in this respect, will be seen hereafter, when it becomes more apparent and determinate, what the character of the American mind is to be. At present England is the country, where that depth and inwardness of thought, which seems to belong to the Germanic mind, has assumed the distinct, outward, positive form of the Roman.

An intermixture of the same elements has also taken place in France, but with a very different result. In the English character, as in our language, the Teutonic or spiritual element has fortunately been predominant; and so the two factors have coalesced without detriment: while in France, where the Roman or formal element gained the upperhand, the consequence has been, that they have almost neutralized and destroyed each other. The ideas of the Germans waned into abstractions: the law and order of the Romans shriveled into rules and forms, which no idea can impregnate, but which every insurgent abstraction can

overthrow. The externality of the classical spirit has worn away into mere superficiality. The French character is indeed a character, stampt upon them from without. Their profoundest thoughts are *bons mots*. They are the only nation that ever existed, in which a government can be hist off the stage like a bad play, and in which its fall excites less consternation, than the violation of a fashion in dress.

In truth the ease and composure with which the Revolution of July 1830 was accomplisht, and by which almost everybody was so dazzled, notwithstanding the fearful lessons of forty years before,—when in like manner Satan appeared at first as an angel of light, and when all mankind were deluded, and worshipt the new-born fiend,—would have been deemed by a wise observer one of the saddest features about it. O let us bleed when we are wounded! let not our wounds close up, as if nothing had been cleft but a shadow! It is better to bleed even to death, than to live without blood in our veins. And in truth blood will flow. If it does not flow in the field from principle, it is sure to flow in tenfold torrents by the guillotine, through that ferocity, which, when Law and Custom are overthrown, nothing but Principle can keep in check. Hearts and souls will bleed, or will fester and rot.

A Frenchman might indeed urge, that his patron saint is related in the legend not to have felt the loss of his head, and to have walkt away after

it had been cut off, just as well as if it had been standing on his shoulders. But, where no miracle is in the case, it is only the lowest orders of creatures that are quite as brisk and lively after decapitation as before. U.

I hate to see trees pollarded . . or nations. U.

Europe was conceived to be on the point of dissolution. Burke heard the death-watch, and rang the alarm. A hollow sound past from nation to nation, like that which announces the splitting and breaking up of the ice in the regions around the Pole. Well! the politicians and economists, and the doctors in statecraft, resolved to avert the stroke of vengeance, not indeed by actions like those of the Curtii and Decii;—such actions are extravagant, and chivalrous, and superstitious, and patriotic, and heroic, and self-devoting, and unworthy and unseemly in men of sense, who know that selfishness is the only source of good; —but by borrowing a device from the Arabian fabulist. They seem to have thought they should appease, or at least weary out the minister of wrath, if they could get him to hear through their thousand and one Constitutions. U.

From what was said just now about the French character, as a combination the factors of which have almost neutralized each other, it follows that the French are the very people for that mode of

life and doctrine, which has become so notorious under the title of the *juste milieu*, and which aims at reconciling opposites by a mechanical, or at the utmost by a chemical, instead of an organical union. It is only in the latter, when acting together under the sway of a constraining higher principle, that powers, which, if left to themselves, thwart and battle against each other, can be made to bring forth peace and its fruits. According to the modern theory however, the best way of producing a new being is not by the marriage of the man and woman, but by taking half of each, and tying them one to the other. The result, it is true, will not have much life in it: but what does that matter? It is manufactured in a moment: the whole work goes on before the eyes of the world: and the new creature is fullsized from the first. How stupid and impotent on the other hand is Nature! who hides the germs and first stirrings of all life in darkness; who is always forced to begin with the minutest particles; and who can produce nothing great, except by slow and tedious processes of growth and assimilation. How tardily and snail-like she crawls about her task! She never does anything *per saltum*. She cannot get to the end of her journey, as we can, in a trice, by a hop, a skip, and a jump. It takes her a thousand years to grow a nation, and thousands to grow a philosopher.

Amen! so be it! Man, when he is working consciously, does not know how to work

imperceptibly. He cannot trust to Time, as Nature can, in the assurance that Time will work with her. For, while Time fosters and ripens Nature's works, he only crumbles man's. It is well imagined, that the creature whom Frankenstein makes, should be a huge monster. Being unable to impart a living power of growth and increase by any effort of our will or understanding, or except when we are content to act in subordination to Nature, we try, when we set about any work, on which we mean to pride ourselves as especially our own, to render it as big as we can; so that, size being our chief criterion of greatness, we may have the better warrant for falling down and worshiping it. Thus Frankenstein's man-monster is an apt type of the numerous newfangled hop-skip-and-jump Constitutions, which have been circulating about Europe for the last half century; in which the old statesmanly practice of enacting new ordinances and institutions, as occasion after occasion arises, has been superseded by attempts to draw up a complete abstract code for all sorts of states, without regard to existing rights, usages, manners, feelings, to the necessities of the country, or the character of the people. Indeed the following description of the monster, when he first begins to move, might be regarded as a satire on the Constitution of 1791. "His limbs were in proportion; and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! His yellow skin scarcely covered the muscles and

arteries beneath. His hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness: but these only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, which seemed almost of the same colour as their dun white sockets, his shriveled complexion, and straight black lips." So it is with abstract constitutions. Their fabricaters try to make their parts proportionate, and to pick out the most beautiful features for them: but there are muscular and arterial workings ever going on in the body of a nation, there is such an intermingling and convolution of passions, and feelings, and consciousnesses, and thoughts, and desires, and regrets, and sorrows, that no yellow parchment, which man can draw over, will cover or hide them. And though the more external and lifeless parts, the hair and teeth, which are so often artificial, may be bright and dazzling,—though the teeth especially may be well fitted for doing their work of destruction,—no art can give a living eye: *ὀμμάτων δ' ἐν ἀχηνίαις ἔῤῥει πᾶσ' Ἀφροδίτα.*

The man-monster's cruelty too was of the same sort as that of the French constitution-mongers, and of their works; and it resulted from the same cause, the utter want of sympathy with man and the world, such as they are. The misfortune is, that we cannot get rid of them, as he was got rid of, by sending them to the North Pole; although its ice would be an element very congenial to the minds that gave birth to them, and would form a fitting grave for monstrosities, which, starting

up in the frozen zone of human nature, were crystallized from their cradle. U.

The strength of a nation, humanly speaking, consists not in its population or wealth or knowledge, or in any other such heartless and merely scientific elements, but in the number of its proprietors. Such too, according to the most learned and wisest of historians, was the opinion of antiquity. "All ancient legislators (says Niebuhr, when speaking of Numa), and above all Moses, rested the result of their ordinances for virtue, civil order, and good manners, on securing landed property, or at least the hereditary possession of land, to the greatest possible number of citizens."

They who are not aware of the manner in which national character and political institutions mutually act and are acted on, till they gradually mould each other, have never reflected on the theory of new shoes. Which leads me to remark, that modern constitution-mongers have shewn themselves as unskilful and inconsiderate in making shoes, as the old limping, sorefooted aristocracies of the Continent have been intractable and impatient in wearing them. The one insisted that the boot must fit, because, after the fashion of Laputa, it had been cut to diagram: the others would bear nothing on their feet in any degree hard or common. *Leather is the natural covering of the*

hands: on them we will still wear it: on the legs it is ignoble and masculine. Any other sacrifice we are content to make: but our feet must continue as heretofore, swathed up in fleecy hosiery, especially when we ride or walk. It is a reward we may justly claim for condescending to acts so toilsome. It is a privilege we have inherited, with the gout of our immortal ancestors; and we cannot in honour give it up. But you say, the privilege must be abolisht, because the commodity is scarce. Let the people then make their *sacrifice, and give up stockings.*

Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

Song is the tone of feeling. Like poetry, the language of feeling, art should regulate, and perhaps temper and modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the feeling,—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand,—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes, but no song.

If song however be the tone of feeling, what is beautiful singing? The balance of feeling, not the absence of it.

Close boroughs are said to be an oligarchal

innovation on the ancient Constitution of England. But are not the forty-shilling freeholders, in their present state, a democratical innovation? The one may balance and neutralize the other; and if so, the Constitution will remain practically unaltered by the accession of these two new, opposite and equal powers. Whereas to destroy the former innovation, without taking away the latter, must change the system of our polity in reality as well as in idea. L.

When the pit seats itself in the boxes, the gallery will soon drive out both, and occupy the whole of the house. A.

In like manner, when the calculating expediential Understanding has superseded the Conscience and the Reason, the Senses soon rush out from their dens, and sweep away everything before them. If there be nothing brighter than the reflected light of the moon, the wild beasts will not keep in their lair. And when that moon, after having reacht a moment of apparent glory, by looking full at the sun, fancies it may turn away from the sun, and still have light in itself, it straightway begins to wane, and ere long goes out altogether, leaving its worshipers in the darkness which they had vainly dreamt it would enlighten. This was seen in the Roman empire. It was seen in the last century all over Europe, above all in France. U.

He who does not learn from events, rejects the lessons of Experience. He who judges from the event, makes Fortune an assessor in his judgements.

What an instance of the misclassifications and misconceptions produced by a general term is the common mistake, which looks on the Greeks and Romans as one and the same people, because they are both called ancients!

The difference between desultory reading and a course of study may be illustrated by comparing the former to a number of mirrors set in a straight line, so that every one of them reflects a different object, the latter to the same mirrors so skilfully arranged as to perpetuate one set of objects in an endless series of reflexions.

If we read two books on the same subject, the second leads us to review the statements and arguments of the first; the errours of which are little likely to escape this kind of *proving*, if I may so call it; while the truths are more strongly imprinted on the memory, not merely by repetition,—though that too is of use,—but by the deeper conviction thus wrought into the mind, of their being verily and indeed truths.

Would you restrict the mind then to a single line of study?

No more than the body to any single kind of labour. The sure way of cramping and deforming

both is to confine them entirely to an employment which keeps a few of their powers or muscles in strong continuous action, leaving the rest to shrink and stiffen from inertness. Liberal exercise is necessary to both. For the mind the best perhaps is Poetry. Abstract truth, which in Science is ever the main object, has no link to attach our sympathies to man; nay, rather withers the fibres by which our hearts would otherwise lay hold on him, absorbing our affections, and diverting them from man, who, viewed in the concrete, and as he exists, is the antipode of abstract truth. High therefore and precious must be the worth and benefit of Poetry; which, taking men as individuals, and shedding a strong light on the portions and degrees of truth latent in every human feeling, reconciles us to our kind, and shews that a devotion to truth, however it may alienate the mind from man, only unites it more affectionately to men, in their various relations of love, (for love is truth,) as children, and fathers, and husbands, and citizens, and, one day perhaps much more than it has hitherto done, as Christians.

Vice is the greatest of all jacobins, the arch-leveler.

A democracy by a natural process degenerates into an ochlocracy: and then the hangman has the fairest chance of becoming the autocrat. A.

Many of the supposed increasers of knowledge have only given a new name, and often a worse, to what was well known before. U.

God did not make harps, nor pirouettes, nor crayon-drawing, nor the names of all the great cities in Africa, nor conchology, nor the *Contes Moraux*, and a proper command of countenance, and prudery, and twenty other things of the sort. They must all be taught then; or how is a poor girl to know anything about them?

But health, strength, the heart, the soul, with their fairest inmates, modesty, cheerfulness, truth, purity, fond affection,—all these things He did make; and so they may safely be left to Nature. Nobody can suppose it to be mamma's fault, if they don't come of themselves.

How fond man is of tinsel! I have known a boy steal, to give away. A.

Offenders may be divided into two classes,—the old in crime, and the young. The old and hardened criminal, in becoming so, must have acquired a confidence in his own fate-fencedness, or, as he would call it, his luck. The young then are the only offenders whom the law is likely to intimidate. Now to these imprisonment or transportation cannot but look much less formidable, when they see it granted as a commutation, instead of being awarded as a penalty. It is no longer

transportation, but getting off with transportation: and doubtless it is often urged in this shape on the novice, as an argument for crime. So that in all likelihood the threat of death, in cases where it can rarely be executed, is worse than nugatory, and positively pernicious.

These remarks refer chiefly to such laws as are still continually violated. With those, which, having accomplisht the purpose they were framed for, live only in the character of the people, let no reformer presume to meddle, until he has studied and refuted Col. Frankland's *Speech on Sir Samuel Romilly's Bills for making alterations in the Criminal Law.*

It is an odd device, when a fellow commits a crime, to send him to the antipodes for it. Could one shove him thither in a straight line, down a tunnel, he might at least bring back some useful hints to certain friends of mine, who are just now busied in asking mother Earth what she is made of. But that a rogue, by picking a pocket, should earn the circuit of half the globe, seems really meant as a parody on the conceptions of those who hold that the happiness of a future life will consist mainly in going the round of all the countries they have not visited in the present. Unless indeed our legislators fancy that, by setting a man topsyturvy, they may give his better qualities, which have hitherto been opprest by the weight of evil passions and habits, a chance *of coming to the top.*

How ingeniously contrived this plan is, to render punishments expensive and burthensome to the state that inflicts them, is notorious. Let this pass however: we must not grudge a little money, when a great political good is to be effected. True, it would be much cheaper and more profitable to employ our convicts in hard labour at home. Far easier too would it be to keep them under proper moral and religious discipline. But how could Botany Bay go on, if the importation of vice were put a stop to? For, as there is nothing too bad to manure a new soil with, so, reasoning by analogy, there can be no scoundrels too bad to people a new land with. The argument halts a little, and seems to be clubfooted, and is assuredly topheavy. In all well-ordered cities the inhabitants are compelled to get rid of their own dirt, in such a way that it shall not be a nuisance to the neighbourhood. It is singular that the English, of all nations the nicest on this point, should in their political capacity deem it justifiable and seemly to toss the dregs and feces of the community into the midst of their neighbour's estate.

Deportation, as the French termed it, for political offenses may indeed at times be expedient, and beneficial, and just. For a man's being a bad subject in one state is no proof that he may not become a good subject under other rulers and a different form of government. More especially in this age of insurrectionary spirits,—when the

old maxim, which may occasionally have afforded a sanctuary for establisht abuses, has been converted into its far more dangerous opposite, that *whatever is, is wrong*,—there may easily be persons who from incompatibility of character cannot live peaceably in their own country, yet who may have energy and zeal to fit them for taking an active part in a new order of things. Such was the origin of many of the most flourishing Greek colonies. Men of stirring minds, who found no place in accord with their wishes at home, went in search of other homes, carrying the civilization and the glory of the mother country into all the regions around. Something of the same spirit gave rise to the settlements of the Normans in the middle ages. In this way too states may be formed, great from the power of the moral principle that cements them. In this way were those states formed, which, above all the nations of the earth, have reason to glory in their origin, New England, and Pensylvania.

But transportation for moral offenses is in every point of view impolitic, injurious, and unjust. "Plantations (says Bacon, speaking of Colonies) are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. —It is a shameful and unblessed thing, to take the scum of people, and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant. And not only so; but it spoileth the plantation: for they will ever live like rogues, and not fall to work, but be lazy, and do mischief, and spend victuals,

and be quickly weary, and then certify over to their country to the discredit of the plantation." Yet, in defiance of this warning from him, whom we profess to revere as the father of true philosophy, and the "wisest of mankind," we have gone on for the last half century peopling the new quarter of the world with the refuse of the gallows; as though we conceived that in morals also two negatives were likely to make an affirmative,—that the coacervation of filth, if the mass be only huge enough, would of itself ferment into purity,—and that every paradox might be lookt for in the country of the ornithorynchus paradoxus. Bacon's words however have been fulfilled, in this as in so many other cases: for the prophet of modern science was gifted with a still more piercing vision into the hearts and thoughts of men. What indeed could be expected of a people so utterly destitute of that which is the most precious part of a nation's inheritance,—of that which has ever been found one of the most powerful human stimulants to generous exertion,—the glory of its ancestors? What could be expected of a people who, instead of glory, have no inheritance but shame? For it will hardly be argued in these days, that the Romans, who reacht the highest pitch of earthly grandeur, sprang originally from a horde of bandits and outlaws. That fable may be regarded as exploded: and assuredly there never was a nation, in whom the glory of their ancestors was so lively and mighty a principle, as among

the Romans. But not content with the ignominy of the original settlement, though we ought to know that disease is ever much more contagious than health, we yearly send out a number of plague-ships, as they may in truth be called, for fear lest the sanitary condition of our Australian colonies should improve.

If any persons are to be selected by preference for the peopling of a new country, they ought rather to be the most temperate, the most prudent, the most energetic, the most virtuous, in the whole nation. For their task is the most arduous, requiring Wisdom to put forth all her strength and all her craft for its worthy execution. Their responsibility is the most weighty; seeing that upon them the character of a whole people for ages will mainly depend. And they will find much to dishearten them, much to draw them astray; without being protected against their own hearts, and upheld and fortified in their better resolves, as in a regularly constituted state all men are in some measure, by the healthy and cordial influences of Law and Custom and Opinion. O that statesmen would consider what a glorious privilege they enjoy, when they are allowed to become the fathers of a new people! This however seems to be one of the things which God has reserved wholly to himself.

Yet how enormous are the means with which the circumstances of England at this day supply her for colonization! How weighty therefore is the

duty which falls upon her! With her population overflowing in every quarter, with her imperial fleets riding the acknowledged lords of every sea, mistress of half the islands in the globe, and of an extent of coast such as no other nation ever ruled over, her manifest calling is to do that over the Atlantic and the Pacific, which Greece did so successfully in the Mediterranean and the Euxine. As Greece girt herself round with a constellation of Greek states, so ought England to throw a girdle of English states round the world,—to plant the English language, the English character, English knowledge, English manliness, English freedom, above all to plant the Cross, wherever she hoists her flag, wherever the simple natives bow to her armipotent sceptre. We have been highly blest with a glory above that of other nations. Of the paramounts in the various realms of thought during the last three centuries, many of the greatest have been of our blood. Our duty therefore is to spread our glory abroad, to let our light shine from East to West, and from Pole to Pole,—to do what in us lies, that Shakspeare and Milton and Bacon and Hooker and Newton may be familiar and honoured names a thousand years hence, among every people that hears the voice of the sea.

Of this duty we have been utterly regardless; because we have so long been regardless of a still higher duty. For our duties hang in such a chain, one from the other, and all from heaven,

that he who fulfills the highest, is likely to fulfill the rest; while he who neglects the highest, whereby alone the others are upheld, will probably let the rest draggle in the mire. We have long been unmindful, as a nation, of that which in our colonial policy we ought to deem our highest duty, the duty of planting the colonies of Christ. We have thought only of planting the colonies of Mammon, not those of Christ, nor even those of Minerva and Apollo. Nay, till very lately we sent out our colonists, not so much to christianize the heathens, as to be heathenized by them: and when a Christian is heathenized, then does the saying come to pass in all its darkness and woe, that the last state of such a man is worse than the first.

Let us cast our thoughts backward. Of all the works of all the men who were living eighteen hundred years ago, what is remaining now? One man was then lord of half the known earth. In power none could vie with him, in the wisdom of this world few. He had sagacious ministers, and able generals. Of all his works, of all theirs, of all the works of the other princes and rulers in those ages, what is left now? Here and there a name, and here and there a ruin. Of the works of those who wielded a mightier weapon than the sword, a weapon that the rust cannot eat away so rapidly, a weapon drawn from the armory of thought, some still live and act, and are cherisht and revered by the learned. The

range of their influence however is narrow: it is confined to few, and even in them mostly to a few of their meditative, not of their active hours. But at the same time there issued from a nation, among the most despised of the earth, twelve poor men, with no sword in their hands, scantily supplied with the stores of human learning or thought. They went forth East, and West, and North, and South, into all quarters of the world. They were reviled: they were spit upon: they were trampled under foot: every engine of torture, every mode of death, was employed to crush them. And where is their work now? It is set as a diadem on the brows of the nations. Their voice sounds at this day in all parts of the earth. High and low hear it: kings on their thrones bow down to it: senates acknowledge it as their law: the poor and afflicted rejoice in it: and as it has triumpht over all those powers which destroy the works of man,—as, instead of falling before them, it has gone on age after age increasing in power and in glory,—so is it the only voice which can triumph over Death, and turn the King of terrours into an angel of light.

Therefore, even if princes and statesmen had no higher motive than the desire of producing works which are to last, and to bear their names over the waves of time, they should aim at becoming the fellowlabourers, not of Tiberius and Sejanus, nor even of Augustus and Agrippa, but of Peter and Paul. Their object should be, not to

build monuments which crumble away and are forgotten, but to work among the builders of that which is truly the Eternal City. For so too will it be eighteen hundred years hence, if the world lasts so long. Of the works of our generals and statesmen, eminent as several of them have been, all traces will have vanisht. Indeed of him who was the mightiest among them, all traces have well-nigh vanisht already. For they who deal in death, are mostly given up soon to death, they and their works. Of our poets and philosophers some may still survive; and many a thoughtful youth in distant regions may still repair for wisdom to the fountains of Burke and Wordsworth. But the works which assuredly will live, and be great and glorious, are the works of those poor unregarded men, who have gone forth in the spirit of the twelve from Judea, whether to India, to Africa, to Greenland, or to the isles in the Pacific. As their names are written in the Book of Life, so are their works: and it may be that the noblest memorial of England in those days will be the Christian empire of New Zealand.

This is one of the many ways in which God casts down the mighty, and exalts the humble and meek. Through His blessing there have been many men amongst us of late years, whose works will live as long as the world, and far longer. But, as a nation, the very heathens will rise up in the judgement against us, and condemn us. For they, when they sent out colonies, deemed it their first and

highest duty to hallow the newborn state by consecrating it to their national god: and they were studious to preserve the tie of a common religion and a common worship, as the most binding and lasting of all ties, between the mother-country and its offspring. And so inherent is permanency in religion, so akin is it to eternity, that the monuments even of a false and corrupt religion will outlast every other memorial of its age and people. With what power does this thought come upon us, when standing amid the temples of Paestum! All other traces of the people who raised them, have been swept away: the very materials of the buildings that once surrounded them, have vanisht, one knows not how or whither: the country about is a wide waste: the earth has become barren with age: Nature herself seems to have grown old and died there. Yet still those mighty columns lift up their heads toward heaven, as though they too were "fashioned to endure the assault of Time with all his hours:" and still one gazes through them at the deepblue sea and sky, and at the hills of Amalfi on the opposite coast of the bay. A day spent among those temples is never to be forgotten, whether as a vision of unimagined sublimity and beauty, or as a lesson how the glory of all man's works passes away, and nothing of them abides, save that which he gives to God. When Mary anointed our Lord's feet, the act was a transient one: it was done *for His burial:* the holy feet which she anointed, ceast soon after to walk on earth.

Yet He declared that, *wheresoever His gospel was preacht in the whole world, that act should also be told as a memorial of her.* So has it ever been with what has been given to God, even though it were blindly and erringly. While all other things have perisht, this has endured.

The same doctrine is set forth in the colossal hieroglyphics of Girgenti and Selinus. At Athens too what are the buildings which two thousand years of slavery have failed to crush? The temple of Theseus, and the Parthenon. Man, when working for himself, has ever felt that so perishable a creature may well be content with a perishable shell. On the other hand, when he is working for those whom his belief has enthroned in the heavens, he strives to make his works worthy of them, not only in grandeur and in beauty, but also in their imperishable, indestructible massiness and strength. Moreover Time himself seems almost to shrink from an act of sacrilege; and Nature ever loves to beautify the ruined house of God.

It is not however by the heathens alone that the propagation of their religion in their colonies has been deemed a duty. Christendom in former days was animated by a like principle. In the joy excited by the discovery of America, one main element was, that a new province would thereby be won for the Kingdom of Christ. This feeling is exprest in the old patents for our Colonies: for instance, in that for the plantation of Virginia, James the First declares his approval of "so noble

a work, which may by the providence of Almighty God hereafter tend to the glory of His Divine Majesty, in propagating the Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God." For nations, as well as individuals, it might often be wisht, that the child were indeed "father of the man." U.

In republishing a work like this after intervals of ten and twenty years, it must needs be that a writer will meet now and then with thoughts, which, in their mode of expression at least, belong more or less to the past, and which in one way or other have become out of keeping with the present. If his watch pointed to the right hour twenty years ago, it must be behind time in some respects now. For in addition to the secular precession of the equinoxes in the intellectual world, each year advances a day; and ever and anon comes a leap-year, with an unlookt-for intercalation. Even in the writer's own mind, unless he has remained at a standstill, while all things else have been in motion,—and in that case he can never have had much real life in him,—subsequent reflexion and experience must have expanded and matured some opinions, and modified or corrected others. In his relation to the outward world too there must be changes. Truth will have gained ground in some quarters: in others the prevalent forms of errour will be different, perchance opposite.

Opinions which were just coming out of the shell, or newly fledged, will have reacht their prime, and be flying abroad from mouth to mouth, from journal to journal. He who has sought truth with any earnestness, will at times have the happy reward, —among the pleasures of authorship one of the greatest,—of finding that thoughts, which in his younger days were in the germ, or just sprouting up, or budding forth, have since ripened and seeded,—that truths, of which he may have caught a dim perception, and for which he may have contended with the ardour inspired by a struggle in behalf of what is unduly neglected, are more or less generally recognised,—and it may even be, that wishes, which, when first uttered, seemed almost visionary, have assumed a distincter shape, and come forward above the horizon of practical reality.

Thus, in revising these Guesses of former years for a third edition, I am continually reminded of the differences between 1847 and 1827, and these not solely lying within the compass of my own mind. Nor is it uninteresting to have such a series of landmarks pointing out where the waters have advanced, and where they have receded. For instance, the observations in pp. 40–44 pertain to a time when the old Poorlaw, after its corruptions through the thoughtlessness of our domestic policy during the French War, was exciting the reprobation, which has since been poured out, with less reason and more clamour, on its successor.

At that time our ministers, one after another, shrank from the dangers which were foreboded from a change; and this should be borne in mind, though it is mostly forgotten, when the new Poorlaw is tried: it should be remembered that, whatever evils may have ensued, they are immeasurably less than were anticipated. Yet, though the wish exprest above for the correction of the old Poorlaw has in some respects been fulfilled, very little has been done in the view there proposed for elevating the character of our labouring classes. That which was to relieve the purses of the land-owners has been effected. As to the substitutes requisite, in order to preserve the aged and infirm from want, and to foster the feeling of self-dependence and self-respect, they are still problems for the future.

Again, there is now a cheering hope that what is spoken of in these latter pages as the object of a dim, though earnest wish, will at last be accomplisht. More than two centuries have rolled by since Bacon lifted up his oracular voice against the evils of Penal Colonies. The experience of every generation since has strengthened his protestation. During the last twenty years those Colonies have been the seats of simple, defecated vice, and have teemed with new, monstrous births of crime. It could not be otherwise, when a people was doomed to grow up as a mere festering mass of corruption, and when all the healthier influences of Nature were continually counteracted by the

importation of new stores of pestilential matter, as though a hell were continually receiving fresh cargoes of fiends to stock it. At last however our ministers have been stirred with a desire to abate and abolish this tremendous evil. A few years after the utterance of the wish recorded above (in pp. 117–121), the Archbishop of Dublin, in two Letters to the late Lord Grey, exposed the mischiefs of Penal Colonies with unanswerable cogency and clearness; and now the son of that Lord Grey has been awakened to a consciousness of the guilt incurred by England in the maintenance of those Colonies, and of our duty to abandon a policy which is planting a new nation out of the refuse of mankind. May God prosper his attempt, and bring it to a happy issue! May our legislators neither be daunted nor deluded by those who assert that such abominations are a necessary safety-valve for the crimes of England! It is sad that so many of our Judges should uphold the expediency of transportation, in defiance of such appalling facts. But so it ever is with establisht abuses. Too many good men are apt to put on the trammels of Custom, and to fancy that one cannot walk without them. While the ingenious are ever liable to be ensnared by their own ingenuity, even those who have shewn great ability and integrity in working out the details of a system, though they may be quick in perceiving and removing partial blemishes, will be very slow to recognise

and acknowledge the whole system to be vicious. Moreover, through that feebleness of imagination, and that bluntness of moral sympathies, which we all have to deplore, when an evil is once removed from sight, it almost ceases to disturb us; so that, provided our criminals are prevented from breaking the peace in England, we think little of what they may do, or of what may become of them, at the opposite end of the Globe. Nevertheless they who stand on that high ground, whence Principle and Expediency are ever seen to coincide, —if they cling to this conviction, and are resolute in carrying it into act,—may be sure that, after a while, all those whose approbation is worth having, —even they who may have kept aloof, or may have laid great stress on scruples and objections in the first instance through timidity or narrowmindedness,—will join in swelling their song of triumph, and in condemning the abuse which they themselves may long have regarded as indispensable to the preservation of social order.

We have an additional ground too for thankfulness, in the higher and wiser notions concerning the duties of Colonization which have been gaining currency of late, and to which the attention of our Legislature has been especially called by Mr Buller in some excellent speeches. Hence we may hope that ere long our Government will seriously endeavour to redeem this vast province from the dominion of Chance, and will try to substitute an organic social polity for the vague confluence of

appetites and passions by which our Colonies have mostly been peopled.

Above all have we reason for giving thanks to Him who has at length aroused our Church to a deeper consciousness of her duties in this region also. Among the events and measures of the last twenty years, I know none which hold out such a rich promise of blessings, or which seem already to project their roots so far into the heart of distant ages, as that which has been done for the better organization and ordering of the Church of Christ in our Colonial Empire. U.

Once on a time there was a certain country, in which, from local reasons, the land could be divided no way so conveniently as into four-sided figures. A mathematician, having remarkt this, ascertained the laws of all such figures, and laid them down fully and accurately. His countrymen learnt to esteem him a philosopher; and his precepts were observed religiously for years. A convulsion of nature at length changed the face and local character of the district: whereupon a skilful surveyor, being employed to lay out some fields afresh, ventured to give one of them five sides. The innovation is talkt of universally, and is half applauded by some younger and bolder members of the community: but a big-mouthed and weighty doctor, to set the matter at rest for ever, quotes the authority of the above-mentioned mathematician, *that fixer of agricultural positions*,

and grand landmark of posterity, who has demonstrated to the weakest apprehensions that a field ought never to have more than four sides: and then he proves, to the satisfaction of all his hearers, that a pentagon has more.

This weighty doctor is one of a herd: everybody knows he cannot tell how many such. Among them are the critics, "who feel by rule, and think by precedent." To instance only in the melody of verse: nothing can be clearer than that a polysyllabic language will fall into different cadences from a language which abounds in monosyllables. The character of languages too in this respect often varies greatly with their age: for they usually drop many syllables behind them in their progress through time. Yet we continually hear the rule-and-precedent critics condemning verses for differing from the rhythms of former days; just as though there could only be one good tune in metre.

For the motives of a man's actions, hear his friend; for their prudence and propriety, his enemy. In our every-day judgements we are apt to jumble the two together; if we see an action is unwise, accusing it of being ill intentioned; and, if we know it to be well-intentioned, persuading ourselves it must be wise; both foolishly; the first the most so.

Abuse I would use, were there use in abusing;
But now 'tis a nuisance you 'll lose by not losing.

So reproof, were it proof, I 'd approve your reproving ;
But, until it improves, you should rather love loving.

How few Christians have imbibed the spirit of their Master's beautiful and most merciful parable of the tares, which the servants are forbidden to pluck up, lest they should root up the wheat along with them! Never have men been wanting, who come, like the servants, and give notice of the tares, and ask leave to go and gather them up. Alas too! even in that Church, which professes to follow Jesus, and calls itself after His sacred name, the ruling principle has often been to destroy the tares, let what will come of the wheat; nay, sometimes to destroy the wheat, lest a tare should perchance be left standing. Indeed I know not who can be said to have acted even up to the letter of this command, unless it be authors toward their own works. U.

It is not without a whimsical analogy to polemical fulminations, that great guns are loaded with iron, pistols and muskets fire lead, rapidly, incessantly, fatiguingly, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, they say, without effect.

Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself.

They who are sinking in the world, find more weights than corks ready to attach themselves to

them and even if they can lay hold on a bladder, it is too likely to burst before it raises their heads above water. A.

The independence of the men who buy their seats,—a foreiner would think I am speaking of a theatre,—is often urged by the opposers of Parliamentary Reform as an advantage resulting from the present system. And independent those gentlemen certainly are, at least of the people of England, whose interests they have in charge. But the parliamentary balance has two ends; and shewing that a certain body of members are not dependent on the people, will hardly pass for proof that they are not hangers on at all. *Independent* then is not the fit term to describe these members by: the plain and proper word is *irresponsible*. Now their being so may be unavoidable, may even be desirable for the sake of some contingent good. But can it be good in itself, and for itself? can it be a thing to boast of? Observe, we are talking of representatives, not of peers, or king.

In proportion as every word stands for a separate conception, language comes nearer to the accuracy and unimpressiveness of algebraic characters, so useful when the particular links in a chain of reasoning have no intrinsic value, and are important only as connecting the premises with the conclusion. But circumlocutions magnify

details; and, their march being sedate and stately, the mind can keep pace with them, yet not run itself out of breath. In the due mixture of these two modes, lies the secret of an argumentative style. As a general rule, the first should prevail more in writing, the last in speaking; circumlocution being to words, what repetition is to arguments. The first too is the fitter dress for a short logical sentence, the last for a long one, in which the feelings are any wise appealed to; though to recommend in the same breath, that shortness should be made still shorter, and that length should be lengthened, may sound paradoxical. Yet this amounts to much the same thing with the old Stoic illustration. Zeno, says Cicero (*Orat.* 32), "manu demonstrare solebat, quid inter dialecticos et oratores interesset. Nam cum compresserat digitos, pugnumque fecerat, dialecticam aiebat ejusmodi esse: cum autem diduxerat, et manum dilataverat, palmae illius similem eloquentiam esse dicebat." With an evident reference to this illustration, Fuller (*Holy State*, B. II. c. 5) says of Campian, that he was "excellent at the flat hand of rhetoric, which rather gives pats than blows; but he could not bend his fist to dispute."

Oratory may be symbolized by a warrior's eye, flashing from under a philosopher's brow. But why a warrior's eye, rather than a poet's? Because in oratory the will must predominate.

To talk without effort is after all the great charm of talking.

The proudest word in English, to judge by its way of carrying itself, is *I*. It is the least of monosyllables, if it be indeed a syllable: yet who in good society ever saw a little one?

Foreiners find it hard to understand the importance which every wellbred Englishman, as in duty bound, attaches to himself. They cannot conceive why, whenever they have to speak in the first person, they must stand on tiptoe, lifting themselves up, until they tower, like Ajax, with head and shoulders above their comrades. Hence in their letters, as in those of the uneducated among our own countrymen, we now and then stumble on a little *i*, with a startling shock, as on coming to a short step in a flight of stairs. A Frenchman is too courteous and polisht to thrust himself thus at full length into his neighbour's face: he makes a bow, and sticks out his tail. Indeed this big one-lettered pronoun is quite peculiar to John Bull, as much so as Magna Charta, with which perchance it may not be altogether unconnected. At least it certainly is an apt symbol of our national character, both in some of its nobler and of its harsher features. In it you may discern the Englishman's freedom, his unbending firmness, his straightforwardness, his individuality of character: you may also see his self-importance,

his arrogance, his opiniativeness, his propensity to separate and seclude himself from his neighbours, and to look down on all mankind with contempt. As he has bared his representative *I* of its consonants and adjuncts, in like manner has he also stript his soul of its consonants, of those social and affable qualities, which smoothe the intercourse between man and man, and by the help of which people unite readily one with another. Look at four Englishmen in a stage-coach: the odds are, they will be sitting as stiff and unsociable as four *I*s. Novalis must have had some vision of this sort in his mind, when he said (vol. iii. p. 301): "Every Englishman is an island."

But is *I* a syllable? It has hardly a better claim to the title, than Orson, before he left the woods, had to be called a family. And by the by, they who would derive all language from simple sounds, by their juxtaposition and accumulation, and all society from savages, who are to unite under the influence of mutual repulsion, may perceive in *I* and Orson, that the isolated state is as likely to be posterior to the social, as to be anterior. You have only to strip vowels of their consonants, man of his kindly affections, which are sure to dry up of themselves, and to drop off, when they have nothing to act on. Death crumbles its victims into dust: but dust has no power in itself to coalesce into life. U.

Perhaps the peculiar self-importance of our *I* may number among the reasons why our writers nowadays are so loth to make use of it; as though its mere utterance were a mark of egotism. This over-jealous watchfulness betrays that there must be something unsound. In simpler times, before our selfconsciousness became so sensitive and irritable, people were not afraid of saying *I*, when occasion arose: and they never dreamt that their doing so could be any offense to their neighbours. But now we eschew it by all manner of shifts. We multiply, we dispersonate ourselves: we turn ourselves outside in. We are ready to become *he*, *she*, *it*, *they*, anything rather than *I*.

A tribe of writers are fond of merging their individuality in a multitudinous *we*. They think they may pass themselves off unnoticed, like the Irishman's bad guinea, in a handful of halfpence. This is one of the affectations with which the literature of the day is tainted, a trick caught, or at least much fostered, by the habit of writing in Reviews. Now in a Review,—which, among divers other qualities of Cerberus, has that of many-headedness, and the writers in which speak in some measure as the members of a junto,—the plural *we* is warrantable; provided it be not thrust forward, as it so often is, to make up for the want of argument by the show of authority. This distinction is justly drawn by Chateaubriand, in the Preface to his Memoir on the Congress of Verona: "En parlant de moi, je me suis tour-à-tour

servi des pronoms *nous* et *je ; nous* comme représentant d'une opinion, *je* quand il m'arrive d'être personnellement en scène, ou d'exprimer un sentiment individuel. Le *moi* choque par son orgueil ; le *nous* est un peu janséniste et royal." Still in ordinary books, except when the author can reasonably be conceived to be speaking, not merely in his own person, but as the organ of a body, or when he can fairly assume that his readers are going along with him, his using the plural *we* impresses one with much such a feeling as a man's being afraid to look one in the face. Yet I have known of a work, a history of great merit, which was sent back to its author with a request that he would weed the *I*s out of it, by a person of high eminence; who however rose to eminence in the first instance as a reviewer, and the eccentricities in whose character and conduct may perhaps be best solved by looking upon him as a reviewer transformed into a politician. For a reviewer's business is to have positive opinions upon all subjects, without need of stedfast principles or thoroughgoing knowledge upon any: and he belongs to the hornet class, unproductive of anything useful or sweet, but ever ready to sally forth and sting,—to the class of which Iago is the head, and who are "nothing, if not critical."

So far indeed is the anxiety to suppress the personal pronoun from being a sure criterion of humility, that there is frequently a ludicrous contrast between the conventional generality of our

language, and the egotism of the sentiments exprest in it. Under this cover a man is withheld by no shame from prating about his most trivial caprices, and will say, *we think so and so, we do so and so,* ten times, where Montaigne might have hesitated to say *I* once. Often, especially in scientific treatises,—which, from the propensity of their authors to look upon words, and to deal with them, as bare signs, are mostly rude and amorphous in style,—the plural *we* is mere clumsiness, a kind of refuge for the destitute, a help for those who cannot get quit of their subjectivity, or write about objects objectively. This, which is the great difficulty in all thought,—the forgetting oneself, and passing out of oneself into the object of one's contemplation, — is also one of the main difficulties in composition. It requires much more self-oblivion to speak of things as they are, than to talk about what *we see,* and what *we perceive,* and what *we think,* and what *we conceive,* and what *we find,* and what *we know:* and as self-oblivion is in all things an indispensable condition of grace, which is infallibly marred by selfconsciousness, the exclusion of such references to ourselves, except when we are speaking personally or problematically, is an essential requisite for classical grace in style. This, to be sure, is the very last merit which any one would look for in Dr Chalmers. He is a great thinker, and a great and good man; and his writings have a number of

merits, but not this. Still even in him it produces a whimsical effect, when, in declaring his having given up the opinion he once held on the allsufficiency and exclusiveness of the miraculous evidence for Christianity, although he is speaking of what is so distinctively personal, he still cannot divest himself of the plurality he has been accustomed to assume: see the recent edition of his Works, vol. iii. p. 385. Droll however as it sounds, to find a man saying, *We formerly thought differently, but we have now changed our mind*, the passage is a fine proof of the candour and ingenuousness which characterize its author: and every lover of true philosophy must rejoice at the accession of so illustrious a convert from the thaumatolatry by which our theology has been debased for more than a century.

Moreover the plural *we*, though not seldom used dictatorially, rather diminishes than increases the weight of what is said. One is slow to believe that a man is much in earnest, when he will not stand out and bear the brunt of the public gaze; when he shrinks from avowing, *What I have written, I have written*. Whereas a certain respect and deference is ever felt almost instinctively for the personality of another, when it is not impertinently protruded: and it is pleasant to be reminded now and then that we are reading the words of a man, not the words of a book. Hence the interest we feel in the passages where Milton speaks of himself. This

was one of the things which added to the power of Cobbett's style. His readers knew who was talking to them. They knew it was William Cobbett, not the *Times*, or the *Morning Chronicle*, —that the words proceeded from the breast of a man, not merely from the mouth of a printing-press. It is only under his own shape, we all feel, that we can constrain Proteus to answer us, or rely on what he says.

In a certain sense indeed the authorial *we* will admit of a justification, which is beautifully exprest by Schubert, in the Dedication of his *History of the Soul*. "It is an old custom for writers to dedicate the work of their hands to some one reader, though it is designed to serve many.—This old custom appears to be of the same origin with that for authors, when they are speaking of their own persons, or of what they have done, not to say *I*, but *we*. Both practices would seem originally to have been an open avowal of that conviction, which forces itself upon us in writing books, more strongly than in any other employment,—namely, that the individual soul cannot produce anything worthy, except in the bond of love and of unity of spirit with another soul, associated with it as its helpmate. For this is one of the purposes of life and of its labours, that a man may find out how little there is in him that he has received in and through himself, and how much that he has received from others, and that he shall hereby learn humility and love."

Another common disguise is that of putting on a domino. Instead of coming forward in their own persons, many choose rather to make their appearance as *the Author, the Writer, the Reviewer.* In prefaces this is so much the fashion, that our best and purest writers, Southey for instance, and Thirlwall, have complied with it. Nay, even Wordsworth has sanctioned this prudish coquetry by his practice in the Preface to *the Excursion,* and in his other later writings in prose. In earlier days he shewed no reluctance to speak as himself.

This affectation is well ridiculed by Tieck, in his *Dramaturgische Blaetter,* i. 275. "It has struck me for years (he says), as strange, that our reviewers have at length allowed themselves to be so overawed by the everlasting jests and jeers of their numberless witty and witless assailants, as to have dropt the plural *we;* much to their disadvantage, it seems to me; nay, much to the disadvantage of true modesty, which they profess to be aiming at. In a collective work, to which there are many anonymous contributors, each, so long as he continues anonymous, speaks in the name of his collegues, as though they agreed with him. The editor too must examine and approve of the articles: so that there must always be two persons of one mind; and these may fairly call themselves *we.* Reviewers moreover have often to lift up their voices against whatever is new, paradoxical, original; and are compelled on

the other hand, whether by their own convictions, or by personal considerations, to praise what is middling and commonplace. Hence no soverein on earth can have a better right to say *we*, than such a reviewer; who may lie down at night with the calmest conscience, under the conviction that he has been speaking as the mouthpiece of thousands of his countrymen, when he declared, *We are quite unable to understand this and that*, or, *We can by no means approve of such a notion.* How tame in comparison is the newfangled phrase! *The reviewer confesses that he cannot understand this.*

"Still stranger is it to see, how writers in journals, even when they sign their names, and thus appear in their own persons, have for some time almost universally shunned saying *I*, just as if they were children, with an unaccountable squeamishness, and have twisted and twined about in the uncouthest windings, to escape from this short, simple sound. Even in independent works one already meets with such expressions as *The writer of this*, or, *The writer of these lines*,—a longwinded, swollen *I*, which is carrying us back to a stiff, clumsy, lawpaper style. In journals the phrase is, *The undersigned has to state, Your correspondent conceives.* Ere long we shall find in philosophical treatises, *The thinker of this thought takes the liberty of remarking*, or, *The discoverer of this notion begs leave to say.* Nay, if this modesty be such a palpable virtue, as it would seem to be from

the general rage for it, shall we not soon see in descriptive poetry, *The poet of these lines walkt through the wood?* Even this however would be far too presumptuous, to call oneself a poet. So the next phrase will be, *The versifier of this feeble essay Walkt, if his memory deceive him not, Across a meadow, where, audacious deed! He pluckt a daisy from its grassy couch:* or, *The youth, whose wish is that he may hereafter Be deemed a poet, sauntered toward the grove.* There is no end of such periphrases; and perhaps the barbarism will spread so widely, that compositors, whenever they come to an *I* in a manuscript, will change it into one of these trailing circumlocutions. When I look into Lessing and his contemporaries, I find none of this absurd affectation. Modesty must dwell within, in the heart; and a short *I* is the modestest, most natural, simplest word I can use, when I have anything I want to say to the reader."

There is another mode of getting rid of our *I*, which has recently become very common, especially in ladies notes, so that I suppose it is inculcated by *the Polite Letter-writer;* though, to be sure, *I* is such an inflexible, unfeminine word, one cannot wonder they should catch at any means of evading it. Ask a couple to dinner: Mrs Tomkins will reply, *Mr Tomkins and myself will be very happy.* This indeed is needlessly awkward: for she might so easily betake herself to a woman's natural place of shelter, by using *we.* But one

person will tell you, *Lord A. and myself took a walk this morning;* another, *Col. B. and myself fought a duel;* another, *Miss E. and myself have been making love to each other.* "Thus by myself myself is self-abused." One might fancy that, it having been made a grave charge against Wolsey, that he said, *The King and I,* everybody was haunted by the fear of being indicted for a similar misdemeanour.

In like manner *myself* is often used, incorrectly, it seems to me, instead of the objective pronoun *me.* Its legitimate usage is either as a reciprocal pronoun, or for the sake of distinction, or of some particular emphasis; as when Juliet cries, "Romeo, doff thy name, And for that name, which is no part of thee, *Take all myself;*" or as when Adam says to Eve, "*Best image of myself,* and dearer half." In the opening of the paradisiacal hymn,—"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good, Almighty! Thine this universal frame, Thus wondrous fair! *Thyself how wondrous then!*"—there is an evident contrast: *If Thy works are so wondrous, how wondrous must Thou Thyself be!* In like manner when Valentine, in *the Two Gentlemen of Verona,* says of Proteus, "I knew him as myself; And though *myself* have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe my age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus — Made use and fair advantage of his days;"—it amounts to the same thing as if he had said, *Though I for my*

part have been an idle truant. Where there is no such emphasis, or purpose of bringing out a distinction or contrast, the simple pronoun is the right one. Inaccuracies of this kind also, though occasionally found in writers of former times, have become much more frequent of late years. Even Coleridge, when speaking about his projected poem on Cain, says, "The title and subject were suggested *by myself.*" In such expressions as *my father and myself, my brother and myself,* we are misled by homœophony: but the old song begining "My father, my mother, and I," may teach us what is the idiomatic, and also the correct usage.

On the other hand, *me* is often substituted vulgarly and ungrammatically for *I.* For the objective *me,* on which others act, is very far from being so formidable a creature, either to oneself or to others, as the subjective *I,* the ground of all consciousness, and volition, and action, and responsibility. Grammatically too it seems to us as if *I* always required something to follow it, something to express doing or suffering. Hence when one cries out, *Who is there?* three people out of four answer *Me.* Hence too such expressions as that in Launce's speech, where he gets so puzzled about his personal identity, after having once admitted the thought that he could be anything but himself: "I am the dog . . . no, the dog is himself; and I am the dog . . . oh, *the dog is me,* and I am myself . . . ay, so, so." It may be

considered a token of the want of individuality in the French character, that their *je* is incapable of standing alone; and that, in such phrases as the foregoing, *moi* would be the only admissible word. U.

This shrinking from the use of the personal pronoun, this autophoby, as it may be called, is not indeed a proof of the modesty it is designed to indicate; no more so than the hydrophobia is a proof that there is no thirst in the constitution. On the contrary, it rather betrays a morbidly sensitive selfconsciousness. It may however be regarded as a mark of the decay of individuality of character amongst us, as a symptom that, as is mostly the case in an age of high cultivation, we are ceasing to be living persons, each animated by one pervading, formative principle, ready to follow it whithersoever it may lead us, and to stake our lives for it, and that we are all shriveling up into encyclopedias of opinions. To refer to specific evidence of this is needless. Else abundance may be found in the want of character, the want of determinate, consistent, stedfast principles, so wofully manifest in those who have taken a prominent part in the proceedings of our Legislature of late years. There is still one rock indeed, stout and bold and unshakable as can be desired: but the main part of the people about him have been washt and ground down to sand, the form of which a breath of air, a

child's caprice, a man's foot will change. Or what other inference can be drawn from the vapid characterlessness of our recent poetry and novels of modern life, when compared with that rich fund of original, genial, humorous characters, which seemed to be the peculiar dower of the English intellect, and which abode with it, amid all the vicissitudes of our literature, from the age of Shakspeare, nay, from that of Chaucer, down to the days of Swift and Defoe and Fielding and Smollett and Goldsmith?

Yet by a whimsical incongruity, at the very time when strongly markt outlines of character are fading away in the haze of a literary and scientific amalgama, every man, woman, and child has suddenly started up *an individual.* This again is an example how language is corrupted by a silly dread of plain speaking. Our ancestors were *men* and *women.* The former word too was often used generally, as it is still, like the Latin *homo,* for every human being. Unluckily however we have no form answering to the German *Mensch;* and hence, in seeking for a word which should convey no intimation of sex, we have had recourse to a variety of substitutes: for, none being strictly appropriate, each after a time has been deemed vulgar; and none has been lasting.

In Chaucer's days *wight* was the common word in the singular, *folk* in the plural. Neither of these words had any tinge of vulgarity then attacht to them. In the Doctor's Tale, he says of Virginia,

"Fair was this maid, of excellent beautee, Aboven every *wight* that man may see:" where we also find *man* used indefinitely, as in German, answering to our present *one*, from the French *on*, *homo*. So again soon after: "Of alle treason soverein pestilence Is, when a *wight* betrayeth innocence." A hundred other examples might be cited. In like manner *folk* is used perpetually, especially in the Parson's Tale: "Many be the ways that lead *folk* to Christ;" "Sins be the ways that lead *folk* to hell." When Shakspeare wrote, both these words had lost somewhat of their dignity. Biron calls Armado "a most illustrious *wight*;" and the contemptuous application of this term to others is a piece of Pistol's gasconading. The use of it is also a part of the irony with which Iago winds up his description of a good woman: "She was a *wight* . . . if ever such *wight* were . . . To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer." *Folk* was seldom used, except with the addition of a plural *s*, in such expressions as *old folks*, *good folks*, *country folks*. The word in good repute then, in the singular, was *a body*, of which we retain traces in the compounds, *somebody*, *nobody*, *anybody*, *everybody*. Rosalind, on recovering from her fainting-fit, says, "*A body* would think this was well counterfeited;" where we should now say *a person*. Bianca, in the Taming of the Shrew, speaks of "*a hasty-witted body*." That there was nothing derogatory in the word, is clear from Angelo's calling himself "*so eminent a body*." Other words, such as *a soul*, *a creature*, *a fellow*,

were mostly attended with a by-shade of meaning. A number were summed up under the general word *people*, the Latin counterpart of the Saxon *folk*, which it superseded. Of this use we find the germs in our Bible, in the expressions *much people*, *all people*, *all the people*. "O wonder! (cries Miranda, when she first sees the shipwreckt party;) How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, That has *such people* in it!" Bassanio, after opening the casket, compares himself to one "That thinks he hath done well *in people's eyes*." So too Richard the Second says of himself, "Thus play I in one person *many people*." These passages justify the idiomatic use of the word, which, it is to be hoped, will still keep its ground, in spite of the ignorant affectation of unidiomatic fine writing.

Next everybody became *a person*; a word which is not inappropriate, when we bethink ourselves of its etymology, seeing that so many persons are in truth little else than masks, and that every breath of air will sound through them: for to the lower orders, who do not wear masks, the term is seldom applied. Several causes combined to give this word general circulation. It was a French word: it belonged to Law Latin, and to that of the schools: it was adopted from the Vulgate by our translators. It was at least coming into use in Shakspeare's time. Angelo asks Isabella, what she would do, "Finding herself desired of *such a person*, Whose credit with the judge could save her brother." And

Dogberry says, "Our watch have comprehended two auspicious *persons*."

Nowadays however all these words are grown stale. Such grand people are we, for whom the world is too narrow, our dignity will not condescend to enter into anything short of a quadrisyllable. No! give us a fine, big, long word, no matter what it means: only it must not have been degraded by being applied to any former generation. As a woman now deems it an insult to be called anything but *a female*,—as a strumpet is become *an unfortunate female*,—and as every day we may read of sundry *females* being taken to Bowstreet,—in like manner everybody has been metamorphosed into *an individual*, by the Circe who rules the fashionable slang of the day. You can hardly look into a newspaper, but you find a story how five or six *individuals* were lost in the snow, or were overturned, or were thrown out of a boat, or were burnt to death. A minister of state comes and informs the House of Commons, that twenty *individuals* were executed at the last assizes. A beggar this morning said to me, that he was *an unfortunate individual*. A man of literary eminence told me the other day that *an individual* was looking at a picture, and that this *individual* was a painter. Nay, one even reads, how an *individual* met another *individual* in the street, and how these two *individuals* quarreled, and how a third *individual* came up to part the two *individuals* who were fighting, and how the

two *individuals* fell upon the third *individual*, and belaboured him for his pains. This is hardly an exaggerated parody of an extract I met with a short time back from a speech, which was pronounced to be "magnificent," and in which the word recurs five times in eighteen lines. Alas too! even Wordsworth, of all our writers the most conscientiously scrupulous in the use of words, in a note to one of the poems in his last volume, says that it was "never seen by the *individual* for whom it was intended." So true is the remark, which Coleridge makes, when speaking of the purity of Wordsworth's language, that "in prose it is scarcely possible to preserve our style unalloyed by the vicious phraseology which meets us everywhere, from the sermon to the newspaper." For if Landor has done so, it is because he has spent so much of his life abroad. Hence his knowledge of our permanent language has been little troubled by the rubbish which floats on our ephemeral language, and from which no man living in England can escape.

When and whence did this strange piece of pompous inanity come to us? and how did it gain such sudden vogue? It sounds very modern indeed, scarcely older than the Reform-Bill. Have we caught it from Irish oratory? or from the Scotch pulpit? both of which have been so busy of late years in corrupting our mother English. To the former one might ascribe it, from seeing that, of all classes, our Irish speakers are the

fondest of babbling about *individuals*. Its empty grandiloquence too sounds like a voice from the Emerald Isle; while its philosophical pretension would bespeak the north of the Tweed; and preachers have been heard so destitute of all feeling for decorum in language, as to call our Saviour "that eminent *individual*." Or is it a Gallicism? for the French too apply their *individu* to particular persons, though never, I believe, thus promiscuously. Its having got down already into the mouth of beggars is a curious instance of the rapidity with which words circulate in this age of steampresses, and steamcoaches, and steamboats, and steamthoughts, and steam-constitutions.

The attempt to check the progress of a word which has already acquired such currency, may perhaps be idle. Still it is well if one can lead some of the less thoughtless to call to mind, that words have a meaning and a history, and that, when used according to their historical meaning, they have also life and power. The word in question too is a good and valuable word, and worth reclaiming for its own appropriate signification. We want it; we have frequent occasion for it, and have no substitute to fill its place. It should hardly be used, except where some distinction or contrast is either exprest or implied. A man is an *individual*, as regarded in his special, particular unity, not in his public capacity, not as a member of a body: he is an *individual*, so far as he is an integral whole, different and distinct from other

men: and that which makes him what he is, that in which he differs and is distinguisht from other men, is his *individuality*, and *individuates* or *individualizes* him. Thus in the Dedication of *the Advancement of Learning*, Bacon says to the King; "I thought it more respective to make choice of some oblation, which might rather refer to the propriety and excellency of your *individual* person, than to the business of your crown and state." Milton indeed uses *individual* for *undivided*, or *indivisible*; as for instance in that grand passage of his Ode on Time, where he says that, when Time is at an end, "Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss with an *individual* kiss." And this usage is common in our early writers. Ralegh, in the Preface to his History (p. 17), speaks of the notion of Proclus, "that the compounded essence of the world is continued and knit to the Divine Being by an *individual* and inseparable power." To our ears however this sounds like a Latinism. Indeed this is the only sense in which the Romans used the word. That which it bears with us, it acquired among the Schoolmen, from whom we have derived so large a portion of our philosophical vocabulary; as may be seen, for instance, in the following passage of Anselm's Monologium (c. xxvii.): cum omnis substantia tractetur, aut esse universalis, quae pluribus substantiis essentialiter communis est, — ut, hominem esse, commune est singulis hominibus; aut est *individua*, quae universalem essentiam communem

habet cum aliis,—quemadmodum singuli homines commune habent cum singulis, ut homines sint." This usage might be illustrated by a number of passages from our own metaphysical writers; such as where Locke says, in his Chapter on General Terms, (iii. 3, 4,) that men "in their own species, —wherein they have often occasion to mention particular persons, make use of proper names; and there distinct *individuals* have distinct denominations." This example shews how easily the modern abuse might grow up.

By the way, a good glossary to the Schoolmen would be an interesting and instructive work; a glossary collecting all the words which they coined, pointing out the changes they made in the signification of old Latin words, explaining the grounds of these innovations, and the wants they were meant to supply, and tracking all these words through the various languages of modern Europe. Valuable as Ducange's great work is for political, legal, ecclesiastical, military, and all manner of technical words, we still want a similar, though a far less bulky and laborious collection of such words as his plan did not embrace, especially of philosophical, scientific, and medical words, before we can be thoroughly acquainted with the alterations which Latin underwent, when, from being the language of Rome, it became that of all persons of education throughout Europe. Even from Ducange it would be well if some industrious grammarian would pick out all such words as

have left any offspring amongst us. Then alone shall we be prepared for understanding the history of the English language, when its various elements have been carefully separated, collected, arranged, and classified. U.

The offense charged against Wolsey is usually conceived to have lain in his having prefixt his name to the King's; as though, when he wrote *Ego et Rex meus*, it had been tantamount to saying *I and the King;* an expression so repugnant to our English notions of good-breeding, that it seems to us to imply the most overweening assumption of superiority. Hence, when the lords are taunting him in Shakspeare, Norfolk says, "Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else To forein princes, *Ego et Rex meus* Was still inscribed, *in which you brought the King To be your servant.*" Thus the article of the Bill against him is stated by Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare's words are copied: "Item, in all writings which he wrote to Rome, or any other forein prince, he wrote *Ego et Rex meus, I and my King*, as who would say that the King were his servant." The charge is given in similar words by Grafton, by Hall, and by Foxe. Addison too understood it in the same sense. In his paper on Egotism (*Spectator*, 562), he says, "The most violent egotism which I have met with in the course of my reading, is that of Cardinal Wolsey, *Ego et Rex meus, I and my King.*"

From this one might suppose that the grievance would have been removed, had he written *Rex meus et ego*, violating the Latin idiom; which in such expressions follows the natural order of our thoughts, and, inasmuch as a man's own feelings and conduct must usually be foremost in his mind, makes him place himself first, when he has to speak of himself along with another. Hence Wolsey's last biographer, in the *Cabinet Cyclopedia*, talks of "the *Ego et Rex meus* charge, which only betrays its framer's ignorance of the Latin idiom." Yet, when one finds that the first name subscribed to the Bill against Wolsey is that of Thomas More, a modest man will be slow to believe that it can have been drawn up with such gross ignorance. Nor was it. A transcript of the bill from the Records is given by Lord Herbert in his *Life of Henry the Eighth*, and has lately been reprinted in the *State-Trials:* and there the fourth article stands as follows. "Also the said Lord Cardinal, of his presumptuous mind, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm to outward parties, had joined himself with your Grace, as in saying and writing in his said letters and instructions, *The King and I would ye should do thus;—The King and I give you our hearty thanks*: whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your Highness, than like a subject." So that the blunder is imaginary. The charge was, not that he placed himself above

and before the King, but that he spoke of himself along and on a level with the King, in a manner ill befitting a subject and a servant. The inaccuracy in Foxe's report was noted long ago by Collier in his *Ecclesiastical History.*

"It is always a mistake (says Niebuhr) to attribute ignorance on subjects of general notoriety to eminent men, in order to account for what we may find in them running counter to current opinions." This, and Coleridge's golden rule,—"Until you understand an author's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding,"—should be borne in mind by all writers who feel an itching in their forefinger and thumb to be carping at their wisers and betters. U.

The substitution of plurality for unity, and the unwillingness to use the simple personal pronoun, are not confined to that of the first person. In the languages of modern Europe this and divers other expedients have been adopted to supersede the pronoun of the second person: and only among certain classes, or in particular cases, is it thought allowable nowadays to address any one by his rightful appellation, *thou.* This is commonly supposed to be dictated by a desire of shewing honour to him whom we are addressing; as may be seen, for instance, in Luther's remark on the use of the plural in the first words of the Book of Genesis: "Explodenda igitur est Judaeorum frigida cavillatio, quod reverentiae causa

plurali numero sit usus.—Praesertim cum id non sit omnibus linguis commune, quod nobis Germanis usitatum est, ut reverentia sit plurali numero uti, cum de uno aliquo loquimur." But the further question arises: why is it esteemed a mark of honour to turn an individual into a multitude? Surely we do not mean to intimate that he must multiply himself like Kehama, in order to storm our hearts by bringing a fresh self against every entrance. Might not one rather expect that the mark of honour would be to separate him from all other men, and to regard him exclusively as himself, and by himself? as Cressida's servant tells her, that Ajax is "a very man *per se*, And stands alone." The secret motive, which lies at the bottom of these conventions, I believe to be a reluctance, in the one case to obtrude one's own personality, in the other to intrude on the personality of another. In both there is the feeling of conscious sinfulness, leading us to hide among the trees.

Among the Greeks and Romans, as there was not the same consciousness of a sinful nature, neither was there the same shrinking from personality in their addresses to each other. We see this in many features of their literature, especially of their oratory; which modern critics, judging them perversely, according to the feelings and notions of later times, pronounce to be in bad taste. For with us a personality always means an insult, and such as no gentleman will be guilty of.

But the ancients felt differently on this matter: nor did they ever fancy there could be anything indecorous or affronting in calling each other simply σὺ or *tu*. This is of a piece with their unscrupulousness about the exhibition of the naked form. Regarding human nature as one, they were little sensible of the propriety of concealing any part of it. If they did so, in conformity to the custom of wearing clothing, in the statues of real personages, whom they wisht to represent as their countrymen had been wont to see them, they proved that this did not arise from any moral delicacy, inasmuch as nakedness was deemed appropriate to the statues of most of the gods. Whereas in modern times the feeling of the duplicity of our nature has been so strong, and it has been so much the custom to look upon the body as the main root and source of evil, that our aim has been to hide every part of it, except the face as the index, and the hand as the instrument of the mind. So too are we studious to conceal every action of our animal nature, even those, such as tears and the other outward signs of grief, in which the animal nature is acting under the sway of the spiritual. To us the tears of Achilles, the groans of Philoctetes, the yells of Hercules seem, not merely unheroic, but unmanly: nay, even a woman now would be withheld by shame from making such a public exhibition of her weakness.

In like manner it strikes our minds as such

insolent familiarity for a man to *thou* his superiors, that most people, I imagine, would suppose that under the Roman empire at all events it can never have been allowable to address an emperor with a bare *tu*. If any one needs to be convinced of the contrary, he has only to look into Pliny's letters to Trajan, or Fronto's to Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius: he will find that no more ceremony was observed in writing to the master of the world, than if he had been a common Roman citizen. Many striking speeches too, shewing this, are recorded. For instance that of Asinius Gallus to Tiberius: *Interrogo, Caesar, quam partem reipublicae mandari tibi velis?* That of Haterius: *Quousque patieris Caesar non adesse caput reipublicae?* That of Piso, which Tacitus calls *vestigium morientis libertatis: Quo loco censebis, Caesar? Si primus, habebo quod sequar: si post omnes, vereor ne imprudens dissentiam.* That of Subrius Flavus, when askt by Nero, why he had conspired against him: *Oderam te: odisse coepi, postquam parricida matris et uxoris et auriga et histrio et incendiarius exstitisti.* The same thing is proved by the extraordinary tumultuous address of the senate to Pertinax on the death of Commodus: *Parricida trahatur. Rogamus, Auguste: parricida trahatur. Exaudi Caesar. Delatores ad leonem. Exaudi Caesar. Delatores ad leonem. Exaudi Caesar. Gladiatorem in spoliario. Exaudi Caesar.*

From a couple of passages in the Augustan

History indeed, one might imagine that Dioclètian's love of pomp and ceremony had shewn itself in exacting the plural from those who addrest him. The authors of the several Lives have not been satisfactorily ascertained: but in that of Marcus Aurelius the writer says: *Deus usque etiam nunc habetur, ut vobis ipsis, sacratissime imperator Diocletiane, et semper visum est et videtur: qui eum inter numina vestra, non ut caeteros, sed specialiter veneramini, ac saepe dicitis, vos vita et clementia tales esse cupere, qualis fuit Marcus.* And at the end of the Life of Lucius Verus, which no doubt is by the same writer, after denying the report that Marcus Aurelius had poisoned Verus, he adds: *Post Marcum, praeter vestram clementiam, Diocletiane Auguste, imperatorem talem nec adulatio videatur posse confingere.* How these two passages are to be accounted for, I know not. They are too personal to allow of our supposing that Maximian was comprehended in them. Was it an Oriental fashion, which Diocletian tried to introduce, along with the Persian diadem and silk robes and tissue of gold, and which was dropt from its repugnance to the genius of the Latin language? In the other addresses the ordinary style is the singular; as may be seen in those to Diocletian, in the Lives of Elius Verus, of Heliogabalus, and of Macrinus; and in those to Constantine, in the lives of Geta, of Alexander Severus, of the Maximins, of the Gordians, and of Claudius.

Such too, so far as my observation has extended, was the style under the Byzantine empire. In their rescripts indeed, and other ordinances, the Roman emperors spoke in the plural number, as may be seen in every other page of the Pandects. For the use of the plural *nos* was already very common among the Romans, at least among their aristocracy, in their best ages; the bent of their spirit leading them to merge their own individuality, more than any other people has ever done, in their social character, as members whether of their family, or of their order, or of the Roman nation. In this too they shewed that they were a nation of kings. For a soverein's duty is to forget his own personality, and to regard himself as an impersonation of the state. He should exactly reverse Louis the Fourteenth's hateful and fearful speech: *La France c'est moi.* Instead of swallowing up his country in his voracious maw, he should identify himself with it, and feel that his whole being is wrapt up in his people, and that apart from them he is nothing, no more than a head when severed from its body. As Hegel says, in his *Philosophy of Law* (§ 279), when explaining the difficulty attending on a monarchal constitution, that the will of the state is to be embodied in an individual: "This does not mean that the monarch may act arbitrarily: on the contrary he is bound to the concrete substance of the measures proposed to him, and, if the constitution is firmly establisht, will often have little

more to do than to sign his name. But this name is of importance: it is the apex, beyond which we cannot pass. One might say, that an organic constitution had existed already in the noble democracy of Athens: but we see at the same time that the Greeks were wont to draw their ultimate decisions from things wholly external, from oracles, the entrails of victims, the flight of birds, and that they regarded Nature as a power which declares and pronounces what is good for man. Self-consciousness had not yet attained to the abstraction of pure subjectivity, to the condition in which the decisive *I will* is to be uttered by man. This *I will* forms the great distinction between the ancient and the modern world, and must therefore have its peculiar expression in the great edifice of the state.—The objections which have been urged against monarchy,—that through the soverein the condition of the state becomes subject to chance, since he may be ill educated, or altogether unworthy of standing at the head of the state, and that it is absurd for this to be the reasonable idea of a state,—are groundless, from being based on the assumption that the peculiarities of individual character are the material point. In a perfectly organized constitution we merely need the apex of a formal decision; and the only thing indispensable in a soverein is a man who can say *Yes*, and put the dot on the *I*: for the apex should be such, that the peculiarities of character are not to be of moment.—In a well regulated monarchy the

legislature determines the objective measures, to which the monarch has merely to affix the subjective *I will*." Hence *nos, nous, wir, we*, is the fitting style for princes in their public capacity; as it is for all who are speaking and acting, not in their own persons, but as officers of the State. For them to say, *I order so and so*, might seem almost as impertinent, as for a servant to say, *I am to have a party at dinner tomorrow*. In these days our household ties are so loosened, that most servants would say, *My Master is to have a party tomorrow;* or perhaps, entirely disguising the relation between them, would call him simply *Mr A*. In simpler times, when there was more dutiful affection and loyalty, they would have said *we*, like Caleb Balderstone. The use of *nos* however by the Roman emperors did not involve that of *vos* in addresses to them; any more than our calling everybody *you* implies that they call themselves *we*.

It would require a long and laborious examination, with the command of a well-stockt public library, to make out when and how and by what steps the use of the plural pronoun in speaking to another became prevalent in the various languages of modern Europe. Grammarians have hardly turned their attention to this point. The difficulty of such an enquiry is the greater, because the language of books in this respect has by no means fallen in with that of ordinary life. Poetry especially, as its aim is to lift men above

the artificial conventions of society, has retained the natural, simple pronoun much more extensively than common speech. Hence the use of *thou* in poetry does not prove that it would have been used under the same circumstances in conversation; though the use of the plural pronoun justifies our inferring that it was already current, and probably much widelier spread. In Boccaccio's novels, where one might expect to find a closer reflexion of common life, the singular pronoun seems to be used constantly. From his letters however it would seem to have been already superseded in most cases by the plural in the intercourse of society; though Ranke, in his *Histories of Romanesque and Germanic Nations* (p. 105), says of the Florentines at the end of the fifteenth century, that "they all called each other *thou*, and only used *you* or *messere* in speaking to a knight, a doctor, or to an uncle." Petrarch, whose reverent love leads him to address Laura by the plural pronoun, uses the singular in sonnets written to his friends, and uniformly in his letters. Indeed the Roman *tu* seems to have been general in Latin epistles, except those to soverein princes, at least since the revival of learning: for in earlier times it had been common to use *vos*. We find *tu* constantly in Luther's letters, even in those to the Pope, in Melanchthon's, in Milton's private ones. In those written for Cromwell, soverein princes are called *vos;* and so is Mazarin. The prince of Tarentum, Mendez

de Haro, and the Conde Mirano are *tu*. In the Provençal of the Troubadours, Raynouard observes, *vos* is almost always used in speaking to a single person. In the *Fabliaux* we find distinctions answering to those which have prevailed almost ever since in French: *tu* is used to indicate familiarity; *vous* respect. Parents say *tu* to their children, husbands to their wives: the children and wives use the more respectful *vous*. The same sort of distinction seems to prevail in the Niebelungen Lay, in which, as in the Homeric poems, the representation of manners probably agreed very nearly with what was actually found in the world. In the conversation between Chriemhild and her mother, and in that between Siegfried and his parents, the parents use *du*, the son and daughter *ir*. The princes and knights sometimes take one form, sometimes the other, the singular apparently where there is more intimacy, or more passion. Husbands and wives too use both forms indiscriminately. Is the general prevalence of the plural in modern Europe derived from the Teutonic languages? Or did it arise from the same common cause in them and the Romanesque together?

In England the peculiarity has been the entire exclusion of *thou* from the language of the great body of the people. Now and then indeed one sees it in those loveletters which are unlucky enough to find their way into a court of justice: but it is not appropriated, as in France, Italy,

and Germany, for the expression of familiarity. We enter into no bond to *thou* one another, as our neighbours do to *tutoyer*, and to *duzen*. This may be a mark of our characteristic reserve and shrinking from every demonstration of feeling. But when was this sentence of banishment against *thou* issued? In Robert of Gloucester, and our other old verse chroniclers, it seems to be the constant word, being used even by Cordelia in her reply to her father. So is it in Peirs Plouhman; the nature of which work however leads us to look for a close adherence to the language of the Bible: and I doubt whether even Mr Belsham can have gone so far in modernizing the words of the Scriptures, as to substitute *you* for *thou*. That no conclusion can be drawn from Peirs Plouhman with regard to the usage, at least of the higher classes in his time, is clear from Chaucer; in whom *you*, except in passages of familiarity or elevation, is the customary pronoun. From Gower too one may infer that *thou* was then deemed appropriate to the language of familiarity, *you* to that of respect. The Confessor regularly uses *thou* to the Lover; the Lover *you* or *ye* to the Confessor. Shakspeare's practice would seem to imply that a distinction, like that which prevailed on the Continent, was also recognised in England. Prospero for instance, except in two places, constantly says *thou* to Miranda; while she always replies with *you*. The same thing is observable in most of Lear's speeches to his daughters, and in Volumnia's more affectionate ones to

Coriolanus. When she puts on the reserve of offended dignity, she says *you*. Yet I have not noticed any instance of *thou* in Ellises Collection of Letters; though some of them go back as far as the reign of Henry the Fifth: but in few of them could one expect it. From Roper's beautiful Life of Sir Thomas More however we perceive, that fathers in his days would occasionally, though not uniformly, *thou* their children. "Lo, *dost thou not see*, Megg, (he said to his daughter, when looking out of his prison-window, while Reynolds and three other monks were led to execution,) that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths, as bridegrooms to their marriage? Wherefore thereby *mayest thou see*, mine own good daughter, what a great difference there is between such as have in effect spent all their days in a strait, hard, penitential, and painful life, religiously, and such as have in the world, like worldly wretches, (*as thy poor father hath done*,) consumed all their time in pleasure and ease licentiously. For God, considering their long-continued life in most sore and grievous penance, will no longer suffer them to remain here in this vale of misery and iniquity, but speedily hence taketh them to the fruition of his everlasting Deity. Whereas *thy silly father*, Megg, that, like a most wicked caitiff, hath past forth the whole course of his miserable life most sinfully, God, thinking him not worthy so soon to come to that eternal felicity, leaveth him here yet still in the world,

further to be plagued and turmoiled with misery." The same thing may be seen in the Earl of Northumberland's speech to his son, in Cavendishes *Life of Wolsey*, when he is warning him against displeasing the king by making love to Anne Boleyn. Wolsey too, in whose service Lord Percy was, talks to him in the same paternal style. From Charles the First's last words to the Duke of Gloucester, we perceive that this practice even then was not obsolete, at least in speaking to young children. "Sweetheart, now they will cut off *thy* father's head. Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make *thee* a king. But mark what I say: you must not be a king so long as your brother Charles and James do live. For they will cut off your brothers heads, (when they can catch them,) and cut off *thy* head too at last: and therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them." In Lord Capel's letter to his wife, written on the day on which he was beheaded (1649), he uses *thou* throughout. "My eternal life is in Christ Jesus: my worldly considerations in the highest degree *thou* hast deserved. Let me live long here in *thy* dear memory. I beseech thee, take care of *thy* health: sorrow not, afflict not *thyself* too much. God will be to *thee* better than a husband, and to my children better than a father."

There was another usage of *thou*, which prevailed for some centuries, namely, in speaking to inferiors. When *you* came into use among the higher classes,

the lower were still addrest with *thou*. Living in closer communion with Nature, with her simple permanent forms and ever-recurring operations, they are in great measure exempted from the capricious sway of Fashion, which tosses about the upper twigs and leaves of society, but seldom shakes the trunk. Or at least they were so till very lately: for the enormous increase of traffic of every kind, and the ceaseless inroads of the press, which is sending its emissaries into every cottage, are rapidly changing their character. Yet still one regards and treats them much more as children of Nature: and a judicious man would as soon think of feeding them with kickshaws and ragoos, as of talking to them in any but the plainest, homeliest words. What a broad distinction was made with regard to the personal pronoun, may be seen in the interesting account of William Thorpe's examination on a charge of heresy before the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1407; where the archbishop and his clerks uniformly *thou* him, not insultingly, but as a matter of course; while he always uses *you* in his answers. The same distinction is apparent in the dialogues between Othello and Iago. Thus it has happened that we find *thou* in many of the noblest speeches on record, the last words of great and good men to the executioner on the scaffold: and in legal murders of the great and good, notwithstanding the boasted excellence of our laws and courts of justice, the history of England is richer than that of any other country. It does one

good to read such words; so I will quote a few examples. For instance, those of Sir Thomas More: *Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office: my neck is very short; take heed therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thine honesty.* Those of Fisher, the pious Bishop of Rochester, when the executioner knelt down to him and besought his forgiveness: *I forgive thee with all my heart; and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily.* Those of the Duke of Suffolk on the same occasion: *God forgive thee! and I do; and when thou dost thine office, I pray thee do it well, and bring me out of this world quickly; and God have mercy on thee!* When Raleigh was led to the scaffold, a bald-headed old man prest through the crowd, and prayed that God would support him. *I thank thee, my good friend,* said Raleigh to him, *and am sorry I am in no case to return thee anything for thy good will. But here,* (observing his bald head,) *take this nightcap; thou hast more need of it now than I.* Shortly after, he bade the executioner shew him the axe: *I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?* And after he had laid his head on the block, the blow being delayed, he lifted himself up and said: *What dost thou fear? strike, man.* In Lady Jane Grey's words indeed, as they are given by Foxe, we find *you: Pray you, dispatch me quickly. Will you take it off before I lie down?* Perhaps it may have seemed to her gentle spirit that *thou* was somewhat

unfeminine: though it was the word used by mistresses in speaking to their servants, as we may perceive from the scenes between Olivia and Malvolio, and from those between Julia and Lucetta in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* where Julia, when she is offended with her maid, passes from the familiar *thou* to the more distant *you.*

It may be imagined that the adoption of the simple pronoun in these speeches was occasioned by the solemnity of the moment, impelling the parting spirit to cast off the artificial, conventional drapery of society. But,—not to mention that this itself would have been idle affectation, to have taken thought at such a moment about using a word at variance with the language of ordinary life,—in speeches made at the same time to persons of their own rank we find the same men saying *you:* and other anecdotes in the biographies of the sixteenth century shew that *thou* was in common use then in speaking to the lower orders; and even to inferiors, who were above them. When Bernard Gilpin begged Bishop Tonstal to allow that he would resign either his rectory or archdeaconry, that excellent bishop replied, *Have I not told thee beforehand, that thou wilt be a beggar. I found them combined, and combined I will leave them.* And among Gilpin's numberless acts of benevolence, it is related that, in one of his rides, seeing a man much cast down by the loss of a horse that had just fallen dead, he told the man he should have the one on which

his servant was mounted. *Ah master*, said the countryman, *my pocket will not reach such a beast as that.—Come, come!* answered Gilpin; *take him, take him; and when I demand my money, then thou shalt pay me.* If so many examples of this usage are from dying words, it is because such words have been more carefully recorded, as precious and sacred memorials.

This use of a different pronoun in speaking to the lower orders was in some measure analogous to that of *er*, which still prevails, and was more general a few years since, in Germany; where it was long thought unbecoming for a gentleman to hold any direct personal communication with a boor, or to speak to him otherwise than as if he were a third person. We on the other hand consider it illbred to use *he* or *she* in speaking of any one present.

Hence, as the use of *er* to a gentleman in Germany is deemed a gross offense, which is often to be expiated with blood, so was the use of *thou* in England. This was one of the disgraceful insults to which Coke had recourse, when argument and evidence failed him, at Raleigh's trial. *All that Lord Cobham did*, he cried, *was at thy instigation, thou viper: for I thou thee, thou traitor.* And again, when he had been completely baffled, he exclaimed: *Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived. I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treasons.* When Sir Toby Belch is urging Sir Andrew Aguecheek to send a

challenge to Viola, he says, *If thou thoust him some thrice, it shall not be amiss;* in which words the commentators have needlessly sought an allusion to Raleigh's trial. There is not a syllable in the context to point the allusion, or to remind the hearer either of Raleigh or of Coke. They merely shew, as Coke's behaviour also shews, that to *thou* a man was a grievous insult: and that it was so, George Fox and his followers some time after found to their great cost.

This is well known to be still the shibboleth of Quakerism, the only one probably among the Founder's tenets which has always been held inviolate and inviolable by every member of the sect. For all sects cling the longest to that which is outward and formal in their peculiar creed, and are often the more tenacious of it, the more their original spirit has evaporated; among other reasons, because by so doing alone can they preserve their sectarian existence. In George Fox himself the determination to *thou* all men was not a piece of capricious trifling. It flowed from the principle which pervaded his whole conduct, the desire of piercing through the husk and coating of forms in which men's hearts and souls were wrapt up, and of dragging them out from their lurking-places into the open light of day; although, as extremes are ever begetting one another, it has come to pass that no sect is so enslaved, so bound hand and foot by forms, as they who started by crying out against and casting away all forms.

Thus Nature ever avenges herself, and reestablishes the balance, which man had overweeningly disturbed.

It was at the very beginning of his preaching, that he, who set out on the glorious enterprise of converting all men into friends, tells us in his Journal: "When the Lord sent me forth into the world, I was required to *Thee* and *Thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. But oh! the rage that then was in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all sorts, but especially in priests and professors. For though *thou* to a single person was according to their own learning, their accidence and grammar rules, and according to the Bible, yet they could not bear to hear it." This was in 1648: but his practice continued to give offense for many years after. In 1661, he says, "the book called *the Battledoor* came forth, written to shew that in all languages *thou* and *thee* is the proper and usual form of speech to a single person, and *you* to more than one. This was set forth in examples taken out of the Scriptures, and out of books of teaching in about thirty languages. When the book was finisht, some of them were presented to the King and his Council, to the Bishops of Canterbury and London (Juxon and Sheldon), and to the two Universities one apiece. The King said, it was the proper language of all nations: and the Bishop of Canterbury, being askt what he thought of it, was so at a stand that

he could not tell what to say. For it did so inform and convince people, that few afterward were so rugged toward us for saying *thou* and *thee* to a single person, which before they were exceeding fierce against us for. For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, *What, you illbred clown, do you thou me!* as though there lay breeding in saying *you* to one, which is contrary to all their grammars."

In all this there is no slight admixture of ignorance and of presumption; as is mostly the case with the vehement opposers and defiers of customs not plainly and radically immoral. Of the ignorance one should have no right to complain, were it not for the presumption which thrusts it forward. But the whole proceeding, as Henry More rightly urges in his letter to Penn,—who had employed a chapter of his *No Cross, No Crown,* in an ingenious and elaborate vindication of the usage of his sect,—is inconsistent "with that generosity and freedom and charity and kind complacency, that, one would think, did naturally accompany a truly Christian spirit. The great and royal law, which is to measure all our Christian actions, is, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy*

God with all thy heart and all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself. And one point of our love to our neighbour is not to give him offense; but to comply with him in things of an indifferent nature, as all things are that are not of their own nature evil,—unless some divine law, or the law of our superiors has bound us. But no law, neither divine or human, has bound us, but that we may say *you*, when the Quakers say *thou*, to a single person. Nay, Custom, which is another Nature, and another Law, and from whence words derive their signification, has not only made *you* to signify as well singularly as plurally,—but has superadded a signification of a moderate respect used in the singular sense; as it has added to *thou*, of the highest respect and reverence (for no man will *You* God, but use the pronoun *Thou* to Him), or else of the greatest familiarity or contempt. So that the proper use of *you* and *thou* is settled by a long and universal custom."

By these absurdities simple, honest George Fox sadly maimed his own strength, and lessened the good he might else have effected. So far indeed he was right, that in a regenerate world the bars and bolts, which sever and estrange man from man, would burst, like the doors of St Paul's prison at Philippi, and that every man's bands would be loost. Something of the kind may be seen even now in the openhearted confidence and affection, which prevail almost at sight among such as find themselves united to each other by the love of a

common Saviour, — a confidence and affection foreshewing the blessed Communion of Saints. But this is likelier to be retarded than promoted by efforts to change the outward form, so long as the spirit is unchanged. The very habit of using words which belong to a higher state of feeling than we ourselves have attained to, deadens the sense of truth, and causes a dismal rent in the soul. I am speaking only of such things as are not contrary to good manners. Whatever is must be quelled, before the inward change can be wrought. But that which is indifferent, or solely valuable as the expression of some inward state of feeling, should be left to spring spontaneously from the source, without which it is worthless.

How must Charles the Second have laught in his sleeve, when he acknowledged that *thou* and *thee* "was the proper language of all nations!" Perhaps it was out of hostility to Quakerism and Puritanism, of which *thou* was deemed the watch-word, that it fell so entirely into disuse, as it seems to have done among all ranks in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Locke indeed uses it in his Prefatory Addresses to the Reader. In sermons, when the preacher is appealing to his hearers severally and personally, it is often introduced with much solemnity; as, for instance, in the following grand passage of Donne (*Sermon* II. p. 27). "As the sun does not set to any nation, but withdraw itself, and return again, God, in the exercise of His mercy, does not set to *thy*

soul, though he benight it with an affliction.—The blessed Virgin was overshadowed; but it was with the Holy Ghost that overshadowed her: *thine* understanding, *thy* conscience may be so too; and yet it may be the work of the Holy Ghost, who moves in *thy* darkness, and will bring light even out of that, knowledge out of *thine* ignorance, clearness out of *thy* scruples, and consolation out of *thy* dejection of spirit. *God is thy portion*, says David: David does not speak so narrowly, so penuriously, as to say, God hath given *thee thy* portion, and *thou* must look for no more: but, *God is thy portion;* and, as long as He is God, He hath more to give; and, as long as *thou* art His, *thou* hast more to receive. *Thou* canst not have so good a title to a subsequent blessing as a former blessing: where *thou* art an ancient tenant, *thou* wilt look to be preferred before a stranger; and that is *thy* title to God's future mercies, if *thou* have been formerly accustomed to them.—Though *thou* be but a tabernacle of earth, God shall raise *thee* piece by piece into a spiritual building; and after one story of creation, and another of vocation, and another of sanctification, He shall bring *thee* up to meet *thyself* in the bosom of *thy* God, where *thou* wast at first in an eternal election. God is a circle Himself; and He will make *thee* one: go not *thou* about to square either circle, to bring that which is equal in itself to angles and corners, into dark and sad suspicions of God, or of *thyself*, that God can give,

or that *thou* canst receive, no more mercy than *thou* hast had already." Our poets too still bring forward this pronoun now and then for the sake of distinguishing their language from that of prose: but they are not guided by any determinate principle, nor even by any clear perception of the occasions when it may be appropriate. It is perhaps a singular phenomenon in a cultivated language, that scarcely a writer seems to know when he ought to use such words as *thou*, *you*, and *ye*. Even the Quakers, at least of late years, as they have been gradually paring away the other tokens of their sect, their coats and hats and bonnets, generally soften the fullmouthed *thou* into *thee;* whereby moreover they gain the advantage of a twofold offense against grammar. For this seems to be one of the ways in which an Englishman delights to display his love of freedom,—by his rejection of grammatical rules. A Quaker will now say, *Do thee wish for this? Will thee come to me?* thus getting rid of what in our language is felt to be such an incumbrance, one of our few remaining grammatical inflexions. Perhaps our aversion to using the second person of the verb may not have been inoperative in expelling *thou* from our speech. And in truth it is by no means so apt a word for expressing the personality of another symbolically, as *tu* and *du;* by which the lips are protruded toward the person we are addressing, pointing to him, and almost shaping themselves for a kiss;

as though they belonged to a world in which all mankind were brethren. *You* in this respect has the better of *thou*.

As George Foxes attempt to *thou* and fraternize all mankind was coincident with the outbreak of our Rebellion, so at the beginning of the French Revolution it became the fashion to fraternize and *tutoyer* everybody. At first this may strike us as another of the thousand and one examples of extremes meeting. But frequent as such meetings are, the general formule which embraces, does not explain them : and though there were great and glaring differences between the Jacobins and the early Quakers, there were also several points of resemblance. They had the same eager dislike of every existing institution, on the mere ground of its existing,— the same unhesitating trust in their own impulses, whether regarded as the dictates of the spirit, or of reason : they both cherisht the same delusive notion, that by pruning and lopping they should regenerate mankind. The practice of *thouing* belonged to them both : the refusal of respect to authority and rank belonged to them both : both indulged in a dream of universal peace. The Jacobinical metonomatosis of the months, and of the days of the week, might be lookt upon as a parody of the Quakerian : only their hatred of all religion extended even to these relics of Polytheism: and it was an act suited to the vermin that were then breeding and crawling about the mouldering car-

cass of European society, to revive the notion, which has been ascribed to Pythagoras, that number is the only god.

It is cheering to observe, how even in these things patient endurance is far mightier than violence, feeble as the one, powerful as the other may appear at the moment. Whatever is good strikes root: Nature and Time delight to foster it: so long as its spirit lasts, they preserve it; and often long after. But evil they reject and disgorge. George Foxes institution still subsists after the lapse of near two centuries: that of the Jacobins soon past away; though not without leaving a trace behind. "Le tutoiement (says Bonald, *Pensées*, p. 29) s'est retranché dans la famille: et après avoir tutoyé tout le monde, on ne tutoie plus que ses père et mère. Cet usage met toute la maison à l'aise: il dispense les parens d'autorité, et les enfans de respect." A similar change seems to be going on in Germany, to judge from some recent works of fiction, in which forward, petulant children say *du* in speaking to their parents, while the modest and wellbred shew their respect by using *sie*. In those letters of deep, passionate love, which have just been revealed to all Europe, in consequence of an unheard of crime, the illfated Duchess ordinarily addresses her unworthy husband with the familiar *tu*, but at times, assuming the language of outraged dignity, uses *vous*.

This substitution of the plural *you* for the sin-

gular *thou* is only one among many devices which have been adopted for the sake of veiling over the plainspeaking familiarity of the latter. The Germans call *you they;* the Italians *she* and *her*, which may be regarded as a type of their national effeminacy. In the Malay languages, we are told by Marsden, a variety of substitutes for the first and second pronoun are in use, by which the speaker betokens his own inferiority, or the superiority of the person he is addressing. This seems to be common in Oriental languages, and answers to what we often find in the Bible; for instance in 2 Samuel, c. xix. In Asia man seems hardly to have found out his own personality, or that of others. U.

After all, they are strange and mighty words, these two little pronouns, *I* and *Thou*, the mightiest perhaps in the whole compass of language. The name *pronoun* indeed is not quite strictly appropriate to them: for, as the great master of the philosophy of language, William Humboldt, observes, "they are not mere substitutes for the names of the persons for whom they stand, but involve the personality of the speaker, and of the person spoken to, and the relation between them." *I* is the word which man has in common with God, the Eternal, Self-existing *I AM*. *Thou* is the word with which God and his Conscience speak to man, the word with which man speaks and communes with God and his neighbour. All other words, without

these two, would belong to things: *I* and *Thou* are inseparable from personality, and bestow personality on whatever they are applied to. They are the two primary elements and conditions of all speech, which implies a speaker, and a person spoken to: and they are the indispensable complements, each to the other; so that neither idea could have been called forth in man without the help of its mate.

This is why it was not good for man to be alone. What in truth would Adam have been, if Eve had never been created? What was he before her creation? A solitary *I*, without a *thou*. Can there be such a being? Can the human mind be awakened, except by the touch of a kindred mind? Can the spark of consciousness be elicited, except by collision? Or are we to believe that his communion with God was intimate enough to supply the place of communion with beings of his own kind?

The indispensableness of an *object* to arouse the *subject* is finely set before us in *Troilus and Cressida*, in the dialogue between Ulysses and Achilles.

Ulysses. A strange fellow here
Writes me that man,—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflexion:
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achilles. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself: but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath traveld, and is married there
Where it may see itself.

Hence it is only by the reciprocal action of these two ideas, the continual play and weaving of them one into the other, that a true system of philosophy can be constructed. In a logical vacuum indeed *I* may dream that it can stand alone: and then it will compass itself about with a huge zero, an all-absorbing negation, summing up everything out of itself, as Fichte did, in the most audacious word ever coined by man, *Nicht-ich*, or *Not-I*. His system, a work of prodigious energy and logical power, was the philosophical counterpart to the political edifice which was set up at the same time in France: and its main fallacy was the very same, the confounding of the particular subjective mind with the eternal, universal mind of the Allwise,—the fancy that, as God pours all truth out of Himself, man may in like manner draw all truth out of himself,—and the forgetting that, beside *I* and *Not-I*, there is also a *Thou* in the world, our relations to whom, in their manifold varieties, are the source of all our affections, and of all our duties.

By the way, some persons may think that we

have cause to congratulate ourselves on the bareness of our *I*, which is such that nothing can adhere to it; inasmuch as it thereby forms a kind of palisade around us, preserving us from the inroads of German philosophy. Nobody acquainted with the various systems, which have sprung up since Kant sowed the teeth of the serpent he had slain, and which have been warring against each other from that time forward, can fail to perceive that in England they must all have been stillborn, were it solely from the impossibility of forming any derivatives or compounds from our *I*. One cannot stir far in those systems without such words as *Ichheit, ichheitlich, ichlich, Nicht-ich*. But the genius of our language would never have allowed people to talk about *Ihood, Ihoodly, Ily, Not-I*. Like the sceptre of Achilles, our *I*, *οὔποτε φύλλα καὶ ὄζους Φύσει, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτα τομὴν ἐν ὄρεσσι λέλοιπεν*.

And this, which is true of our pronoun, is also true of that for which it stands. No old stick, no iron bar, no bare *I* can be more unproductive and barren than Self, when cut off and isolated from the tree on which it was set to grow. U.

Everybody has heard of one speech in Seneca's *Medea*, small as may be the number of those whose acquaintance with that poet has gone much further. In truth the very conception of a tragedy written by a Stoic is anything but inviting, and may be deemed scarcely less incongruous than a

garden of granite. Nor would this furnish an unsuitable emblem of those tragedies: the thoughts are about as hard and stiff; and the characters have almost as much life in them.

Still there is one speech in them, which is sufficiently notorious. When Medea's nurse exhorts her to be patient, by urging the forlornness of her situation, reminding her how

> Abiere Colchi; conjugis nulla est fides;
> Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi;

she answers, *Medea superest:* and thus far her answer is a fine one. But the rhetorician never knew when to have done, in the accumulation either of gold or of words. For, while truth and genius are simple and brief, affectation and hypocrisy, whether moral or intellectual, are conscious that their words are mere bubbles, and blow them till they burst. What follows is wild nonsense:

> Medea superest: hic mare et terras vides,
> Ferrumque, et ignes, et deos, et fulmina.

Now how should one translate these two words, *Medea superest?* They are easy enough to construe: but an English poet would hardly make her say, *Medea is left,* or *Medea remains.* The question occurred to me the other day, when listening to a modern opera of little worth, except for the opportunity it has afforded Madame Pasta for putting forth her extraordinary tragic powers; powers to which, as there exhibited, I know not what has been seen comparable in any actress,

since she who shed such splendour over the stage in our younger days, welcomed her son back to Rome. Volumnia, I believe, was the last part Mrs Siddons ever played: at least it was the last I saw her in: and well did it become her in the days of her matronly dignity. Even now, after near twenty years, I still seem to hear the tone of exulting joy and motherly pride, bursting through her efforts to repress it, when, raising her kneeling son, she cried,

> Nay, my good soldier, up!
> My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
> By deed-atchieving honour newly named . . .
> What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?

Nor will any one easily forget the exclamation with which Medea repells Jason's question, *Che mi resta?* the simple pronoun *Io*. The situations are somewhat unlike: but the passage is evidently an imitation of that in Seneca's tragedy, or at least has come from it at second or third hand. For Corneille's celebrated *Moi*, which the French have extolled as though it had been the grandest word in all poetry, must no doubt have been the medium it past through, being itself merely a prior copy of the same original. In the French tragedy too a like change has been made from the name to the pronoun: and one feels that this change is imperatively required by the spirit of modern times. An ancient poet could not have used the pronoun: a modern poet in such a situation could hardly use the proper name.

But is not this at variance with what was said before about the readiness of the ancients, and the comparative reluctance in modern times, to make use of the simple personal pronouns?

No: for this very contrast arises from the objective character of their minds, and the subjective character of ours. They had less deep and wakeful feelings connected with the personal pronoun, and therefore used it more freely. But, from attaching less importance to it, when they wanted to speak emphatically, they had recourse to the proper name. Above all was this the case among the Romans, with whom names had a greater power than with any other people; owing mainly to the political institutions, which gave the Roman houses a vitality unexampled elsewhere; so that the same names shine in the Fasti for century after century, encircled with the honours of nearly twenty generations. Hence a Roman prized and loved his name, almost as something independent and out of himself, as a kind of household god: and he could speak proudly of it, without being withheld by the bashfulness of vanity. Even the immortality which a Greek or Roman lookt chiefly to, was that of his name.

We on the other hand have been taught that there is something within us far more precious and far more lasting than anything that is merely outward. Hence the word *I* has a charm and a power which it never had before, a power too

which has gone on growing, till of late years it has almost swallowed up every other. Two examples of this were just now alluded to, Fichte's egoical philosophy, and the French Constitution, in which everything was deduced from the rights of man, without regard to the rights of men, or to the necessities of things. The same usurpation shews itself under a number of other phases, even in religion. Catholic religion has well-nigh been split up into personal, so that the very idea of the former is almost lost; and it is the avowed principle of what is called the Religious World, that everybody's paramount, engrossing duty is to take care of his own soul. Of which principle the philosophical caricature is, that selfishness is the source of all morality, the ground of benevolence, and the only safe foundation for a State to build on. Thus the awakening of our self-consciousness, which was aroused, in order that, perceiving the hollowness and rottenness of that self, we might endeavour to stifle and get quit of it, has in many respects rather tended to make us more its slaves than ever. In truth it may be said of many a man, that he is impaled upon his *I*. This is as it were the stake, which is driven through the soul of the spiritual suicide.

Still there are seasons, when, asserting its independence of all outward things, an *I* may have great Stoical dignity and grandeur; especially if it rises from the midst of calamities, like a mast still erect and unbending from a wreck. "Frappé

deux fois de la foudre,—says De Maistre (*Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg*, i. 11), alluding to the losses and sufferings he had to endure in the Revolution,—je n'ai plus de droit à ce qu'on appelle vulgairement bonheur. J'avoue même qu'avant de m'être raffermi par de salutaires réflexions, il m'est arrivé trop souvent de me demander à moi-même, *Que me reste-t-il!* Mais la conscience, à force de me répondre *Moi*, m'a fait rougir de ma foiblesse."

In a certain sense moreover, and that a most awful one, the question *Quid superest?* concerns us all. For to all a time will come, when we shall be stript as bare of every outward thing, in which we have been wont to trust, as Medea could ever be. And one answer which we shall all have to make to that question, will be the same as hers. When everything else has past away from me, *I* shall still remain. But alas for those who will have no other answer than this? U.

No people, I remarkt just now, ever had so lively a feeling of the power of names as the Romans. This is a feature of that political instinct, which characterizes them above every other nation, and which seems to have taught them from the very origin of their state, that their calling and destiny was *regere imperio populos;* whereby moreover they were endowed with an almost unerring sagacity for picking out and appropriating all such institutions as were fitted to forward

their two great works, of conquering and of governing the world.

In the East we seldom hear of any names, except those of the sovereins and their favorites: and those of both classes often become extinct before the natural close of their lives. In Greece the individual comes forward on the ground of his own character, without leaning on his ancestors for support. The descendants of Aristides, of Pericles, of Brasidas, were scarcely distinguisht from their fellowcitizens. But in Rome the name of the house and family predominated over that of the individual. It is at Rome that we first find family names or surnames, names which do not expire with their owners, but are transmitted from generation to generation, carrying down the honours they have already earned, and continually receiving fresh influxes of fame. Traces of a like institution are indeed perceivable in others of the old Italian nations, and even among the Greeks: but it is among the Romans that we first become familiar with it, and behold its political power. By means of their names, political principles, political duties, political affections were imprest on the minds of the Romans from their birth. Every member of a great house had a determinate course markt out for him, the path in which his forefathers had trod: his name admonisht him of what he owed to his country. The Valerii, the Fabii, the Claudii, the Cornelii had special and mighty motives to prompt them

to patriotism: and a twofold disgrace awaited them, if they shrank from their post. Niebuhr (vol. ii. p. 376) has pointed out how the measures of eminent Roman statesmen were often considered as heirlooms, so as to be perfected or revived by namesakes of their first proposers, even after the lapse of centuries. And who can doubt that the younger Cato's mind was stirred by the renown of the elder? or that the example of the first Brutus haunted the second, and whispered to him, that it behoved him also, at whatsoever cost of personal affection, to deliver his country from the tyrant?

The same feeling, the same influence of names manifests itself in the history of the Italian republics. Nor have the other nations of modern Europe been without it. Only unfortunately the frivolous love of titles, and the petty ambition of mounting from one step in the peerage to another have stunted their power. How much greater and brighter would the great names in our history have been,—the names of Howard, and Percy, and Nevile, and Stanley, and Wentworth, and Russell,—if so much of their glory had not been drawn off upon other titles, which, though persons verst in pedigrees know them to belong to the same blood, are not associated with them in the minds of the people! This may be one of the reasons why our nobility has produced so few great men, that is, considering the means and opportunities, afforded by our Constitution. Great

men rise up into it; and a title is put as an extinguisher upon them. What is the most gorgeous highflown title which a soverein of France could devise, even were it that of arch-grand-duke, compared with the name of Montmorency? The Spanish grandees shew a much truer aristocratical feeling, in wearing their oldest titles, instead of what are vulgarly deemed their highest.

For the true spirit of an aristocracy is not personal, but corporate. He who is animated by that spirit, would rather be a branch of a great tree, than a sucker from it. The demagogue's aim and triumph is to be lifted up on the shoulders of the mob: when thus borne aloft, he exults, however unsteady his seat, however rapidly he may be sure to fall. But the aristocrat is content to abide within the body of his order, and to derive his honour and influence from his order, more than from himself. The glory of his ancestors is his. Another symptom of the all-engulfing whirl with which the feeling of personality has been swallowing up everything else for the last century, is the stale, flat ridicule lavisht by every witling and dullard on those who take pride in an illustrious ancestry. We had become unable to understand any honour but that which was personal, any merit or claim but personal. We had dwindled and shrunk into a host of bare *Is*.

Even the way in which a Roman begins his letter, heading it with his name at full length, was

significant. Whereas we skulk with ours into a corner, and often pare it down to initials. U.

A rumpled rose-leaf lay in my path. There was one little stain on it: but it was still very sweet. Why was it to be trampled under foot, or lookt on as food for swine?

There is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses, as between the smell of a flower-garden and of a perfumer's shop.

When you see an action in itself noble, to suspect the soundness of its motive is like supposing everything high, mountains among the rest, to be hollow. Yet how many unbelieving believers pride themselves on this uncharitable folly! These are your silly vulgar-wise, your shallow men of penetration, who measure all things by their own littleness, and who, by professing to know nothing else, seem to fancy they earn an exclusive right to know human nature. Let none such be trusted in their judgements upon any one, not even on themselves always.

There are certain writers of works of fiction, who seem to delight in playing at cup and ball with vice and virtue. Is it *right* you thought you saw? you find it to be *wrong: wrong?* presto! it has become *right.* Their hero is a moral prodigy, mostly profligate, often murderous, not

seldom both ; but, whether both or either, always virtuous. Possessing, as they inform us, a fine understanding, resolved, as he is ever assuring us, to do right in despite of all mankind, he is perpetually falling into actions atrocious and detestable,—not from the sinfulness of human nature,—not from carelessness, or presumption, or rashly dallying with temptation,—but because the world is a moral labyrinth, every winding in which leads to monstrous evil. Such an entanglement of circumstances is devised, as God never permits to occur, except perhaps in extraordinary times to extraordinary men. Into these the hero is thrown headlong; and every foul and bloody step he takes, is ascribed to some amiable weakness, or some noble impulse, deserving our sympathy and admiration.

And what fruits do these eccentric geniuses bring us from their wilderness of horrours? They seduce us into a pernicious belief that feeling and duty are irreconcilable ; and thus they hypothetically suspend Providence, to necessitate and sanction crime.

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose ; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

Taste appreciates pictures : connoisseurship appraises them. T.

We are always saying with anger or wonder,

that such and such a work of genius is unpopular. Yet how can it be otherwise? Surely it would be a contradiction, were the most extraordinary books in a language the commonest; at least till they have been made so by fashion, which, to say nothing of its capriciousness, is oligarchal.

Are you surprised that our friend Matthew has married such a woman? and surprised too, because he is a man of genius? That is the very reason of his doing it. To be sure she came to him without a shift to her back: but his genius is rich enough to deck her out in purple and fine linen. So long as these last, all will go on comfortably. But when they are worn out, and the stock exhausted, alas poor wife! shall I say? or alas poor Matthew!

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of Love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent. A.

Man has,

First, animal appetites; and hence animal impulses.

Secondly, moral cravings; either unregulated by reason, which are passions; or regulated and controlled by it, which are feelings; hence moral impulses.

Thirdly, the power of weighing probabilities; and hence prudence.

Fourthly, the *vis logica*, evolving consequences from axioms, necessary deductions from certain principles, whether they be mathematical, as in the theorems of geometry, or moral, as of duty from the idea of God; hence Conscience, at once the voice of Duty speaking to the soul, and the ear with which the soul hears the commands of Duty.

This idea, the idea of God, is, beyond all question or comparison, the one great seminal principle; inasmuch as it combines and comprehends all the faculties of our nature, converging in it as their common centre,—brings the reason to sanction the aspirations of the imagination,—impregnates law with the vitality and attractiveness of the affections,—and establishes the natural legitimate subordination of the body to the will, and of both to the *vis logica* or reason, by involving the necessary and entire dependence of the created on the Creator. But, although this idea is the end and the beginning, the ocean and the fountain-head of all duty, yet are there many contributory streams of principle, to which men in all ages have been content to trust themselves. Such are the disposition to do good for its own sake, patriotism, that earthly religion of the ancients, obedience to law, reverence for parents.

A few corroborative observations may be added.

First: passion is refined into feeling by being

brought under the controll of reason; in other words, by being in some degree tempered with the idea of duty.

Secondly: a deliberate impulse appears to be a contradiction in terms: yet its existence must be admitted, if we deny the existence of principles. For there are actions on record, which, although the results of predetermination, possest all the self-sacrifice of a momentary impulse. The conduct of Manlius when challenged by the Gaul, contrasted with that of his son on a like occasion, strikingly illustrates the difference between principle and impulse: of which difference moreover, to the unquestionable exclusion of prudence, the premeditated self-devotion of Decius furnishes another instance.

Thirdly: the mind, when allowed its full and free play, prefers moral good, however faintly, to moral evil. Hence the old confession, *Video meliora proboque:* and hence are we so much better judges in another's case than our own. In like manner the philosophic Apostle demonstrates the existence of the law written in our hearts, from the testimony borne by the conscience to our own deeds, and the sentence of acquittal or condemnation which we pass on each other. And although this preference for good may in most cases be so weak, as to require the subsidiary support of promises and threats, yet the auxiliary enactment is not to be confounded with the primary principle. For, in the Divine Law certainly,

and, I believe, in Human Law also, where it is not the arbitrary decree of ignorance or injustice, the necessity and consequent obligation to obedience must have existed, at least potentially, from all eternity; Law being an exposition, and not an origination of duty: while punishment, a thing in its very nature variable, is a subsequent appendage, "because of transgressions." Even the approval of conscience, although coincident with the performance of the act approved, must be as distinct from it as effect from cause: not to insist on that approval's not being confined to duty in its highest sense, but being extended on fitting occasions both to moral impulses and to prudence.

Fourthly: there are classes of words, such as *generous* and *base*, *good* and *bad*, *right* and *wrong*, which belong to the moral feelings and principles contended for, and which have no meaning without them: and their existence, not merely in the writings of philosophers, but in the mouths of the commonalty, should perhaps be deemed enough to establish the facts, of which they profess to be the expressions and opponents. Surely the trite principle, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, is applicable here also, and may for once be enlisted in the service of the good cause. But besides, the existence of Duty, as in itself an ultimate and satisfactory end, is notoriously a favorite topic with great orators; who can only be great, because their more vivid sensibility gives them a deeper practical

sight into the springs and workings of the human heart; and who, it is equally certain, would not even be considered great, were their views of humanity altogether and fundamentally untrue. Without going back to Demosthenes, the most eloquent writers of our days have distinguisht themselves by attacks on the selfish system.

To the same purpose is the epitaph on Leonidas and his Spartans: *They fell in obedience to the laws.* Were not obedience a duty in itself, without any reference to a penalty, this famous epitaph would dwindle into an unintelligible synonym for *They died to escape whipping.* On the other hand, were not such obedience possible, the epitaph would be rank nonsense.

The fact is, if the doctrines of the selfish philosophers,—as I must call them, in compliance with usage, and for lack of a more appropriate name, though they themselves, were they consistent, would shrink from the imputation of anything so fantastical and irrational as *the love of wisdom*, and would rather be styled systematic selfseekers,—if, I say, their doctrines are true, every book that was ever written, in whatsoever language, on whatsoever subject, and of whatsoever kind, unless it be a mere table of logarithms, ought forthwith to be written afresh. For in their present state they are all the spawn of falsehood cast upon the waters of nonsense. Great need verily is there that this school of exenterated rulemongers and

eviscerated logicians should set about rewriting every book, ay, even their own. For, whatever they may have thought, they have been fain to speak like the rest of the world, with the single exception of Mr Bentham; who, discerning the impossibility of giving vent to his doctrines in any language hitherto spoken by man, has with his peculiar judgement coined a new gibberish of his own for his private circulation. Yet one might wager one should not read many pages, before even he would be caught tripping.

Clumsy as this procedure may be, it is at all events honester and more straightforward than the course adopted by Hobbes; who, instead of issuing new tokens, such as everybody might recognise to be his, chose to retain the terms in common use, stamping their impress however on the base metal of his own brain, and trying to palm this off as the king's English. If any one wishes to see the absolute incompatibility of the selfish doctrines with the universal feelings of mankind, let him read the eighth and ninth chapters of Hobbeses *Human Nature*, and remark how audaciously he perverts and distorts the words he pretends to explain, as the only means of keeping them from giving the lie to his system. It is curious, to what shifts a man, who is often a clear thinker, and mostly writes with precision, is compelled to resort, when, having mounted the great horse of philosophy with his face tailward, he sets off on this *a posteriori* course, shouting, *Look! how*

fast I am getting on! It is true, instead of coming to meet me, everything seems to be running away: but this is only because I have emancipated myself from the bondage of gravitation, and can distinguish the motion of the earth as it rolls under me; while all other men are swept blindly along with it.

When one looks merely at the style of Hobbes, and at that of Mr Bentham's later works, it is not easy to conceive two writers more different. Yet they have much in common. Both have the same shrewdness of practical observation, the same clearness of view, so far as the spectacles they have chosen to put on allow them to see,—the same fondness for stringing everything on a single principle. Both have the same arrogant, overweening, contemptuous selfconceit. Both look with the same vulgar scorn on all the wisdom of former times, and of their own. Both deem they have a monopoly of all truth, and that whatever is not of their own manufacture is contraband. Both too seem to have been men of regular moral habits, having naturally cold and calm temperaments, undisturbed by lively affections, unruffled by emotions, with no strong feelings except such as were kindled or fanned by self-love. Thus they both reacht a great age, exemplifying their systems, so far as this is possible, in their own lives; and they only drew from themselves, while they fancied they were representing human nature.

In knowledge indeed, especially in the variety of his information, Mr Bentham was far superior to the sophist of Malmsbury; although what made him so confident in his knowledge, was that it was only half-knowledge. He wanted the higher Socratic half, the knowledge of his own ignorance. Hobbes, it is said, was wont to make it a boast, that he had read so little; for that, if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant. What his ignorance in that case might have been, we cannot judge; but it could not well have been grosser than what he is perpetually displaying. To appreciate the arrogance of his boast, we must remember that he was the friend of Selden; who, while his learning embraced the whole field of knowledge, was no way inferior to Hobbes in the vigour of his practical understanding, and in sound, sterling, desophisticating sense was far superior to him.

As to the difference in style between the two chiefs of the selfish school, it answers to that in their political opinions. For a creed, which acknowledges no principles beyond the figments of the understanding, may accommodate itself to any form of government; not merely submitting to it, as Christianity does, for conscience sake, but setting it up as excellent in itself, and worshiping it. Accordingly we find them diverging into opposite extremes. While Hobbes bowed to the ground before the idol of absolute monarchy, his successor's leanings were all in favour of

democracy. The former, caring only about quiet, and the being able to pursue his studies undisturbed, wisht to leave everything as it was; and thus in style too conformed, so far as his doctrines allowed, to common usage. Mr Bentham on the other hand, as he ever rejoiced to see society resolving into its elements, seemed desirous to throw back language also into a chaotic state. Unable to understand organic unity and growth, he lookt upon a hyphen as the only bond of union. U.

By a happy contradiction, no system of philosophy gives such a base view of human nature, as that which is founded on self-love. So sure is self-love to degrade whatever it touches. U.

There have indeed been minds overlaid by much reading, men who have piled such a load of books on their heads, their brains have seemed to be squasht by them. This however was not the character of the learned men in the age of Hobbes. Though they did not all rise to a commanding highth above the whole expanse of knowledge, like Scaliger, or like Niebuhr in our times, so as to survey it at once with a mighty, darting glance, discerning the proportions and bearings of all its parts; yet the scholars of those days had no slight advantages, on the one hand in the comparative narrowness and unity of the field of knowledge, and on the other hand in the labour then required to traverse it; above

all, in the discipline of a positive education, and in having determinate principles, according to which every fresh accession of information was to be judged and disposed of. Their principles may have been mixt up with a good deal of errour; but at all events they were not at the mercy of the winds, to veer round and round with every blast. Their knowledge too was to be drawn, not at second or third or tenth hand, from abstracts and abridgements, and compilations and compendiums, and tables of contents and indexes, but straight from the original sources. Hence they had a firmer footing. They often knew not how to make a right use of their knowledge, and lackt critical discrimination: but few of them felt their learning an incumbrance, or were disabled by it for walking steadily. Thus even in their scantiness of means there were advantages; just as, according to the great law of compensation, riches of every kind have their disadvantages. That which we acquire laboriously, by straining all our faculties to win it, is more our own, and braces our minds more. Even in Melanchthon's time this was felt, and that the greater facilities in obtaining books were not purely beneficial. The exercise of transcribing the ancient writers, he tells his pupils (*Oper.* III. 378), had its good. "Demosthenes fertur octies descripsisse Thucydidem. Ego ipse Pauli Epistolam ad Romanos graecam ter descripsi. Ac memini me ex Capnione audire, quondam eo solidius fuisse doctos

homines, quia certos auctores, et in qualibet arte praecipuos, cum manu sua singuli describerent, penitus ediscebant. Nunc distrahi studia, nec immorari ingenia certis auctoribus, vel scribendo, vel legendo." It is true, there is an aptness to exaggerate the evils of improvements as well as the benefits; and a man may be great in spite of his riches, even as he may enter into the Kingdom of Heaven in spite of them. But great men are such by an inward power, not through outward means, and may be all the greater for the want of those means.

Yet on the other hand in Bacon himself one may perceive that many of the flaws, which here and there disfigure his writings, would have vanisht if he had entertained less disparaging notions of his predecessors, and not allowed himself to be dazzled by the ambition of being in all things the reformer of philosophy. Even if learning were mere ballast, a large and stout ship will bear a heavy load of it, and sail all the better. But a wise man will make use of his predecessors as rowers, who will waft him along far more rapidly and safely, and over a far wider range of waters, than he could cross in any skiff of his own. Adopting Bacon's image, that we see beyond antiquity, from standing upon it, at all events we must take up our stand there, and not kick it from under us: else we ourselves fall along with it. True wisdom is always catholic, even when protesting the most loudly and strongly.

It knows that the real stars are those which move on calmly and peacefully in the midst of their heavenly brotherhood. Those which rush out from thence, and disdain communion with them, are no stars, but fleeting, perishable meteors.

Even in poetry, he would be a bold man who would assert that Milton's learning impaired his genius. At times it may be obtrusive; but it more than makes amends for this at other times. Or would Virgil, would Horace, would Gray, have been greater poets, had they been less familiar with those who went before them? For this is the real question. They must be compared with themselves, not with other poets more richly gifted by Nature.

Desultory reading is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care, and is most improved by it. But a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind, than hard exercise will weaken the body: nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak is by its leaves, or than Samson was by his locks. He whose sinews are drained by his hair, must already be a weakling. U.

We may keep the devil without the swine, but not the swine without the devil.

The Christian religion may be lookt upon under a twofold aspect; as revealing and declaring a few mysterious doctrines, beyond the grasp and reach of our reason, and as confirming and establishing a number of moral truths, which, from their near and evident connexion with our social wants, might enter into a scheme of religion, such as a human legislator would devise.

The divine origin of any system confining itself to truths of the latter kind would be liable to strong suspicions. For what a mere man is capable of deducing, will not rise high enough to have flowed down from heaven. On the other hand a system composed wholly of abstruse doctrines, however it might feed the wonder of the vulgar, could never have been the gift of God. A Being who knows the extent of our wants, and the violence of our passions,—all whose ordinary dispensations moreover are fraught with usefulness, and stampt with love,—such a Being, our Maker, could never have sent us an unfruitful revelation of strange truths, which left men in the condition it found them in, as selfish, as hard-hearted, as voluptuous. Accordingly, as Dr Whateley has shewn in his *Essays on some Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, the practical character of a Revelation, and its abstaining from questions of mere curiosity, is an essential condition, or at least a very probable mark of its truth.

Christianity answers the anticipations of Philosophy in both these important respects. Its precepts are holy and imperative; its mysteries vast, undiscoverable, unimaginable; and, what is still worthier of consideration, these two limbs of our religion are not severed, or even laxly joined, but, after the workmanship of the God of Nature, so "lock in with and overwrap one another," that they cannot be torn asunder without rude force. Every mystery is the germ of a duty: every duty has its motive in a mystery. So that, if I may speak of these things in the symbolical language of ancient wisdom,—every thing divine being circular, every right thing human straight,—the life of the Christian may be compared to a chord, each end of which is supported by the arc it proceeds from and terminates in.

Were not the mysteries of antiquity, in their practical effect, a sort of religious peerage, to embrace and absorb those persons whose enquiries might endanger the establisht belief? If so, it is a strong presumption in favour of Christianity, that it contains none; especially as it borrows no aid from castes.

A use must have preceded an abuse, properly so called.

Nobody has ever been able to change today into tomorrow,—or into yesterday: and yet

everybody, who has much energy of character, is trying to do one or the other. U.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon. U.

There are instances, a physician has told me, of persons, who, having been crowded with others in prisons so ill ventilated as to breed an infectious fever, have yet escaped it, from the gradual adaptation of their constitutions to the noxious atmosphere they had generated. This avoids the inference so often drawn, as to the harmlessness of mischievous doctrines, from the innocent lives of the men with whom they originated. To form a correct judgement concerning the tendency of any doctrine, we should rather look at the fruit it bears in the disciples, than in the teacher. For he only made it; they are made by it.

La pobreza no es vileza, Poverty is no disgrace, says the Biscayan proverb. *Paupertas ridiculos homines facit,* says the Roman satirist. Is there an Englishman, who, being askt which is the wiser and better saying, would not instantly answer, *The first?* Yet how many are there, who half an hour after would not quiz a poor gentleman's coat or dinner, if the thought of it came across them? Be consistent, for shame, even in evil. But no! still be inconsistent; that your practice, thus

glaringly at variance with your principle, may sooner fall to the ground.

Who wants to see a masquerade? might be written under a looking-glass. U.

Languages are the barometers of national thought and character. Horne Tooke, in attempting to fix the quicksilver for his own metaphysical ends, acted much like a little playfellow of mine, at the first school I was at, who screwed the master's weatherglass up to fair, to make sure of a fine day for a holiday.

Every age has a language of its own; and the difference in the words is often far greater than in the thoughts. The main employment of authors, in their collective capacity, is to translate the thoughts of other ages into the language of their own. Nor is this a useless or unimportant task: for it is the only way of making knowledge either fruitful or powerful.

Reviewers are for ever telling authors, they can't understand them. The author might often reply: *Is that my fault?* U.

The climate might perhaps have absorbed the intellect of Greece, instead of tempering it to a love of beauty, but for the awakening and stirring excitements of a national poem, barbaric wars, a

confined territory, republican institutions and the activity they generate, the absence of any recluse profession, and a form of worship in which art predominated. The poets of such a people would naturally be lyrical. But at Athens Homer, the Dionysiacs, and Pericles, by their united influence, fostered them into dramatists. The glories of their country inspired them with enthusiastic patriotism; and an aristocratical religion (which, until it was supplanted by a vulgar philosophy, was revered, in spite of all its errours,) gave them depth, and made them solemn at least, if not terrible. Energy they owed to their contests, and correctness to the practist ears of their audience.

On the other hand, the centurion's rod, the forum, the consulate, Hannibal, and in later times the Civil Wars,—pride, and the suppression of feeling taught by pride,—Epicureanism, which dwarft Lucretius, though it could not stifle him,—the overwhelming perfection of the great Greek models, and the benumbing frost of a jealous despotism,—would not allow the Romans, except at rare intervals, to be poets. Perhaps the greatest in their language is Livy.

Such at least must be the opinion of the author of Gebir, whose writings are more deeply impregnated, than those of any Englishman of our times, with the spirit of classical antiquity. In a note on that singular poem, he goes so far as to compare Livy with Shakspeare, and in one respect gives the advantage to the Roman.

"Shakspeare (he says) is the only writer that ever knew so intimately, or ever described so accurately, the variations of the human character. But Livy is always great." The same too must have been the opinion of the great historian, who seemed to have been raised up, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, to revive the glories of ancient Rome, and to teach us far more about the Romans, than they ever knew about themselves. Niebuhr agrees with Landor in praising Livy's brilliant talent for the representation of human character; while in another place he justly complains of Virgil's inability to infuse life into the shadowy names with which he has swelled the muster-roll of his poem.

South's sentences are gems, hard and shining: Voltaire's look like them, but are only French paste. Kant extends this contrast to the two nations, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, where he says, § 4, "In England profound thoughts are native, tragedy, epic poetry, and the massive gold of wit; which is beat out by a French hammer into thin leaves of a great superficies."

Some men so dislike the dust kickt up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping. U.

How much better the world would go on, if people could but do now and then, what Lord Castlereagh used to deprecate, and turn their backs upon themselves! U.

The most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth. U.

Hardly anything is so difficult in writing, as to write with ease. U.

Contrast is a kind of relation.

Instead of watching the bird as it flies above our heads, we chase his shadow along the ground; and, finding we cannot grasp it, we conclude it to be nothing.

There is something odd in the disposition of an Englishman's senses. He sees with his fingers, and hears with his toes. Enter a gallery of pictures: you find all the spectators longing to become handlers. Go to hear an opera of Mozart's; your next neighbour keeps all the while kicking time . . . as if he could not kill it without. U.

Excessive indulgence to others, especially to children, is in fact only self-indulgence under an *alias*. U.

Poverty breeds wealth; and wealth in its turn

breeds poverty. The earth, to form the mound, is taken out of the ditch; and whatever may be the highth of the one, will be the depth of the other.

Pliny speaks of certain animals that will fatten on smoke. How lucky would it be for sundry eloquent statesmen, if they could get men to do so! U.

The great cry with everybody is, *Get on! get on!* just as if the world were traveling post. How astonisht people will be, when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser, laying no schemes to be made archangels!

Is not every true lover a martyr? U.

Unitarianism has no root in the permanent principles of human nature. In fact it is a religion of accidents, depending for its reception on a particular turn of thought, a particular state of knowledge, and a particular situation in society. This alone is a sufficient disproof of it.

But moreover its postulates involve the absurdity of coupling infinity with man. No wonder that, beginning with raising him into a god, it has ended with degrading him into a beast. In attempting to erect a Babel on a foundation of a foot square, the Socinians constructed a building which, being top-heavy, overturned; and its bricks,

instead of stopping at the ground, struck into it from the violence of the fall.

Calvinism is not imaginative. To stand therefore, it should in some degree be scientific: whereas no system of Christianity presents greater difficulties to the understanding, none so great to the moral sense. Heavy as these difficulties are, the unbending faith of the Swiss Reformer would have borne up under still heavier. But after a few generations, when zeal subsides, such a weight is found to be inconvenient; and men loosen the articles which press the hardest, until they slip off one after another. Scepticism however, like other things, is enlarged and pampered by indulgence: as the current gets more sluggish, the water gets thicker: and the dregs of Calvinism stagnate into Socinianism.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polisht and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself,—in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought therefore to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate,—not hasty in judgement, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive; for these things are contrary

to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be, were the true meaning of the name borne in mind and duly inculcated. But alas! we are misled by etymology; and because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, people seem to fancy they shall lose caste unless they act as Gentiles.

To no kind of begging are people so averse, as to begging pardon; that is, when there is any serious ground for doing so. When there is none, this phrase is as soon taken in vain, as other momentous words are upon light occasions. On the other hand there is a kind of begging which everybody is forward enough at; and that is, begging the question. Yet surely a gentle-man should be as ready to do the former, as a reasonable man should be loth to do the latter. U.

What a proof it is that the carnal heart is enmity, to find that almost all our prejudices are against others! so much so indeed, that this has become an integral part of the word: whatever is to a man's prejudice, is to his hurt. Nay, I have sometimes found it hard to convince a person, that it is possible to have a prejudice in favour of another. It is only Christian love, that can believe all things, and hope all things, even of our fellow-creatures.

But is there not a strange contradiction here? The carnal heart, which thinks so basely of its

neighbours, thinks haughtily of itself: while the Christian, who knows and feels the evil of his own nature, can yet look for good in his neighbours. How is this to be solved?

Why, it is only when blinded by self love, that we can think proudly of our nature. Take away that blind; and in our judgements of others we are quicksighted enough to see there is very little in that nature to rely on. Whereas the Christian can hope all things; because he grounds his hope, not on man, but on God, and trusts that the same power which has wrought good in him, will also work good in his neighbour. U.

Temporary madness may perhaps be necessary in some cases, to cleanse and renovate the mind; just as a fit of illness is to carry off the humours of the body.

A portrait has one advantage over its original: it is unconscious: and so you may admire, without insulting it. I have seen portraits which have more. U.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it. A.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

Children always turn toward the light. O

that grown-up people in this would become like little children. U.

Civilization takes the heart, and sticks it beside the head, just where Spurzheim finds the organ of acquisitiveness. No wonder she fancies she has elevated man altogether, since she has thus raised the most valuable part of him, and at the same time has thus enlarged the highest.

Men have often been warned against old prejudices: I would rather warn them against new conceits. The novelty of an opinion on any moral question is a presumption against it. Generally speaking, it is only the half-thinker, who, in matters concerning the feelings and ancestral opinions of men, stumbles on new conclusions. The true philosopher searches out something else,—the propriety of the feeling, the wisdom of the opinion, the deep and living roots of whatever is fair or enduring. For on such points, to use a happy phrase of Dugald Stewart's, (*Philosophy of the Human Mind*, ii. 75,) "our first and third thoughts will be found to coincide."

Burke was a fine specimen of a *third-thoughted* man. So in our own times, consciously and professedly, was Coleridge; who delighted in nothing more than in the revival of a dormant truth, and who ever lookt over the level of the present age to the hills containing the sources and springs whereby that level is watered. Let me cite an

instance of what I mean from the life of Jeremy Taylor, by . . the title has, Reginald Heber. So let me call him then. I only anticipate the affectionate familiarity of future ages, in whose ears (as a friend of mine well prophesies) *the Bishop of Calcutta* will sound as strange, as *the Bishop of Down and Connor* would in ours. The passage I refer to is a defense of the good old institution of *sizars*, or *poor scholars*. Its length prevents my quoting it entire ; but I cannot forbear enriching my pages with some of the concluding sentences. "It is easy to declaim against the indecorum and illiberality of depressing the poorer students into servants. But it would be more candid, and more consistent with truth, to say that our ancestors elevated their servants to the rank of students; softening, as much as possible, every invidious distinction, and rendering the convenience of the wealthy the means of extending the benefits of education to those whose poverty must otherwise have shut them out from the springs of knowledge. And the very distinction of dress, which has so often been complained of, the very nature of those duties, which have been esteemed degrading, were of use in preventing the intrusion of the higher classes into situations intended only for the benefit of the poor ; while, by separating the last from the familiar society of the wealthier students, they prevented that dangerous emulation of expense, which in more modern times

has almost excluded them from the University." (p. ix.)*

Was it superfluous to quote a passage, which my readers were already acquainted with? I rejoice to hear it; and wish I could believe they had as good cause for objecting to the following extract from Coleridge's *Literary Biography* (ii. p. 60), containing a similar apology for a practice dictated by natural feelings, but which has often been severely condemned. "It is no less an errour in teachers, than a torment to the poor children, to enforce the necessity of reading as they would talk. In order to cure them of *singing*, as it is called,—the child is made to repeat the words with his eyes from off the book: and then indeed his tones resemble talking, as far as his fears, tears, and trembling will permit. But as soon as the eye is again directed to the printed

* The foregoing page was just printed off, when the news came that India had lost its good bishop. At the time when I ventured on that passing mention of him, I was little disturbed by the thought of its inadequateness; knowing that it would not offend him, if the passage ever chanced to meet his eye. He would have deemed himself beholden to the meanest stranger for an offering of honest admiration, and, I doubted not, would accept my tribute of gratitude and affection with his wonted gentleness. And now . . . now that he has been taken from us . . . why should I not declare the truth? though I should have rejoiced to speak of him worthily, if God had given me the power to speak worthily of such a man; yet, being what I am, that I have said no more does not pain me . . . perhaps because my heart seems to say, that love and sorrow make all gifts equal.

page, the spell begins anew: for an instinctive sense tells the child, that to utter its own momentary thoughts, and to recite the written thoughts of another, as of another, and a far wiser than himself, are too widely different things; and as the two acts are accompanied with widely different feelings, so must they justify different modes of enunciation."

My introductory remarks however, I scarcely need add, apply to ends only, not to means. For means are variable; ends continue the same. The road from London to Edinburgh may be improved; horses may become swifter, carriages lighter: but Edinburgh seems likely to stay pretty much in the same spot where it is now.

The next best thing to a very good joke, is a very bad joke: the next best thing to a very good argument, is a very bad one. In wit and reasoning, as in the streets of Paris, you must beware of the old maxim, *medio tutissimus ibis.* In that city it would lead you into the gutter: in your intellectual march it would sink you in the dry, sandy wastes of dulness. But the self-same result which a good joke or a good argument accomplishes regularly and according to law, is now and then reacht by their misshapen brethren *per saltum* as a piece of luck.

Few trains of logic, however ingenious and fine, have given me so much pleasure,—and yet a good argument is among dainties one of the daintiest,

—few, very few, have so much pure truth in them, as the exclamation, *How good it was of God to put Sunday at one end of the week! for if He had put it in the middle, He would have made a broken week of it.* The feeling here is so true and strong, as to overpower all perception of the rugged way along which it carries us. It gains its point; and that is all it cares for. It knows nothing of doubt or faintheartedness, but goes to work much like our sailors: everybody, who does not know them, swears they must fail; yet they are sure to succeed. He who is animated with such a never hesitating, never questioning conviction that every ordinance of God is for good, although he may miss the actual good in the particular instance, cannot go far wrong in the end.

There is a speech of a like character related in Mr Turner's *Tour in Normandy* (i. p. 120). He entered one day into conversation with a Frenchman of the lower orders, a religious man, whom he found praying before a broken cross. They were sitting in a ruined chapel. "The devotee mourned over its destruction, and over the state of the times which could countenance such impiety; and gradually, as he turned over the leaves of the prayer-book in his hand, he was led to read aloud the 137th Psalm, commenting on every verse as he proceeded, and weeping more and more bitterly, when he came to the part commemorating the ruin of Jerusalem, which he applied

to the captive state of France, exclaiming against Prussia as cruel Babylon. *Yet*, we askt, *how can you reconcile with the spirit of Christianity the permission given to the Jews by the Psalmist to take up her little ones and dash them against the stones? —Ah! you misunderstand the sense; the Psalm does not authorize cruelty: mais, attendez! ce n'est pas ainsi: ces pierres-là sont Saint Pierre; et heureux celui qui les attachera à Saint Pierre; qui montrera de l'attachement, de l'intrépidité pour sa religion!* This is a specimen of the curious perversions under which the Roman Catholic faith does not scruple to take refuge."

"Surely in other thoughts Contempt might die." The question was at best very thoughtless and illjudged: its purpose was to unsettle the poor man's faith: it offered no solution of the doubts it suggested: and no judicious person will so address the uneducated. But it is cheering to see how the Frenchman takes up the futile shaft, and tosses it back again, and finds nothing but an occasion to shew the entireness of his faith. Moreover, though Mr Turner hardly thought it, there is much more truth in the reply than in the question. All that there is in the latter, is one of those half truths, which, by setting up alone, bankrupt themselves, and become falsehoods; while the Frenchman begins in truth, and ends in truth, taking a somewhat strange course indeed to get from one point to the other. Still in him we perceive, though in a low and rude

state, that wisdom of the heart, that *esprit du cœur*, or *mens cordis*, which *the Broad Stone of Honour* inculcates so eloquently and so fervently, and which, if it be severed from the wisdom of the head, is far the more precious of the two; while in their union it is like the odour which in some indescribable way mingles with the hues of the flower, softening its beauty into loveliness. No truly wise man has ever been without it: but in few has it ever been found in such purity and perfection, as in the author of that noble manual for gentlemen, that volume which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such prompting would be needless, to love it next to his Bible. 1826. U.

These words, written eleven years ago, were an expression of ardent and affectionate admiration for a book, which seemed to me fitted, above almost all others, to inspire youthful minds with the feelings befitting a Christian gentleman. They refer to the second edition of *the Broad Stone of Honour*, which came out in 1823. Since that time the author has publisht another edition, or rather another work under the same title; for a very small portion of the new one is taken from the old. To this new one, I regret to say, I cannot apply the same terms. Not that it is inferior to the former in its peculiar excellences. On the contrary the author's style, both in language and thought, has become more mature, and still more

beautiful: his reading has been continually widening its range; and he pours forth its precious stores still more prodigally: and the religious spirit, which pervaded the former work, hallows every page of the latter. The new *Broad Stone* is still richer than the old one in magnanimous and holy thoughts, and in tales of honour and of piety. If one sometimes thinks that the author loses himself amid the throng of knightly and saintly personages, whom he calls up before us, it is with the feeling with which Milton must have regarded the moon, when he likened her to "one that had been led astray Through the heaven's wide pathless way." If he strays, it is "through the heaven's wide pathless way:" if he loses himself, it is among the stars. In truth this is an essential, and a very remarkable feature of his catholic spirit. He identifies himself, as few have ever done, with the good, and great, and heroic, and holy, in former times, and ever rejoices in passing out of himself into them: he loves to utter his thoughts and feelings in their words, rather than his own: and the saints and philosophers and warriors of old join in swelling the sacred consort which rises heavenward from his pages.

Nevertheless the new *Broad Stone of Honour* is not a book which can be recommended without hesitation to the young. The very charm, which it is sure to exercise over them, hightens one's scruples about doing so. For in it the author

has come forward as a convert and champion of the Romish church, and as the implacable enemy of Protestantism. This polemical spirit is the one great blemish which disfigures this, and still more his later work, *the Ages of Faith*. The object he sets himself is, to shew that all good, and hardly anything but good, is to be found in the bosom of the Romish Church; and that all evil, and hardly anything but evil, is the growth of Protestantism. These propositions he maintains by what in any other writer one should call a twofold sophism. But Achilles himself was not more incapable of sophistry, than the author of *the Broad Stone of Honour*. No word ever dropt from his pen, which he did not thoroughly believe; difficult as to us doubleminded men it may seem at times to conceive this. Therefore, instead of a twofold sophism, I will call it a twofold delusion, a twofold *Einseitigkeit*, as the more appropriate German word is. He culls the choicest and noblest stories out of fifteen centuries, —and not merely out of history, but out of poetry and romance,—and the purest and sublimest morsels of the great religious writers between the time of the Apostles and the Reformation: and this magnificent spiritual hierarchy he sets before us as a living and trustworthy picture of what the Ages of Faith, as he terms them, actually were. On the other hand, shutting his eyes to what is great and holy in later times, he picks out divers indications of baseness,

unbelief, pusillanimity, and worldlymindedness, as portraying what Europe has become, owing to the dissolution of the unity of the Church. Thus, in speaking of the worthies of the Reformed Churches, he himself not seldom falls into the same strain, which he most justly reprehends in the ordinary Protestant accounts of the middle ages. Alas! whithersoever one looks throughout Christendom,

ἔνθ' ἄνεμοι πνείουσι δύο κρατερῆς ὑπ' ἀνάγκης,
καὶ τύπος ἀντίτυπος, καὶ πῆμ' ἐπὶ πήματι κεῖται.

But it grieves one to the heart to see those blowing the bellows, who ought to be extinguishing the flame. For, though wrath is denounced against those who cry *Peace, Peace!* when there is no peace,—against those who would patch up the rent in the Church by daubing it over with untempered mortar, who think that indifference to all principle is the best cement of union, and that to let the bricks lie at sixes and sevens is the surest way of building up a house of them;—it must never be forgotten on the other hand that a blessing waits upon the peacemakers, that they are the true children of God, and that the most hopeful method of restoring the unity of the Church is, while we unflinchingly and uncompromisingly uphold every essential principle, to maintain all possible candour and indulgence with regard to whatever is accidental or personal.

This is the main difference between the old *Broad Stone of Honour* and the new one. The

former breathed a fervent longing for the reunion of the Catholic Church : the latter is tinged with the anticatholic spirit so common among those who would monopolize the name of Catholics, and is ever breaking out into hostility against Protestantism. The historical views too of the former were more correct. For the evidence, which was ample to vindicate the middle ages from unconditional reprobation, cannot avail to establish that their character was without spot or blemish. Nor does that which is erroneous and perverse in modern times, though well fitted to humble our supercilious pride, prove that we are a mere mass of corruption. An apology is a different thing from a eulogy ; and even a eulogy should have its limits. Nor are hatred and scorn for his own age likely to qualify a man for acting upon it and bettering it.

These remarks will be taken, I hope, as they are meant. I could not suffer my former sentence about *the Broad Stone of Honour* to stand without explanation. Yet it goes against one's heart to retract praise, where love and admiration are undiminisht. I trust that nothing I have said will hurt the feelings of one, who fulfills, as very few men have fulfilled, the idea his writings give of their author, and whom I esteem it a blessed privilege to be allowed to number among my friends. 1837. U.

Great changes have taken place in the opinions

and feelings of many with regard to the Romish Church since the year 1837. The ignorant, truthless abuse, which had long been poured out upon her so unscrupulously, has not indeed ceast to flow, nay, may perhaps be as copious as ever: but it has provoked a reactionary spirit, which is now pouring out apologies and eulogiums, with little more knowledge, and an almost equal carelessness about truth. It would be inconsistent with the character of this little book to engage in such a controversy here. In other places I have been compelled to do so, and, if God gives me life, and power of speech and pen, shall have to do so again and again. For this is one of the chief battles which we in our days are called to wage *because of the word of truth and righteousness*, a battle, about the final issue of which Faith will not let us doubt, but in the course of which many intellects will be cast on the ground and trampled under foot, many may be made captive, and may have their eyes put out, and may even learn to glory in their blindness and their chains. Still we know with whom the victory is; and He will give it to the Truth, and to us, if we seek it earnestly and devoutly, with pure hearts and minds, in her behalf.

Now among the delusions and fallacies, whereby divers minds, apter to follow the impulses of the imagination, than to weigh the force and examine the consistency of a logical chain, have been led to deck out the Church of Rome with charms which

do not rightly appertain to her, a chief place, I believe, belongs to those which *the Broad Stone of Honour* and *the Ages of Faith* have set forth with such beauty and richness. Hence, though I must reserve the exposition of those fallacies for another occasion, I feel bound to renew my protest against the misrepresentations of the whole of modern history which runs through both these works, the apotheosis of the Middle Ages, and the apodiabolosis of the Reformation and its effects. The author has indeed attempted to reply to my objections in the Epilogue to his last volume, and stoutly maintains, though with his usual admirable Christian courtesy, that his pictures do not give an erroneous impression either of the past or of the present. An argument on this issue could not be carried on without long details, illsuited to these small pages. Therefore I must leave it to the judgement of such as may be attracted to contemplate the visions of beauty and holiness which are continually rising up in those works. As these visions however, through the revolutions of opinion, have now become deceptive, I cannot recommend them to the youthful reader, without reminding him at the same time that the theological and ecclesiastical controversies of the nineteenth century are not to be decided by any selection of the anecdotes or apophthegms of the twelfth and thirteenth, and that, even for the sake of forming an estimate on the worth of any particular period, it is necessary to consider

that period in all its bearings, in its worse and baser, as well as in its better and nobler features, and in its relative position with reference to the historical development of mankind. If the picture of the Ages of Faith here presented to us were faithful and complete, instead of being altogether partial, it would no way avail to prove that Popery in our days is the one true form of Christianity, any more than York and Lincoln minsters prove that the Italians in our days build finer churches than we do. U.

Every one who knows anything of Horace or of logic, has heard of the accumulating sophism: *Do twelve grains make a heap? do eighteen? do twenty? do twenty-four?* Twenty-four grains make a heap! oh no! they make a pennyweight. The reply was well enough for that particular case: but, as a general rule, it is safest to answer such captious questions by a comparative, the only elastic and nicely graduated expression of degree which common language furnishes. *Do twelve grains of sand make a heap?* A greater than eleven. *Are a hundred yards far for a healthy man to walk?* Further than ninety-nine.

There is another mode of defense however, which some may think sufficient, and for which I must refer my readers to Aristotle's Treatise on Irony. *Don't be alarmed at those grains of sand,* said a philosopher to a young man who appeared sadly graveled by the accumulating sophism.

The sophist is only playing the part of the East-wind in the comedy. But you dislike such a quantity of dust blown or thrown so palpably into your eyes? Then put on a veil.

Friendship closes its eyes, rather than see the moon eclipst; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

If we could but so divide ourselves as to stay at home at the same time, traveling would be one of the greatest pleasures, and of the most instructive employments in life. As it is, we often lose both ways, more than we gain. U.

Many men spend their lives in gazing at their own shadows, and so dwindle away into shadows thereof. U.

Not a few writers seem to look upon their predecessors as Egyptians, whom they have full licence to spoil of their jewels; a permission, by the by, which, the Jews must have thought, was not confined to a particular occasion and people, but went along with them whithersoever they went, and has never quite expired. And as the jewels taken from the Egyptians were employed in making the golden calf, which the Israelites worshipt as their god, in like manner has it sometimes happened, that the poetical plagiary has been so dazzled by his own patchwork, as to forget

whereof it was made, and to set it up as an idol in the temple of his self-love.

When we read that the Israelites, at the sight of the calf, which they had seen molten in the wilderness, and the materials for which they had themselves supplied, cried out, *These are thy gods, O Israel, that brought thee up out of the land of Egypt!*—we can hardly repress our indignation at such reckless folly. Yet how many are there fully entitled to wear the same triple cap! I do not mean misers merely: these are not the sole idolaters of the golden calf nowadays. All who worship means, of whatsoever kind, material or intellectual,—all, for instance, who think, like the able Historian of the War in the Peninsula, that it was wholly by the strength and discipline of our armies, and by the skill of our general, that we overthrew the imperial despotism of France,—all who forget that it is still the Lord of Hosts, who breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder, and burneth the chariots in the fire,—all who are heedless of that *vox populi*, which, when it bursts from the heaving depths of a nation's heart, is in truth *vox Dei*,—all who take no account of that moral power, without which intellectual ability dwindles into petty cunning, and the mightiest armies, as history has often shewn, become like those armed figures in romance, which look formidable at a distance, but which fall to pieces at a blow, and display their hollowness,—all who conceive that the wellbeing of a people

depends upon its wealth,—all the doters on steam-engines, and cottonmills, and spinningjennies, and railroads, on exports and imports, on commerce and manufactures,—all who dream that mankind may be ennobled and regenerated by being taught to read,—all these, and millions more, who are besotted by analogous delusions in the lesser circles of society, and who fancy that happiness may be attained by riches, or by luxury, or by fame, or by learning, or by science,—one and all may be numbered among the idolaters of the golden calf: one and all cry to their idol, *Thou art my god! Thou hast brought us out of the Egypt of darkness and misery: thou wilt lead us to the Canaan of light and joy.* Verily I would as soon fall down before the golden calf itself, as worship the great idol of the day, the great public instructor, as it is called, the newspaper press. The calf could not even low a lie: and only when the words of the wise are written upon it, can paper be worth more than gold.

And how is it with those who flatter themselves that their own good deeds have brought them out of Egypt? those good deeds which God has commanded them to wrest as spoils from the land of Sin. How is it with those who blindly trust that their good deeds will go before them, and lead them to heaven? Are they not also to be reckoned among the worshipers of the golden calf? of an idol, which their own hands have wrought and set up; of an idol, the very materials of which

would never have been theirs, except through God's command, and the strength His command brings with it. Surely, whether it be for the past, or the future, we need a better leader than any we can either manufacture or mentefacture for ourselves. U.

One evening, as I was walking by a leafy hedge, a light glanced through it across my eyes. At first I tried to fix it, but vainly; till, recollecting that the hedge was the medium of sight, instead of peering directly toward the spot, I searcht among the leaves for a gap. As soon as I found one, I discovered a bright star glimmering on me, which I then stood watching at my ease.

A mystic in my situation would have wearied himself with hunting for the light in the place where he caught the first glance of it, and would not have got beyond an incommunicable assurance that he had seen a vision from heaven, of a nature rather to be dreamt of than described. A materialist would have asserted the light to be visible only in the gap, because through that alone could it be seen distinctly; and thence would have inferred the light to be the gap, or (if more acute and logical than common) at any rate to be produced by it.

I have often thought that the beautiful passage, in which our Saviour compares Himself to a Hen gathering her chickens under her wings,—and

the sublime one in Deuteronomy, where Jehovah's care and guardianship of the Jewish nation is likened to an Eagle stirring up her nest, fluttering over her young, spreading abroad her wings, bearing them on her wings, and making them ride on the high places of the earth,—may be regarded as symbolical of the peculiar character of the two dispensations. The earlier was the manifestation of the power of God, and shews Him forth in His kingly majesty: the latter is the revelation of the love of God, full of all gentleness, and household tenderness, and more than fatherly or motherly kindness. *a.*

It has been deemed a great paradox in Christianity, that it makes Humility the avenue to Glory. Yet what other avenue is there to Wisdom? or even to Knowledge? Would you pick up precious truths, you must bend down and look for them. Everywhere the pearl of great price lies bedded in a shell which has no form or comeliness. It is so in physical science. Bacon has declared it: *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur:* and the triumphs of Science since his days have proved how willing Nature is to be conquered by those who will obey her. It is so in moral speculation. Wordsworth has told us the law of his own mind, the fulfilment of which has enabled him to reveal a new world of poetry: *Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop, Than when we soar.* That it is so likewise in religion, we are assured by those most

comfortable words, *Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.* The same truth is well exprest in the aphorism, which Charles the First, when he entered his name on the books at Oxford, in 1616, subjoined to it: *Si vis omnia subjicere, subjice te rationi.* Happy would it have been for him, if that which flowed thus readily from his pen, had also been graven upon his heart? He would not then have had to write it on the history of his country with characters more glaring and terrible than those of ink.

Moreover the whole intercourse between man and man may be seen, if we look at it closely, to be guided and regulated by the same pervading principle: and that it ought to be so, is generally recognised, instinctively at least, if not consciously. As I have often heard said by him, who, among all the persons I have converst with to the edification of my understanding, had the keenest practical insight into human nature, and best knew the art of controlling and governing men, and winning them over to their good,—the moment anybody is satisfied with himself, everybody else becomes dissatisfied with him; whenever a person thinks much of himself, all other people give over thinking about him. Thus it is not only in the parable, that he who takes the highest room, is turned down with shame to the lowest; while he who sits down in the lowest room, is bid to go up higher. U.

Strange feelings start up and come forward out of the innermost chambers of Memory, when one is employed, after the lapse of ten or a dozen years, in revising a work like the present, which from its nature must needs be so rich in associations of all kinds, so intimately connected with the thoughts and feelings and visions and purposes of former days, and with the old familiar faces, now hidden from the outward eye, the very sight of which was wont to inspire joy and confidence and strength. What would be the heart of an old weatherbeaten hollow stump, if the leaves and blossoms of its youth were suddenly to spring up out of the mould around it, and to remind it how bright and blissful summer was in the years of its prime! That which has died within us, is often the saddest portion of what Death has taken away, sad to all, sad above measure to those in whom no higher life has been awakened. The heavy thought is the thought of what we were, of what we hoped and purpost to have been, of what we ought to have been, of what but for ourselves we might have been, set by the side of what we are; as though we were haunted by the ghost of our own youth. This is a thought the crushing weight of which nothing but a strength above our own can lighten. Else, if our hearts do but keep fresh, we may still love those who are gone, and may still find happiness in loving them.

During the last few pages I seem to have been walking through a churchyard, strewn with the

graves of those whom it was my delight to love and revere, of those from whom I learnt with what excellent gifts and powers the spirit of man is sometimes endowed. The death of India's excellent bishop, Reginald Heber, in whom whatsoever things are lovely were found, has already been spoken of. Coleridge, who is mentioned along with him, has since followed him. The light of his eye also is quencht: none shall listen any more to the sweet music of his voice: none shall feel their souls teem and burst, as beneath the breath of spring, while the lifegiving words of the poet-philosopher flow over them. Niebuhr too has past from the earth, carrying away a richer treasure of knowledge than was ever before lockt up in the breast of a single man. And the illustrious friend, to whom I alluded just now,—he who was always so kind, always so generous, always so indulgent to the weaknesses of others, while he was always endeavouring to make them better than they were,—he who was unwearied in acts of benevolence, ever aiming at the greatest, but never thinking the least below his notice,—who could descend, without feeling that he sank, from the command of armies and the government of an empire, to become a peacemaker in village-brawls,—he in whom dignity was so gentle, and wisdom so playful, and whose laureled head was girt with a chaplet of all the domestic affections,—the soldier, statesman, patriot, Sir John Malcolm,—he too is gathered to his fathers. It is a sorry

amends, that death allows us to give utterance to that admiration, which, so long as its object was living, delicacy commanded us to suppress. A better consolation lies in the thought, that, blessed as it is to have friends on earth, it is still more blessed to have friends in heaven.

But in truth through the whole of this work I have been holding converse with him who was once the partner in it, as he was in all my thoughts and feelings, from the earliest dawn of both. He too is gone. But is he lost to me? O no! He whose heart was ever pouring forth a stream of love, the purity and inexhaustibleness of which betokened its heavenly origin, as he was ever striving to lift me above myself, is still at my side, pointing my gaze upward. Only the love, which was then hidden within him, has now overflowed and transfigured his whole being; and his earthly form is turned into that of an angel of light.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest: Absence perisheth;
Indifference is no more.
The future brightens on the sight;
For on the past has fallen a light,
That tempts us to adore. U.

1837.

The Romans used to say of an argument or opinion, which spreads rapidly, that it takes the popular mind. I should rather say, that the popular mind takes the argument or opinion. *Takes*

it? Yes; as one takes infection: catches it rather, as one catches a fever. For truth, like health, is not easily communicated; but diseases and errours are contagious.

This being so, how much to be deplored are democratical elements in a constitution! Not unless the people are the head of the State: and I have always fancied them the heart; a heart which at times may beat too fast, and perhaps feel too warmly; but which by its pulsations evinces and preserves the life and vigour of the social body.

Of what use are forms, seeing that at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which at times are empty too.

Men of the world hold that it is impossible to do a disinterested action, except from an interested motive; for the sake of admiration, if for no grosser, more tangible gain. Doubtless they are also convinced, that, when the sun is showering light from the sky, he is only standing there to be stared at.

U.

Everybody is impatient for the time when he shall be his own master. And if coming of age were to make one so, if years could indeed "bring the philosophic mind," it would rightly be a day of rejoicing to a whole household and neighbourhood. But too often he who is impatient to

become his own master, when the outward checks are removed, merely becomes his own slave, the slave of a master in the insolent flush of youth, hasty, headstrong, wayward, and tyrannical. Had he really become his own master, the first act of his dominion over himself would have been to put himself under the dominion of a higher Master and a wiser. U.

By the ancients courage was regarded as practically the main part of virtue: by us, though I hope we are not less brave, purity is so regarded now. The former is evidently the animal excellence, a thing not to be left out when we are balancing the one against the other. Still the following considerations weigh more with me. Courage, when not an instinct, is the creation of society, depending for occasions of action (which is essential to it) on outward circumstances, and deriving much both of its character and its motives from popular opinion and esteem. But purity is inward, secret, selfsufficing, harmless, and, to crown all, thoroughly and intimately personal. It is indeed a nature, rather than a virtue; and, like other natures, when most perfect, is least conscious of itself and its perfection. In a word, Courage, however kindled, is fanned by the breath of man: Purity lives and derives its life solely from the spirit of God.

The distinction just noticed has also been pointed out by Landor in the Conversation between Leopold

and Dupaty. "Effeminacy and wickedness (he makes Leopold say, vol. i. p. 62) were correlative terms both in Greek and Latin, as were courage and virtue. Among the English, I hear softness and folly, virtue and purity, are synonymous. Let others determine on which side lies the indication of the more quiet, delicate, and reflecting people." At the same time there is much truth in De Maistre's remark (*Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, i. p. 246): "Ce fut avec une profonde sagesse que les Romains appelèrent du même nom la *force* et la *vertu*. Il n'y a en effet point de vertu proprement dite, sans victoire sur nous-mêmes; et tout ce qui ne nous coûte rien, ne vaut rien." Though mere bravery was the etymological groundwork of the name, moral energy became the main element in the idea, and, in its Stoic form, absorbed all the rest of it.

Much has been written of late years about the spiritual genius of modern times, as contrasted with the predominance of the animal and sensuous life in the classical nations of antiquity. And no doubt such a distinction exists. With the ancients the soul was the vital and motive principle of the body: among the moderns the tendency has rather been to regard the body as merely the veil or garment of the soul. This becomes easily discernible, when, as in the Tribune at Florence, we see one of Raphael's heavenly Madonnas beside one of those Venuses in which the Spirit of the

Earth has put forth all the fascination of its beauty. In the latter we look at the limbs; in the former we contemplate the feelings. Before the one we might perhaps break out into the exclamation of the Bedouin, *Blessed be God, who has made beautiful women!* unless even that thought stray too high above the immediate object before us. In the other the sight does not pause at the outward lineaments, but pierces through to the soul; and we behold the meekness of the handmaiden, the purity of the virgin, the fervent, humble, adoring love of the mother who sees her God in her Child.

But when the source of this main difference between the two great periods in the history of man has been sought after, the seekers have gone far astray. They have bewildered themselves in the mazy forest of natural causes, where, as the old saying has it, *one can't see the wood for the trees.* One set have talkt about the influence of climate; as if the sky and soil of Italy had undergone some wonderful change between the days of Augustus and those when Dante sang and Giotto painted. Others have taken their stand among the Northern nations, echoing Montesquieu's celebrated remark, that this fine system was found in the woods; as though mead and beer could not intoxicate as well as wine; as though Walhalla with its blood and its skull-cups were less sensual than the Elysian Islands of the Blest. A third party have gone a journey into the

East; as if it were possible for the human spirit to be more imbruted, more bemired by sensuality, than amid the voluptuousness and the macerations of Oriental religions. The praise is not of man, but of God. It is only by His light, that we see light. If we are at all better than those first men, who were of the earth, earthy, it is because the second Man was the Lord from Heaven.

Here let me take up the thread of the foregoing remark on the two notions concerning the primary constituent of virtue. Courage may be considered as purity in outward action; purity as courage in the inner man, in the more appalling struggles which are waged within our own hearts. The ancients, as was to be expected, lookt to the former: the moderns have rather fixt their attention on the latter. This does not result however, as seems to be hinted in the first of the passages quoted above, from our superior delicacy and reflexion. At least the same question would recur: whence comes this superiority of ours in delicacy and reflexion? The cause is to be found in Christianity, and in Christianity alone. Heathen poets and philosophers may now and then have caught fleeting glimpses of the principle which has wrought this change: but as the foundation of all morality, the one paramount maxim, it was first proclaimed in *the Sermon on the Mount.*

This leads me to notice a further advantage which the modern principle has over the ancient;

that courage is much oftener found without purity, than purity without courage. For although in the physical world one may frequently see causes, without their wonted and natural effects, such barren causes have no place in the moral world. The concatenation there is far more indissoluble, the circulation far more rapid and certain. On the other hand the effect, or something like it, is not seldom seen without the cause. Not only is there the animal instinct, which impurity does not immediately extinguish; there is also a bastard and ostentatious courage, generated and fed by the opinion of the world. But they who are pure in heart, they who know what is promist to such purity, they who shall see God, what can they fear?

The *chevalier sans peur* was the *chevalier sans reproche*. And it is with perfect truth that our moral poet has represented his Una as "of nought afraid:" for she was also "pure and innocent as that same lamb." U.

Truth endues man's purposes with somewhat of immutability.

"Hell (a wise man has said) is paved with good intentions." Pluck up the stones, ye sluggards, and break the devil's head with them. A.

Pouvoir c'est vouloir. U.

To refer all pleasures to association is to acknowledge no sound but echo.

Material evil tends to self-annihilation; good to increase.

Graeculus esuriens in coelum, jusseris, ibit. Alas! the command has gone forth to the whole world; but not even the hungry Greek will obey it. U.

We often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts: we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behoves us to take care, that, whatever cloud may be spread over us, it should be a cloud of witnesses. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look through to the sunshine that broods behind it. U.

Forms and regularity of proceeding, if they are not justice, partake much of the nature of justice, which, in its highest sense, is the spirit of distributive order.

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honour.

He who wishes to know how a people thrives under a groveling aristocracy, should examine how vigorous and thick the blades of grass are under a plantain.

Open evil at all events does this good: it keeps good on the alert. When there is no likelihood of an enemy's approaching, the garrison slumber on their post. U.

The English Constitution being continually progressive, its perfection consists in its acknowledged imperfection.

In times of public dissatisfaction add readily, to gratify men's wishes. So the change be made without trepidation, there is no contingent danger in the changing. But it is difficult to diminish safely, except in times of perfect quiet. The first is giving; the last is giving up. It would have been well for England, if her ministers in 1831 had thought of this distinction.

Much of this world's wisdom is still acquired by necromancy;—by consulting the oracular dead. U.

Men of principle, from acting independently of instinct, when they do wrong, are likely to do great wrong. The chains of flesh are not formed of hooks and eyes, to be fastened and loost at will. We are not like the dervise in the Eastern story, that, having left our own body to animate another, we can return to it when we please. Much less can we go on acting a double transmigration between the supernatural and the natural, wandering to and fro between

the intellectual and animal states, first unmanning and then remanning ourselves, each to serve a turn. Humanity, once put off, is put off for worse, as well as for better. If we take not good heed to live angelically afterward, we must count on becoming devilish.

Men are most struck with form and character, women with intellect; perhaps I should have said, with attainments. But happily after marriage sense comes in to make weight for us.

A youth's love is the more passionate: virgin love is the more idolatrous.

When will talkers refrain from evil-speaking? When listeners refrain from evil-hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons whom they don't know, from a person whom they do know . . in authority to be good for nothing.

Charity begins at home. This is one of the sayings with which Selfishness tries to mask its own deformity. The name of Charity is in such repute, to be without it is to be ill spoken of. What then can the self-ridden do? except pervert the name, so that Selfishness may seem to be a branch of it.

The charity which begins at home, is pretty sure

to end there. It has such ample work within doors, it flags and grows faint the moment it gets out of them. We see this from what happens in the cases, where even such as reject the prior claim in its ordinary sense, are almost all disposed to maintain it. Very few are there, who do not act according to the maxim, that Charity begins at home, when it is to be shewn to faults or vices, unless indeed they are imaginary or trifling: and few, very few are truly charitable to the failings of others, except those who are severe to their own. For indifference is not charity, but the stone which the man of the world gives to his neighbour in place of bread. U.

Some persons take reproof goodhumouredly enough, unless you are so unlucky as to hit a sore place. Then they wince, and writhe, and start up, and knock you down for your impertinence, or wish you good morning. U.

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem laeseris. Such is the devil's hatred of God: and so fiendish is the nature of hatred, it is seldom very violent, and never implacable and irreconcilable, except when it is unjust and groundless. In truth what we hate is the image of our own wrong set before us in him whom we have injured: and here as everywhere our past sins are the fuel which make our passions burn the fierceliest. U.

We look to our last sickness for repentance, unmindful that it is during a recovery men repent, not during a sickness. For sickness, by the time we feel it to be such, has its own trials, its own selfishness: and to bear the one, and overcome the other, is at such a season occupation more than enough for any who have not been trained to it by previous discipline and practice.

The same may be said of old age; perhaps with still more justice, since old age has no beginning.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

I suspect we have internal senses. The mind's eye, since Shakspeare's time, has been proverbial: and we have also a mind's ear. To say nothing of dreams, one certainly can listen to one's own thoughts, and hear them, or believe that one hears them; the strongest argument adducible in favour of our hearing anything.

Many objects are made venerable by extraneous circumstances. The moss, ivy, lichens, and weatherstains on that old ruin, picturesque and soothing as they are, formed no part in the conception of the architect, nor in the work or purpose of the builder, but are the subsequent adaptations of Time, which with regard to such things is in some sort an agent, bringing them under the influences of Nature? And what should follow? Only that

in obeying the perceptions of the intellect, and distinguishing logically between accidents and properties, we turn not frowardly from the dictates of the heart, nor cease to feel, because we have ascertained the composite nature of our feelings; though it were impossible to contemplate the parts in a living whole, and there were no other analysis than dissection. Only this; and thankfulness for that which has enabled us so to venerate; and wisdom to preserve the modifying tints, which have coloured the object to the tone of our imaginations.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases little else than that the former have been better sheltered from temptation. U.

Political economists tell us that self love is the bond of society. Strange then must be the construction of what is called society, when it is cemented by the strongest and most eating of all solvents. For self love not only dissolves all harmonious fellowship between man and man, but even among the various powers and faculties within the breast of the same man; which, when under its sway, can never work together, so as to produce an orderly organical whole. Can it be, that society has been feeding upon poisons, till they have become, not merely harmless, but, as this

opinion would make them, the only wholesome nourishing diet? U.

Ghosts never work miracles: nor do they ever come to life again. When they appear, it is to beg to be buried, or to beg to be revenged; without which they cannot rest. Both ways their object is to lie in peace. This should be borne in mind by political and philosophical ghostseers, ghostlovers, and ghostmongers. The past is past, and must pass through the present, not hop over it, into the future. U.

What are those teeth for, grandmama? said little Red-Ridinghood to the Wolf. *What are those laws for?* might many a simple man ask in like manner of his rulers and governors. And in sundry instances, I am afraid, the Wolf's answer would not be far from the truth. U.

It is a mistake to suppose the poet does not know Truth by sight quite as well as the philosopher. He must; for he is ever seeing her in the mirror of Nature. The difference between them is, that the poet is satisfied with worshiping her reflected image; while the philosopher traces her out, and follows her to her remote abode between cause and consequence, and there impregnates her. The one loves and makes love to Truth; the other esteems and weds her. In simpler ages the two things went together; and then poetry and

philosophy were united. But that universal solvent, Civilization, which pulverizes to cement, and splits to fagot, has divided them; and they are now far as the Poles asunder.

The imagination and the feelings have each their truths, as well as the reason. The absorption of the three, so as to concentrate them in the same point, is one of the universalities requisite in a true religion.

Man's voluntary works are shadows of objects perceived either by his senses or his imagination. The inferiority of the copies to their originals in the former class of works is evident. Man can no more string dewdrops on a gossamer thread, than he can pile up a Mont Blanc, or scoop out an ocean. How passing excellent may we then hope to find the realities, from which the offspring of his imagination are the shadows! since that offspring, all shadowy as they are, will often be fairer than any sensible existence.

In a mist the hights can for the most part see each other; but the vallies cannot.

Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch: they may keep together some way up: but at length they part company, and rise into individual, insulated peaks. So is it with great men. As mountains mostly run in chains and

clusters, crossing the plain at wider or narrower intervals, in like manner are there epochs in history when great men appear in clusters also. At first too they grow up together, seeming to be animated by the same spirit, to have the same desires and antipathies, the same purposes and ends. But after a while the genius of each begins to know itself, and to follow its own bent: they separate and diverge more and more: and those who, when young, were working in consort, stand alone in their old age.

But if mountains do not shake hands, neither do they kick each other. Their human counterparts unfortunately are more pugnacious. Although they break out of the throng, and strive to soar in solitary eminence, they cannot bear that their neighbours should do the same, but complain that they impede the view, and often try to overthrow them, especially if they are higher. U.

Are we really more enlightened than our ancestors? Or is it merely the flaring up of the candle that has burnt down to the socket, and is consuming that socket, as a prelude to its own extinction? Such at least has mostly been the character of those former ages of the world, which have prided themselves on being the most enlightened. U.

What way of circumventing a man can be so easy and suitable as a *period*? The name should

be enough to put us on our guard: the experience of every age is not.

I suspect the soul is never so hampered by its enthralment within the body, as when it loves. Pluck the feathers out of a bird's wings; and, be it ever so young, its youth will not save it from suffering by the loss, when instinct urges it to attempt flying. Unless indeed there be no such thing as instinct; and flying real kites be, like flying paper kites, a mere matter of education: which reminds me to ask why, knowing there are instincts of the body, we are to assume there are no instincts of the mind? To refer whatever we should at first sight take for such to the eliciting power of circumstances, is idle. Circumstances do indeed call them out, at the particular moment when they try their tendencies and strength; but no more create, or rather (since creating is out of the question) no more produce them, except as pulling the end of a roll of string produces it,—that is, *producit* or *draws* it *forth*,—than flying is produced or given by the need of locomotion.

To return to the soul: if,—and I believe the fact to be undeniable,—human nature, until it has been hardened by much exposure to passion, and become used to the public eye, is fond of veiling love with silence and concealment, while it makes little or no scruple of exhibiting the kindred sentiment of friendship; I see no good way of

accounting for this, except by referring such shamefastness of the soul to its sensitive recoil from a form of affection in which, as Nature whispers, its best and purest feelings are combined and kneaded up with body.

The bashfulness which hides affection, from a dread that the avowal will be ill received,—the fear of bringing one's judgement in question by what some may deem a misplaced choice,—the consciousness that all choice is invidious, from involving postponement as well as preference,—all these feelings and motives, I am aware, have often considerable weight. But they must weigh nearly as much in the case of friendship. Friendship indeed may be indulged in boyhood, while love is a boon reserved for our maturity; and hence doubtless frequently during youth a fear of being thought presumptuous, if we are discovered fancying ourselves grown old enough to love. But this can never furnish the right key to a reserve, which is neither limited to youth, nor directly acted on by time, which varies in different countries with their degree of moral cultivation, and in individuals appears to proportion its intensity to the depth and purity of the heart in which it cowers.

The body, the body is the root of it. But these days of adultery are much too delicate to allow of handling the subject further.

Everybody is ready to declare that Cesar's wife ought to be above suspicion; and many, while

saying this, will dream that Cesar must be of their kin. Yet most people, and among them her husband, would be slow to acknowledge, what would seem to follow *a fortiori*, that Cesar himself ought to be so too. Or does a splash of mud defile a man more than a mortifying ulcer?

Among the numberless contradictions in our nature, hardly any is more glaring than this, between our sensitiveness to the slightest disgrace which we fancy cast upon us from without, and our callousness to the grossest which we bring down on ourselves. In truth they who are the most sensitive to the one, are often the most callous to the other. U.

The wise man will always be able to find an end in the means; though bearing in mind at the same time that they are means to a higher end. And this is according to God's working, every member of whose universe is at once a part and a whole. The unwise man, on the other hand, he whom the Psalmist calls the fool, can never see anything but means in the end. Doing good is with him the means of going to heaven; and going to heaven is the means of getting to do nothing. For this is the vulgar notion of heaven, —a comfortable sinecure. U.

What if we live many and various lives? each providing us its peculiar opportunities, of acquiring some new good, and casting away the slough of

some old evil; so that the course of our existence should include a series of lessons, and the world be indeed a stage on which every man fills many parts. If the doctrine of transmigration has never been taught in this form, such is perhaps the idea embodied in the μῦθος.

Impromptus in recluse men are likely to be *à loisir;* and presence of mind in thinking men is likely to be recollection. Cesar indeed says it is so generally (B. G. v. 33). "Titurius, uti qui nihil ante providisset, trepidare, concursare, cohortesque disponere; haec tamen ipsa timide, atque ut eum omnia deficere viderentur: quod plerumque iis accidere consuevit, qui in ipso negotio consilium capere coguntur. At Cotta, qui cogitasset haec posse in itinere accidere, . . . nulla in re communi saluti deerat."

Much to the same purpose is Livy's explanation of Philopemen's readiness in decision, when he suddenly found himself in the presence of a hostile force: xxxv. 28. It is pleasant to see theoretical and practical intellects thus jumping together.

Napoleon is well said by Tiedge "to have improvisoed his whole life." He was Fortune's football, which she kickt from throne to throne, until at length by a sudden rebound he fell into the middle of the Atlantic. Whereas a truly great man's actions are works of art. Nothing with him is extemporized or improvisoed. They involve

their consequences, and develope themselves along with the events they give birth to. U.

He must be a thorough fool, who can learn nothing from his own folly. U.

Is not man the only automaton upon earth? The things usually called so are in fact heteromatons. U.

Were nothing else to be learnt from the *Rhetoric* and *Ethics* of Aristotle, they should be studied by every educated Englishman as the best of commentaries on Shakspeare.

No poet comes near Shakspeare in the number of bosom lines,—of lines that we may cherish in our bosoms, and that seem almost as if they had grown there,—of lines that, like bosom friends, are ever at hand to comfort, counsel, and gladden us, under all the vicissitudes of life,—of lines that, according to Bacon's expression, "come home to our business and bosoms," and open the door for us to look in, and to see what is nestling and brooding there. U.

How many Englishmen admire Shakspeare? Doubtless all who understand him: and, it is to be hoped, a few more. For how many Englishmen understand Shakspeare? Were Diogenes to set out on his search through the land, I trust

he would bring home many hundreds, not to say thousands, for every one I should put up. To judge from what has been written about him, the Englishmen who understand Shakspeare, are little more numerous than those who understand the language spoken in Paradise. You will now and then meet with ingenious remarks on particular passages, and even on particular characters, or rather on particular features in them. But these remarks are mostly as incomplete and unsatisfactory, as the description of a hand or foot would be, unless viewed with reference to the whole body. He who wishes to trace the march and to scan the operations of this most marvellous genius, and to discern the mysterious organization of his wonderful works, will find little help but what comes from beyond the German Ocean.

It is scarcely worth while asking the third question: Would Shakspeare have chosen rather to be admired, or to be understood? Not however that any one could understand without admiring, though many may admire without understanding him. Birds are fond of cherries, yet know little about vegetable physiology.

Some years ago indeed there seemed to be ground for hoping that the want here spoken of might be supplied by the publication of Coleridge's Lectures on Shakspeare. For though Coleridge, as he himself says of Warburton, is often hindered from seeing the thoughts of others by "the mist-working swarm," or rather by the

radiant flood of his own,—though often, like the sun, when looking at the planets, he only beholds his own image in the objects of his gaze, and often, when his eye darts on a cloud, will turn it into a rainbow,—yet he had a livelier perception, than any other Englishman, of the two cardinal ideas of all criticism,—that every work of genius is at once an organic whole in itself, and the part and member of a living organic universe, of that poetical world in which the spirit of man manifests itself by successive avatars. These, the two main ideas which have been brought to light and unfolded by the philosophical criticism of Germany since the days of Winckelmann and Lessing, he united with that moral, political, and practical discernment, which are the highest endowments of the English mind, and which give our great writers a dignity almost unparalleled elsewhere, from their ever-wakeful consciousness that man is a moral, as well as a sentient and percipient and thinking and knowing being, and that his relations as a moral being are of all the most momentous and the highest. Coleridge's own imagination too enabled him to accompany all other poets in their boldest flights, and then to feel most truly in his element. Nor could anything be too profound or too subtile for his psychological analysis. In fact his chief failing as a critic was his fondness for seeking depth below depth, and knot within knot: and he would now and then try to dive, when the water

did not come up to his ancles. Above all, for understanding Shakspeare, he had the two powers, which are scarcely less mighty in our intellectual than in our moral and spiritual life, Faith and Love,—a boundless faith in Shakspeare's truth, and a love for him, akin to that with which philosophers study the works of Nature, shrinking from no labour for the sake of getting at a satisfactory solution, and always distrusting themselves until they have found one, in a firm confidence that Wisdom will infallibly be justified by her children. It is quite touching to see how humbly this great thinker and poet hints his doubts, when the propriety of any passage in Shakspeare appears questionable to his understanding: and most cheering is it to read his assurance, that "in many instances he has ripened into a perception of beauties, where he had before descried faults;" and that throughout his life, "at every new accession of information, after every successful exercise of meditation, and every fresh presentation of experience, he had unfailingly discovered a proportionate increase of wisdom and intuition in Shakspeare." See his *Literary Remains*, Vol. ii. pp. 52, 115, 139. The same truth is enforced by Mr De Quincey in his admirable remarks *on the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth*. For in the study of poetry, as in yet higher studies, it is often necessary that we should believe, before we can understand: and through the energy, patience, and perseverance, which

Faith alone can inspire, do we mount to the understanding of what we have already believed in. How, for instance, should we ever have discerned the excellences of the Greek drama, without a previous faith in its excellence, strong enough not to shrink from the manifold difficulties which would else have repelled us? Who would be at the trouble of cracking a nut, if he did not believe there was a kernel within it? A study pursued in this spirit of faith is sure of being continually rewarded by new influxes of knowledge; not only on account of the spring which such a spirit gives to our faculties; but also because it delivers them from most of the prejudices, which make our minds the thralls of the present. Common men, on the other hand, are prone to look down on whatever passes their comprehension, thus betraying the natural affinity between ignorance and contempt.

Unfortunately Coleridge's Lectures are among the treasures which the waves of forgetfulness have swallowed up. Precious fragments of them however have been preserved; and these, like almost all his writings, are rich in thoughts fitted to awaken reflexion, and to guide it. And that there are writers amongst us, who understand Shakspeare, and might teach others to understand him, is proved by the remarks on *Macbeth* just referred to, as well as by the very acute and judicious *Observations on Shakspeare's Romeo as compared with the Romeo acted on the stage.*

Much delicacy of observation too and elegance of taste is shewn in the *Characteristics* of Shakspeare's Women,—one of the happiest subjects on which a female pen was ever employed. U.

"The German writers (Coleridge is reported to have said) have acquired an elegance of thought and of mind, just as we have attained a style and smartness of composition: so that, if you were to read an ordinary German author as an English one, you would say, *This man has something in him; this man thinks:* whereas it is merely a method acquired by them, as we have acquired a style." *Letters and Conversations of S. T. C.* Vol. ii. p. 4.

Such pieces of tabletalk are not legitimate objects of criticism; because we can never feel sure how far the report is an accurate one, or how far the opinion uttered may have been modified, either expressly by words, or implicitly by the occasion which prompted it. What is here said is quite true, provided it be not understood disparagingly. The peculiar value of modern German literature does not arise, except in a few instances, from the superior genius of the writers, so much as from their being better trained and disciplined in the principles and method of knowledge. For this advantage they are indebted to their philosophical education. Fifty years ago the common run of German writers were as superficial and immethodical as those of the rest of

Europe. The love of system, which has always characterized the nation, only prevented any gleam of light from breaking through the clouds of dulness in which they wrapt themselves. But now, as in most of the better writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we may discern the influence of the scholastic logic, in which they were trained, so one can hardly look into a German work of the present century, on whatever subject of enquiry, without perceiving that it is written by a countryman of Kant and Fichte and Schelling. And surely this is the highest reward which can fall to the lot of any human intellect, to be thus diffused through and amalgamated with the intellect of a whole people, to live in their minds, not merely when they are thinking of you, and talking of you, but even when they are totally unconscious of your personal existence.

Nay, what but this is the ground of the superiority of civilized nations to savages? Their minds are better moulded and disciplined, more or less, by the various processes of education. In fact training, if it does not impart strength, fosters and increases it, and renders it serviceable, and prevents its running waste: so that, assuming the quantity of ability allotted by Nature to two nations to be the same, that which has the better system of moral and intellectual culture, will bring up the greater number of able men.

It is true, the forms of philosophical thought,

when generally prevalent, so as to become fashionable in a literature, will be used by many without discernment of their value and power. Many will fancy that the possession of a few phrases is enough to open the gates of all knowledge to them, and to carry them at once beyond the wisdom of former ages, without any necessity for personal research or meditation: and imbecility, selfcomplacently mouthing big phrases, is more than usually offensive. Perhaps too it is impossible to devise any scheme of education, which can be reckoned upon for promoting the development of poetical genius. This is implied in the saying, *Poeta nascitur, non fit.* Nor is genius in philosophy, or in art, though more dependent on foregoing circumstances than in poetry, to be elicited with certainty by any system. But for the talents employed in the various enquiries of philology and science, a great deal may be done by appropriate stimulants and instruction, by putting them in the right way, and setting before them the mark they are to aim at. Hence whenever a man of genius plants a colony in an unexplored region of thought, he finds followers ready to join him in effecting what his own unassisted arm could only partially have accomplisht: and though stray pieces of ore may be pickt up without exciting much notice, if a mine of truth has once been successfully opened, it is mostly workt on until it is exhausted.

Soon after reading the remark of Coleridge's just

cited, I happened to open a German periodical work containing a dissertation on *the Amphitryon* of Plautus. That play, the writer observes, differs from all the other Roman comedies in having a mythological subject, which occasions essential differences in its treatment; so that it forms a distinct species: and he proposes to examine the nature of this peculiar form of comedy, according to its external and internal character; not to explain the poetical composition of *the Amphitryon*, considered as an individual work of art, but merely to determine the place it is to hold in the history of the Roman drama. Now this, which is exactly the plan any other intelligent German writer would have taken in treating the same subject, may exemplify the quality in German literature spoken of by Coleridge. Here too one should say, *This man knows what he is talking about:* and one should say so with good reason. For in criticism, as in every other branch of knowledge, *prudens quaestio dimidium scientiae est.* He who has got the clue, may thread the maze. Yet the method of investigation here is totally different from what an English scholar would have pursued. The notion of regarding *the Amphitryon* as a distinct species of ancient comedy, and of considering that species in its relation to the rest of the Roman drama,—the distinction drawn between this historical view of it, and the esthetical analysis of it taken by itself,—these are thoughts which would never have entered the head of an

English critic, unless he had been inoculated with them either directly or indirectly from Germany. Deluged as we are with criticism in every shape, quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily,—many thousands of pages as are written on criticism in England every year,—we hardly ever find the glimmering of a suspicion that there is anything essential in the form of a poem, or that there are any principles and laws to determine it, or that a poet has anything to do, except to get an interesting story, and to describe interesting characters, and to deck out his pages with as many fine thoughts and pretty images as he can muster. No wonder that our criticism is so worthless and unprofitable! that it is of no manner of use, either in teaching our writers how to write, or our readers how to read!

Let me allude to another instance. Works containing criticisms on all Shakspeare's plays have been publisht of late years, by Hazlitt in England, and by Francis Horn in Germany. Nobody can doubt that Hazlitt by nature had the acuter and stronger understanding of the two: he had cultivated it by metaphysical studies: he had a passionate love for poetry, and yielded to no man in his admiration for Shakspeare. By his early intercourse with Coleridge too he had been led to perceive, more clearly than most Englishmen, that poetry is not an arbitrary and chanceful thing, that it has a reason of its own, and that, when genuine, it springs from a vital idea, which

is at once constitutive and regulative, and which manifests itself, not in a technical apparatus, but in the free symmetry of a living form. Yet, from the want of a proper intellectual discipline and method, his perception of this truth never became an intuition, nor coalesced with the rest of his knowledge: and owing to this want, and no doubt to that woful deficiency of moral discipline and principle, through which his talents went to rack, Hazlitt's work on Shakspeare, though often clever and sparkling, and sometimes ingenious in pointing out latent beauties in particular passages, is vastly inferior to Horn's as an analytical exposition of the principles and structure of Shakspeare's plays, tracing and elucidating the hidden labyrinthine workings of his all-vivifying, all-unifying genius. U.

When a subtile critic has detected some recondite beauty in Shakspeare, the vulgar are fain to cry that Shakspeare did not mean it. Well! what of that? If it be there, his genius meant it. This is the very mark whereby to know a true poet. There will always be a number of beauties in his works, which he never meant to put into them.

This is one of the resemblances between the works of Genius and those of Nature, a resemblance betokening that the powers which produce them are akin. Each, beside its immediate apparent purpose, is ever connected by certain delicate

and almost imperceptible fibres, by numberless ties of union and communion, and the sweet intercourse of giving and receiving, with the universe of which it forms a part. Hereby the poet shews that he is not a mere "child of Time, But offspring of the Eternal Prime." His works are not narrowed to the climes and seasons, the manners and thoughts that give birth to them, but spread out their invisible arms through time and space, and, when generations and empires, and even religions have past away, still stand in unwaning freshness and truth. They have a living assimilative power. As man changes, they disclose new features and aspects, and ever look him in the face with the reflexion of his own image, and speak to him with the voice of his own heart; so that after thousands of years we still welcome them as we would a brother.

This too is the great analogy between Genius and Goodness, that, unconscious of its own excellences, it works, not so much by an intelligent, reflective, prospective impulse of the will, as by the prompting of a higher spirit, breathing in it and through it, coming one knows not whence, and going one knows not whither: under the sway of which spirit, whenever it lifts up its head and shakes its locks, it scatters light and splendour around. The question therefore, whether a great poet meant such a particular beauty, comes to much the same thing as the question, whether the sun means that his light should enter into

such or such a flower. He who works in unison with Nature and Truth, is sure to be far mightier and wiser than himself. U.

The poet sees things as they look. Is this having a faculty the less? or a sense the more?

Some hearts are like a melting peach, but with a larger, coarser, harder stone.

I like the smell of a dunged field, and the tumult of a popular election.

Almost every rational man can shew nearly the same number of moral virtues. Only in the good man the active and beneficent virtues look outward, the passive and parsimonious inward. In the bad man it is just the contrary. His forethought, his generosity, his longsuffering is for himself; his severity and temperance and frugality are for others. But the religious virtues belong solely to the religious. God hides himself from the wicked: or at least the wicked blinds himself to God. If he practically acknowledge any, which is only now and then, it is one whose non-existence is certain, whose fabulousness is evident to him.. the Devil.

We like slipping, but not falling: our real desire is to be tempted enough.

The man who will share his wealth with a woman, has some love for her: the man who can resolve to share his poverty with her, has more . . of course supposing him to be a man, and not a child, or a beast.

Our statequacks of late years have thought fit to style themselves *radical reformers:* and though the title involves an absurdity, it is not on that account less fitted for the sages who have assumed it; many of whom moreover may have no very clear notion what the epithet they give themselves means. For what can a radical reformer be? Is he a reformer of the roots of things? But Nature buries these out of sight, and will not allow man to tamper with them, assigning him the task of training and pruning the stem and branches. Or is a radical reformer one who tears up a tree by the roots, and reforms it by laying it prostrate? If so, our reformers may indeed put in a claim to the title, and might fairly contest it with the hurricane of last autumn. But what can be the good or comfort of a reformation, which is only another name for destruction?

The word may perhaps be borrowed from medicine, in which we speak of *a radical cure.* This however is a metaphor implying the extirpation, or complete uprooting of the disease, after which the sanative powers of Nature will restore the constitution to health. But there is no such sanative

power in a state; where the mere removal of abuses does not avail to set any vital faculties in action. In truth this is only another form of the errour, by which man, ever quicker at destroying than at producing, has confounded repentance with reformation, *μεταμέλεια* with *μετάνοια*. Whereas the true reformer is he who creates new institutions, and gives them life and energy, and trusts to them for throwing off such evil humours as may be lying in the body politic. The true reformer is the seminal reformer, not the radical. And this is the way the Sower, who went forth to sow His seed, did really reform the world, without making any open assault to uproot what was already existing. U.

Nature is mighty. Art is mighty. Artifice is weak. For Nature is the work of a mightier power than man. Art is the work of man under the guidance and inspiration of a mightier power. Artifice is the work of mere man in the imbecility of his mimic understanding. U.

What is the use of it? is the first question askt in England by almost everybody about almost everything. When foreiners, who have learnt English from our older writers, come amongst us, hearing such frequent enquiries after use, they must fancy they have fallen among a set of usurers. No wonder so many of them have

applied for loans. The only wonder, as we are not usurers, is how they got them.

Still there are a few things,—a husband for one's daughter, a Rubens, four horses, a cure of souls,—the use of which is never askt; probably because it is so evident. In those cases the first question, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is, *What are they worth?* The worth of a cure of souls! O miserable money-loving people! whose very language is prostituted to avarice. Wealth is money: Fortune is money: Worth is money: and, had not God for once been beforehand with the world, Providence would have been money too. The worth of a cure of souls is Heaven or Hell, according as he who is appointed to it does his duty or neglects it.

You want to double your riches, and without gambling or stockjobbing. Share it. Whether it be material or intellectual, its rapid increase will amaze you. What would the sun have been, had he folded himself up in darkness? Surely he would have gone out. So would Socrates.

This road to wealth seems to have been discovered some three thousand years ago. At least it was known to Hesiod, and has been recommended by him in the one precious line he has left us. But even he complains of the fools, who did not know that half is more than the whole. And ever since, though mankind have always been in full chase after riches, though they have not

feared to follow Columbus and Gama in chase of it, though they have waded through blood, and crept through falsehood, and trampled on their own hearts, and been ready to ride on a broomstick, in chase of it, very few have ever taken this road, albeit the easiest, the shortest, and the surest. U.

One of the first things a soldier has to do, is to harden himself against heat and cold. He must inure himself to bear sudden and violent changes. In like manner they who enter into public life should begin by dulling their sensitiveness to praise and blame. He who cannot turn his back on the one, and face the other, will probably be beguiled by his favorite, into letting his enemy come behind him, and wound him when off his guard. Let him keep a firm footing, and beware of being lifted up, remembering that this is the commonest trick by which wrestlers throw their antagonists. U.

Gratification is distinct from happiness in the common apprehension of mankind; and so is selfishness from wisdom. But passion in its blindness disregards, or rather speaks as if it disregarded, the first distinction; and sophists, taking advantage of this, confound the last. Their confusion however is worse confounded. For it is not every gratification that is selfish, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, which implies

blame and sin; but such only as is undue or inordinate, whether in kind or degrec. Never was a man called selfish for quenching his thirst with water, where water was not scarce; many a man has been justly, for drinking Champagne. The argument then, if unraveled into a syllogism, would hang together thus:

Some gratifications are selfish:
No gratification is happiness:
therefore,
All happiness is selfish.

I am not surprised that these gentlemen speak ill of logic.

Misers are the greatest spendthrifts: and spendthrifts often end in becoming the greatest misers. U.

The principle gives birth to the rule: the motive may justify the exception.

When the Parisians set up a naked prostitute as the goddess of Reason, they can hardly have been aware what an apt type she afforded of their Reason, and indeed of all Reason,—if that divine title be not forfeited by such a traitorous act,—which turns away its face from heaven, and throws off its allegiance to the truth as it is in God. When Reason has done this, it is stark naked, and ready to prostitute itself to every capricious lust, whether of the flesh, or of the

spirit. One can never repeat too often, that Reason, as it exists in man, is only our intellectual eye, and that, like the eye, to see, it needs light,—to see clearly and far, it needs the light of heaven. U.

Entireness, illimitableness is indispensable to Faith. What we believe, we must believe wholly and without reserve; wherefore the only perfect and satisfying object of Faith is God. A Faith that sets bounds to itself, that will believe so much and no more, that will trust thus far and no further, is none. It is only Doubt taking a nap in an elbow chair. The husband, whose scepticism is prurient enough to contemplate the possibility of his wife's proving false, richly deserves that she should do so. U.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbour for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure. U.

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbours. No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival. U.

In reading the Apostolical Epistles, we should bear in mind that they are not scientific treatises, armed at all points against carpers and misconceivers, but occasional letters, addrest to disciples, who, as the writer knew, were both able and inclined to make due allowance for the latitude of epistolary expression.

But is not this what the Socinians contend for?

If it were, I should have nothing to say against them. What I object to in them is their making, not due allowances, but undue,—allowances discountenanced by the plainest passages as well as the uniform tenour of the Sacred Writings, by the whole analogy, and, so far as we dare judge of them, the prompting principles of Revelation.

But how shall we discern the due from the undue?

As we discern everything else: by the honest use of a cultivated understanding. If we have not banisht the Holy Spirit by slights and excesses, if we have fed His lamp in our hearts with prayer, if we have improved and strengthened our faculties by education and exercise, and then sit down to study the Bible with enquiring and teachable minds, we need not doubt of discovering its meaning; not indeed purely,—for where find an intellect so colourless as never to tinge the light that falls upon it? not wholly,—for how fathom the ocean of God's word? but with such accuracy, and in such degree, as shall suffice for the uses of our spiritual life. If we have ne-

glected this previous discipline, if we take up the book with stupid or ignorant, lazy or negligent, arrogant or unclean and do-no-good hands, we shall in running through its pages stumble on many things dark and startling, on many things which, aggravated by presumptuous heedlessness, might prove destructively offensive.

What then are the poor to do?

They must avail themselves of oral instruction, have recourse, so far as may be, to written helps, and follow the guidance of God's ministers. But suitable faculties seem indispensable. Let a man be ever so pious and sincere, if blind, he could not see the book, nor, if unlettered, read it, nor, if ignorant of English, know the meaning of the words, nor, if half-witted, comprehend the sentences. Why suppose that the intellectual hindrances to mastering the book end here? especially when we allow the existence of moral hindrances, and are aware that they combine with the intellectual in unascertainable and indefinite proportions; if they do not rather form their essence, or at least their germ. You grant that carelessness and impatience may hide the meaning of the book from us: you should be sure that stupidity does not spring from carelessness, nor bad logic from impatience, before you decide so confidently that stupidity and bad logic cannot.

Search the Scriptures, said Christ. "Non dixit *legite*, sed *scrutamini*, (as Chrysostom, quoted by

Jeremy Taylor, *On the Minister's Duty, Serm. II.* Vol. vi. p. 520, observes on this text,) quia oportet profundius effodere, ut quae alte delitescant invenire possimus. The Jews have a saying: *qui non advertit quod supra et infra in scriptoribus legitur, is pervertit verba Dei viventis.* He that will understand God's meaning, must look above, and below, and round about." Now to look at things below the surface, we must dig down to them. They who omit this, from whatever cause, be it the sluggishness of their will, or merely the bluntness of their instrument,—for this question, though important in judging of the workman, cannot affect the accomplishment of the work,—will never gain the buried treasure. Those on the other hand who dig as they are taught to do, will reach it in time, if they faint not. The number of demi-semi-Christians in the world no more establishes the contrary, than the number of drunkards in the world establishes the impossibility of keeping sober.

But, as Taylor remarks in the same Sermon, (p. 509), "though many precious things are reserved for them who dig deep and search wisely, medicinal plants, and corn, and grass, things fit for food and physic, are to be had in every field." The great duties of a Christian are so plainly exprest, that they who run may read, and that all who listen may understand them: expounders of doctrine are appointed by the Church: and in

every case, to every one who truly seeks, sufficient will be given for his own salvation.

How deeply rooted must unbelief be in our hearts, when we are surprised to find our prayers answered! instead of feeling sure that they will be so, if they are only offered up in faith, and are in accord with the will of God. *a.*

Moses, when the battle was raging, held up his arms to heaven, with the rod of God in his hand; and thus Israel overcame Amalek. Hence a notion got abroad through the world, that in times of difficulty or danger the mightiest weapon man can make use of is prayer. But Moseses arms grew heavy; and he was forced to call in Aaron and Hur to hold them up. In like manner do we all too readily weary of prayer, and feel it become a burthen, and let our hands drop; and then Amalek prevails.

Here however the wisdom of the eighteenth century has devised a substitute, at least for one of the cases in which our ancestors used to hold up their arms to heaven. Franklin has taught us to hold up iron bars to heaven, which have the advantage of never growing weary, and under the guard of which we may feel sure that the storm will pass over without harming us. Besides they allow us to employ our hands to better purpose, in working, or eating, or fighting.

Still there are sundry kinds of dangers, from

which Franklin's conductors will not secure us: and against these, till the time when matter shall have utterly choked and stifled spirit, we still need the help of prayer. And as our flesh is so weak, that our prayers soon droop and become faint, unless they are upheld, Christ and the Holy Spirit vouchsafe to uphold our prayers, and to breathe the power of faith into them, so that they may mount heavenward, and to bear them up to the very Throne of Grace. U.

All religions,—for absolute pantheism is none,—must of necessity be anthropomorphic. The idea of God must be adapted to the capacities of the human imagination. Christianity differs from all other religions in this, that its anthropomorphism is theopneustic. U.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides,—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon. U.

What a pity it is that there are so many words! Whenever one wants to say anything, three or four ways of saying it run into one's head together; and one can't tell which to choose. It is as troublesome and puzzling as choosing a ribbon... or a husband.

Now on a question of millinery, or of man-millinery, I should be slow to venture an

opinion. But style is a far less intricate matter; and with regard to the choice of words a clear and simple rule may be laid down, which can hardly be followed too punctually or too assiduously. First however, as it is a lady I am addressing, let me advise you to lessen your perplexities by restricting yourself to home manufactures. You may perhaps think it looks pretty to garnish your letters with such phrases as *de tout mon cœur*. Now *with all my heart* is really better English: the only advantage on the side of the other expression is its being less sincere. Whatever may be the superiority of French silks, or French lace, English words sound far best from English lips: and, notwithstanding the example of Desdemona, one can seldom look with perfect complacency on the woman who gives up her heart to the son of another people. Man may leave country, as well as father and mother: for action and thought find their objects everywhere. But must not feelings pine and droop, when cut off from the home and speech of their childhood?

As a general maxim however, when you come to a cross-road, you can hardly do better than go right onward. You would do so involuntarily in speaking: do so likewise in writing. When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words, as you would rouge: love simple ones, as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate:

employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings, and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.

This is just the advice which Ovid gives:

> Munda, sed e medio, consuetaque verba, puellae
> Scribite: sermonis publica forma placet.

To the same effect is the praise which Chaucer bestows on his Virginia:

> Though she were wise as Pallas, dare I sain
> Her faconde eke full womanly and plain.
> No contrefeted termes hadde she
> To semen wise: but after her degree
> She spake; and all her wordes more or less
> Sounding in virtue and in gentillesse.

Exquisite examples of this true mother English are to be found in the speeches put by Shakspeare into the mouth of his female characters. "No fountain from its rocky cave E'er tript with foot so free:" never were its waters clearer, more transparent, or more musical. This indeed is the peculiar beauty of a feminine style, *munda verba, sed e medio, consuetaque,* choice and elegant words, but such as are familiar in wellbred conversation; words not used scientifically, or technically, or etymologically, but according to their customary meaning. It is from being guided wholly by usage, undisturbed by extraneous considerations, and from their characteristic fineness of discernment with regard to what is fit and appropriate, as well as from their being much less blown about by the vanity of writing cleverly or sententiously,

that sensible educated women have a simple grace of style rarely attainable by men; whose minds are ever and anon caught and entangled in briary thickets of *hows*, and *how-fars*, and *whys*, and *why-nots*; and who often think much less what they have to say, than in what manner they are to say it. For it is in writing, as in painting and sculpture: let the artist adapt the attitudes of his figures to the feeling or action he wishes to express; and, if his mind has been duly impregnated with the idea of the human form, without his intending it they will be graceful: whereas, if his first aim be to make them graceful, they are sure to be affected.

When women however sally out of their proper sphere into that of objective, reflective authorship, —for which they are disqualified, not merely by their education and habits, but by the subjective character of their minds, by the predominance of their feelings over their intellect, and by their proneness to view everything in the light of their affections,—they often lose the simple graces of style, which within their own element belong to them. Here too may it be said, that "the woman who deliberates is lost." Going right, not from reflexion, not from calculating the reasons and consequences of each particular step, but from impulse, — whether instinctive, or derivative from habit, or from principle,—when a woman distrusts her impulses, and appeals to her understanding, she is not unlikely to stray; among other grounds,

because this seldom happens, except when some wrong impulse is pulling against the right one, and when she wants an excuse for yielding to it. Men, in speech, as in action, may now and then forsake usage; having previously explored the principles and laws, of which usage is ever an inadequate exponent. But no woman can safely defy usage, unless it be at the imperious momentary call of some overpowering affection, the voice of which is its own sanction, and one with the voice of duty. When a woman deviates from usage, to comply with some rule which she supposes to run counter to it, she is apt to misapply the rule, from ignorance of its grounds and of its limits. For rules, though useful mementoes to such as understand their principles, have no light in themselves, and are mostly so framed as to fail us at the very moment of need. Clear enough when all is clear, they grow dim and go out when it is dark.

The one which has just been proposed, of following your tongue when you are speaking, is a less sure guide for men than for women. Men's minds have so often crawled forth, more or less, like a snail stretching out of its shell, from the region of impulse into that of reflexion, that they may need a secondary movement to resume their natural state, and replace the shell on their heads. With them what is nearest is often furthest off; and what is furthest is nearest. The word which comes uppermost with them will frequently be the

book-word, not the word of common speech; especially if they are in the habit of public speaking, in which there is a strong temptation to make up for emptiness by sound, to give commonplace observations an uncommon look by swelling them out with bloated diction,—to tack a string of conventional phrases to the tail of every proposition, in the hope that this will enable it to fly,—and to take care that the buckram thoughts, in whatever respects they may resemble Falstaff's men, shall at least have plenty of buckram to strut in. Therefore a man, when writing, may often find occasion to substitute a plainer word for that which had first occurred to him. But with him too the rule holds good, that the plainest word, by which he can express his meaning, is the best. The beginning of Plato's Republic is said to have been found in his tablets written over and over in a variety of ways: yet after all, the words, as they now stand, and the order of their arrangement, are the simplest he could have chosen; and one can hardly conceive how they could have been other than they are. This is the secret of the matchless transparency of his style, through which we look at the thoughts exprest in it, standing as in the lucid distinctness given by a southern atmosphere; so that only by a subsequent act of reflexion do we discern the exceeding beauty of the medium. Whereas in most writers the words scarcely let the thoughts peer dimly through, or at best deck them out in gorgeous hues, and draw

attention to themselves, veiling what they ought to reveal.

The principle I have been urging coincides with that of Cobbett's great rule: "Never think of mending what you write: let it go: no patching. As your pen moves, bear constantly in mind that it is making strokes which are to remain for ever." The power of habit, he rightly observes, is in such things quite wonderful: and assuredly it is not merely our style that would be improved, if we bore constantly in mind that what we do is to last for ever. Did we but keep this conviction steadily before us, with regard to all our thoughts and feelings and words and purposes and deeds, then might we sooner learn to think and feel and speak and resolve and act as becomes the heirs of eternity. One of the main seats of our weakness lies in this very notion, that what we do at the moment cannot matter much; for that we shall be able to alter and mend and patch it just as we like by and by. Cobbett's own writings are a proof of the excellence of his rule: what they may want in elegance, they more than make up for in strength. His indeed was a case in which it was especially applicable. Springing out of the lower orders, and living in familiar intercourse with them, he knew their language: he knew the words which have power over the English people: he knew how those words must be wielded to strike home on their understandings and their hearts. His mind had never

been tainted with the jargon of men of letters: he had no frippery to throw off ere he could appear in his naked strength: he scorned flourishes and manouvres, and marcht straight with all his forces to the onset.

In some measure akin to Cobbett's writings in style, though with differences resulting both from personal and national character, are those of the honest and hearty German patriot, Arndt, which did such good service in kindling and feeding the enthusiasm during the war with France. He too was a child of the people, a peasant boy who used to feed his father's cows; and his wings had not been clipt in the schools. So was Luther; whom one can hardly conceive recalling and correcting a word, any more than one can conceive the sun recalling and correcting one of his rays, or the sea one of its waves. He who has a full quiver does not pick up his arrows. If the first misses, he sends another and another after it. Forgetting what is behind, he presses onward. It is only in going through one's exercise, that one retraces a false movement, and begins anew. To do so in battle would be to lose it.

There is said indeed to be a manuscript of Luther's version of the first Psalm with a great number of interlineations and corrections. This however was a translation: and only when a man's thoughts issue from his own head and heart, can they come forth ready clad in the

fittest words. A translator's aim is more complicated; and all he can hope is to approximate nearer and nearer to it. For no language can ever be the complete counterpart of another: indeed no single word in any language can be the complete counterpart to a word in another language, so as to have exactly the same shades and varieties of meaning, and to be invested with the same associations. Hence a conscientious translator is perpetually drawn in opposite directions, from the wish to accomplish two incompatible objects, to give an exact representation of his original, and at the same time to make that representation an idiomatic one. Difficult as it often must needs be to express one's own meaning to one's wish, it is incomparably more difficult to express another man's, without making him say more or less than he intended.

That the practice inculcated above has the highest of all sanctions, is proved by the Preface to the first edition of Shakspeare, where the editors say of him, "His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." The same thing is true of the greatest master of style in our days: in the manuscripts of his exquisite Imaginary Conversations very few words have ever been altered: every word was the right one from the first. I have also observed the same fact in Arnold's manuscripts, in which indeed, from

the simple, easy flow of his style, one might sooner expect it. But Lieber tells us that Niebuhr also said to him, "Endeavour never to strike out anything of what you have once written down. Punish yourself by allowing once or twice something to pass, though you see you might give it better: it will accustom you to be more careful in future; and you will not only save much time, but also think more correctly and distinctly. I hardly ever strike out or correct my writing, even in my despatches to the king. Persons who have never tried to write at once correctly, do not know how easy it is, provided your thoughts are clear and well arranged; and they ought to be so before you put pen to paper." Thus a style, which appears most elaborate, and in which the thoughts would seem to have been subjected to a long process of condensation, may grow to be written almost spontaneously; as a person may learn to write the stiffest hand with considerable rapidity. Lieber however also cites the similar confession in Gibbon's Memoirs, which shews that this practice is no preservative from all the vices of affectation. For anything may become nature to man: the rare thing is to find a nature that is truly natural. U.

Cesar's maxim, that you are to avoid an unusual word as you would a rock, is often quoted, especially by those who are just purposing to violate it. For this is one of the strange

distortions of vanity,—which loves to magnify the understanding, at the cost of the will,—that people, when they are doing wrong, are fond of boasting that they know it to be wrong. Cesar himself however was a scrupulous observer of his own rule. A like straightforward plainness of speech characterizes the English Cesar of our age, and is found, with an admixture of philosophical sweetness, in Xenophon. In truth simplicity is the soldierly style. The most manly of men coincide in this point with the most womanly of women. The latter think of the feelings they are to express; the former, of the thoughts and purposes and actions; neither, of the words.

Not however that new words are altogether to be outlawed. What would language have been, had this principle been acted on from the first? It must have been dwarft in the cradle. Did thoughts remain stationary, so might language: but they cannot be progressive without it. The only way in which a conception can become national property, is by being named. Hereby it is incorporated with the body of popular thought. Either a word already in use may have a more determinate meaning assigned to it: or a new word may be formed, according to the analogies of the language, by derivation or composition: or in a language, in which the generative power is nearly extinct, a word may be adopted from some forein tongue, which has already supplied it with similar terms. Only such words should be intelligible

at sight to the readers they are designed for. This is one great objection to the new Greek words which Mr Bentham scatters over his pages, side by side with his amorphous, tumble-to-pieces English ones, like Columbine dancing with Pantaloon. They want a note to explain what he meant them to mean, and are just such lifeless things as might be expected from a man who grinds them out of his lexicon,—such dry chips as may drop from a writer whose mind is a dead hedge of abstractions; whose chief talent moreover is that of a hedge, to intersect and partition off the field of knowledge. When words are thus brought in with a commentary at their heels, it is much as if a musician were to stop in the middle of a tune, and tell you what notes he is playing.

To the last of the three classes just mentioned belongs the terminology of Science, which is almost wholly Greek. No language was ever so full of life as the Greek in its prime: and, as there have been instances of seeds which have retained their vital power for millennaries, the embers of life still linger about it; so that two thousand years after, and a thousand miles off, we find it easier to grow Greek words than English. The plastic character of the language, affording unlimited facilities for composition,—and in such wise that its words really coalesce, and are not merely tackt together,—fit it for expressing the innumerable combinations, which it is the business

of Science to detect. And as Science is altogether a cosmopolite, less connected than any other mode of intellectual action with the peculiarities of national character, — wherefore the eighteenth century, which confounded science with knowledge, set up the theory of cosmopolitism,— it is well that the vocabulary of Science should be common to all the nations that come and worship at its shrine.

Of all words however the least vivacious are those coined by Science. It is only Poetry, and not Philosophy, that can make a Juliet. It is Poetry, the Imagination in one or other of its forms, that produces what has life in it. Eschylus, Shakspeare, Milton, are wordmakers. So are most humorists, Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, Charles Lamb, Richter: only many of their words are merely fashioned sportively for a particular occasion, after some amusing analogy, without any thought of their becoming a permanent part of the language. The true criterion of the worth of a new word is its having such a familiar look, and bearing its meaning and the features of its kindred so visible in its face, that we hardly know whether it is not an old acquaintance. Then more especially is it likely to be genuine, when its author himself is scarcely conscious of its novelty. At all events it should not seem to be the fruit of study, but to spring spontaneously from the inspiration of the moment.

The corruption of style does not lie in a writer's

occasionally using an uncommon or a new word. On the contrary a masculine writer, who has been led to adopt a plain, simple style, not, like women, by an instinctive delicacy of taste, but by a reflex act of judgement, and who has taken pleasure in visiting the sources of his native language, and in tracing its streams, will feel desirous at times to throw his seed also upon the waters: and he is the very person whose studies will best fit him for doing so. Even Cowper, whose letters are the pattern of pure, graceful, idiomatic English, does not hesitate to coin new words now and then. Such are, *extraforaneous*, which, though he is so fond of it as to desire that it should be inserted in Johnson's Dictionary, and to use it more than once (Vol. iv. p. 76, vi. 153, of Southey's Edition), is for common purposes a cumbrous substitute for *out-of-doors*, — *a subscalarian*, "a man that sleeps under the stairs" (vi. 286),—*an archdeaconism* (iv. 228),—*syllablemongers* (v. 23),—*a joltation* (v. 55),—*calfless* (v. 61),—*secondhanded* (v. 87), a word inaccurately formed, as according to analogy it should mean, not *at second hand*, but *having a second hand*,—*authorly* (v. 96), — *exsputory* (v. 102), — *returnable*, likely to return (v. 102), — *translatorship* (v. 253), — *poetship* (v. 313),—*a midshipmanship* ("there 's a word for you!" he exclaims, vi. 263),—*man-merchandise* (vi. 127),—*Homer-conners* (vi. 268),—*walkable* (vi. 13),—*seldomcy* (vi. 228). I know not that any of these words is of much value. The

last is suggested by an erroneous analogy. "I hope none of my correspondents (he says) will measure my regard for them by the *frequency*, or rather *seldomcy*, of my epistles." A Latin termination is here subjoined to a Saxon word, which such a termination very rarely fits: and two consonants are brought into juxtaposition, from which in our language they revolt.

Some of these words may perhaps have been already in use, at least in speech, if not in writing. It would be both entertaining and instructive, were any one to collect the words in English invented by particular authors, and to explain the reasons which may either have occasioned or hindered their being incorporated with the body of the language. In some cases no want of the word has been felt: in others the formation has been incorrect, or unsupported by any familiar analogy. Learning of itself indeed will never avail to make words: but in ages when the formative instinct is no longer vivid, judgement and knowledge are requisite to guide it. For the best and ablest writers are apt to err on this score, as we saw just now in the instance of *seldomcy*. Thus even Landor (*Imaginary Convers.* ii. 278) recommends the adoption of *anidiomatical* as an English word; though our language does not acknowledge the Greek negative prefix, except in words like *anarchy*, introduced in their compound state, so that *anidiomatical* would exemplify itself; and though *unidiomatic* would clearly be a preferable form,

which few writers would scruple to use, whether authorized by precedent or no. Nor, I trust, will Coleridge's favorite word, *esemplastic* (*Biographia Literaria* i. 157), to express the atoning or unifying power of the Imagination, ever become current: for, like others of his Greek compounds, it violates the analogies of that language: had such a word existed, it would be compounded of εἰς ἐν πλάττειν, not, as he intended, of εἰς ἓν πλάττειν. On the other hand his word, to *desynonymize* (*Biog. Lit.* i. 87), is a truly valuable one, as designating a process very common in the history of language, and bringing a new thought into general circulation. A Latin preposition is indeed prefixt to a Greek theme: but such mixtures are inevitable in a composite language; and this is sanctioned by the words *dephlegmate* and *dephlogisticate:* after the analogy of which I have ventured above (p. 208) to frame the word *desophisticating.*

Few eminent writers, I believe, have not done more or less toward enriching their native tongue. Thus Rousseau, in one of his letters in defense of his Discourse on the Influence of the Arts and Sciences, vindicates his having hazarded the word *investigation*, on the ground that he had wisht "rendre un service à la langue, en essayant d'y introduire un terme doux, harmonieux, dont le sens est déjà connu, et qui n'a point de synonyme en français. C'est, je crois, toutes les conditions qu'on exige pour autoriser cette liberté salutaire."

Sometimes too an author's bequests to his countrymen do not stay quietly at home, but travel from nation to nation, and become a permanent part of the language of mankind. What a loss would it be to the languages of modern Europe, if Plato's word, *idea,* and Pythagorases, *philosophy,* with their families, were struck out of them! It would be like striking out an eye; and we should hardly know how to grope our way through the realms of thought without them. Again, when we read in Diogenes Laertius (iii. 24) that Plato *πρῶτος ἐν φιλοσοφίᾳ ἀντίποδας ὠνόμασε, καὶ στοιχεῖον, καὶ διαλεκτικὴν, καὶ ποιότητα, καὶ τῶν περάτων τὴν ἐπίπεδον ἐπιφάνειαν, καὶ θεοῦ πρόνοιαν,* we may see from this, without enquiring into the accuracy of each particular statement, what a powerful lever a well-chosen word may be for helping on the progress of thought, how it may embody the results of long processes of meditation, and present those results in a form in which they may not only be apprehended at once by every person of intelligence, but may be used as materials for ulterior speculations, like known quantities for the determination of unknown. Various instances of like pregnant words, in which great authors have embodied the results of their speculations, — of words "which assert a principle, while they appear merely to indicate a transient notion, preserving as well as expressing truths,"— are pointed out in the great *History of the Inductive Sciences,* in

which one of Bacon's worthiest and most enlightened disciples has lately been tracing the progress of scientific discovery throughout the whole world of Nature.

A far worse fault than that of occasionally introducing a new word,—which is not only allowable, but often necessary, as new thoughts keep continually rising above the national horizon,—is that of writing throughout in words alien from the speech of the people. Few writers are apter to fall into this fault, than those who deem it their post to watch and set up a bark at the first approach of a stranger. The gods in Homer now and then use a word different from that of ordinary men: but he who thinks to speak the language of the gods, by speaking one altogether remote from that of ordinary men, will only speak the language of the goblins. He is not a mystic, but a mystifier. U.

There are three genial and generative periods in the history of language.

The first, and far the most important, is that in which the great elementary processes are gone through; when the laws and form of the language are determined, and the body of the thoughts of a people, whether arising out of the depths of its own character, or awakened by the objects around it, fashion and find their appropriate utterance. This is a period of which little notice can be preserved. We are seldom able

to watch the processes while they are working. In a primitive, homogeneous language that working is over, before it comes forward in a substantial, permanent shape, and takes its seat in the halls of Literature: and even in a composite language, like our own, arising out of the confluence and fusion of two, we have scanty means for observing their mutual action upon each other. We see them flowing for a while side by side: then both vanish like the Rhine at Laufenburg: and anon the mingled streams start into sight again, though perhaps not quite thoroughly blended, but each in a manner preserving a distinct current for a time, as the Rhone and Saone do at their junction. In this stage a language is rich in expressions for outward objects, and for simple feelings and actions, but contains few abstract terms, and not many compound words, except such as denote obvious combinations of frequent occurrence. The laws and principles of such compositions however are already establisht: and here and there instances are found of some of the simplest abstract terms; after the analogy of which others are subsequently framed, according to the growing demands of reflexion. Such is the state of our own language in the age of Chaucer: such is that of the German in the Nibelungen-Lay; and that of the Greek in Hesiod and in Homer: in the latter of whom however we already hear the snorting of the horses that are drawing on the car of Apollo,

and see the sparks that flash up beneath their feet, as they rush along the pavement of heaven.

Thus far a language has very little that is arbitrary in it, very little betokening the conscious power and action of man. It owes its origin, not to the thoughts and the will of individuals, but to an instinct actuating a whole people: it expresses what is common to them all: it has grown out of their universal wants, and lives in their hearts. But after a while an intellectual aristocracy spring up, and frame a new language of their own. The princes and lords of thought shoot forth their winged words into regions beyond the scan of the people. They require a gold coinage, in addition to the common currency. This is avowed by Sir Thomas Brown in his Preface. "Nor have we addrest our pen or style to the people, (whom books do not redress, and are this way incapable of reduction), but to the knowing and leading part of learning; as well understanding, — except they be watered from higher regions and fructifying meteors of knowledge, these weeds must lose their alimental sap, and wither of themselves." The Imagination, finding out its powers and its office, and feeling its freedom, begins to fashion and mould and combine things according to its own laws. It is no longer content to reflect the outward world and its forms just as it has received them, with such modifications and associations alone as have been bestowed on them in the national mythology.

It seizes the elements both of outward nature and of human, and mixes them up in its crucible, and bakes them anew in its furnace. It discerns within itself, that there are other shapes and visions of grandeur and beauty, beside those which roll before the eye, that there are other sympathies, and deeper harmonies and discords: and for this its new creation it endeavours to devise fitting symbols in words. This is the age of genial power in poetry, and of a luxuriant richness in language; the age of Eschylus and Aristophanes; the age of Ennius and Lucretius,—who however must be measured by the Roman scale; the age of Shakspeare and Milton. It may be termed the heroic age of language, coming after its golden age, during which, from the unbroken unity of life, there was no call or room for heroes. Custom has not yet markt out the limits within which the plastic powers of the language must be restrained: and they who feel their own strength, and that of their weapon, fancy there is nothing they may not achieve with it. Of the new words formed in this age, many find an echo long after amid the hights of literature: some are so peculiar, they can fit no place except the one they were made for: many fall to the ground and are forgotten, when the sithe of summer mows off the rich bloom of spring.

The third great period in the history of a language is that of its development as an instrument of reason and reflexion. This is the age

of verbal substantives, and of abstract derivatives from adjectives, formed, in a homogeneous language, after the analogy of earlier examples, but multiplied far beyond what had sufficed for a simpler, less speculative generation. The dawn of this age we see struggling through the darkness in Thucydides; the difficulties of whose style arise in great measure from his efforts to express thoughts so profound and farstretching in a language scarcely adapted as yet to such purposes. For, though potentially it had an indefinite wealth in general terms, that wealth was still lying for the most part in the mine: and the simple epical accumulation of sentences, by means of connective particles, was only beginning to give way to a compacter, more logical structure, by the particles of causality and modality. In England, as indeed throughout the whole of modern Europe, the order assigned by Nature for the successive unfolding of the various intellectual powers, in nations as well as individuals, — an order which, unless disturbed by extraneous causes, would needs be far more perceptible, as all general laws are, in an aggregate than in a single unit,—was in some degree altered by the influx of the traditional knowledge amast by former ages. That knowledge, acting more powerfully, and with more certain benefit, on the reasoning faculties than on the imaginative, accelerated the growth of the former, and brought them to an earlier maturity; a result owing mainly to the

existence of a large class, who, being the chief depositaries of knowledge, were specially led by their profession, and by the critical and stirring circumstances of the times, to a diligent pursuit of all studies concerning the moral and spiritual nature of man. Hence the philosophical cultivation of our language coincided with its poetical cultivation: and this prematurity was the more easily attainable, inasmuch as the mass of our philosophical words were not of home growth, but imported ready-grown from abroad; so that, like oranges, they might be in season along with primroses and violets. Yet the natural order was so far upheld, that, while the great age of our poetry is comprised in the last quarter of the sixteenth, and the first quarter of the seventeenth century, the great age of our philosophy and theology reaches down till near the close of the latter. Milton stands alone, and forms a link between the two.

When a nation reaches its noon however, the colours of objects lose much of their brightness; and even their forms and masses stand out less boldly and strikingly. It occupies itself rather in examining and analysing their details. Finding itself already rich, it lives on its capital, instead of making fresh ventures to increase it, and boasts that this is the only rational, gentlemanly way of living. The superabundant activity, which it will not employ in anything positive, finds a vent in negativeness,—in denying

that any previous state of society was comparable to its own, and in issuing peremptory vetoes against all who would try to raise it higher. This is the age when an academy will lay down its laws dictatorially, and proclaim what may be said, and what must not, what may be thought, and what must not; the age when men will scoff at the madness of Xerxes, yet themselves try to fling their chains over the ever-rolling, irrepressible ocean of thought. Nay, they will scoop out a mimic sea in their pleasure-ground, and make it ripple and bubble, and spout up prettily into the air, and then fancy that they are taming the Atlantic; which however keeps advancing upon them, until it sweeps them away with their toys. The interdict against every new word or expression during the century previous to the Revolution in France was only one chapter of the interdict which society then enacted against everything genial: and here too that restlessness, which can never be wholly allayed, became negative; and all that was genial was in sin. The dull flat of the *Henriade* abutted on the foaming hellpool of the *Pucelle*.

The futility of all attempts to check the growth of a language, so long at least as a nation continues to exercise any activity even in the lower departments of thought, is proved by the successive editions of the Dictionary publisht by the French Academy. Not content with crushing and stifling freedom in the State, Richelieu's

ambition aimed at becoming autocrat of the French language. He would have had no word uttered throughout the realm, until he had countersigned it. But ancient usage, and the wants of progressive civilization were too mighty for him. Every time the Academy have issued their Dictionary afresh, they have found themselves compelled to admit a number of new words into their censorial register: and in the last fifty years more especially a vast influx has taken place. If we look into their modern writers, even into those who, like Chateaubriand, while they acknowledge the power of the present, still retain a reverent allegiance to the past, we find new words ever sprouting up: and the popular literature of *la jeune France*, of those who are the minions, deeming themselves the lords, of the present, seems in language and style, as well as in morals, to bear the character of slavery that has burst its bonds, to be as it were an insurrection of intellectual negroes, rioting in the licentiousness of a lawless, fetterless will. U.

That in writing Latin no word should be used, unless sanctioned by the authority of Cicero, or of the Augustan age, is, I believe, a purely modern notion; and an utterly absurd one, if extended to anything else than a scholastic exercise. For Cicero first taught Philosophy to talk with elegance in Latin; and in doing so he often went round the mark, rather than straight to it:

whereas the fitting of a language to be an instrument of reflective and speculative thought must be the work of many minds, and of more than one generation. A number of new ideas were drawn forth by the discipline of adversity during the first century of the empire. Repelled from outward objects, which till then had been all in all to the Romans, men turned their eyes inward, and explored the depths of their own nature, if so be they might discover something there, that would stand firm against the shock and amid the ruin of the world; while all forms of evil were shooting up in loathsome enormity on every side. Hence the writers in the days of Nero, and those in the days of Trajan, had much to say, and said much, that had never entered into the minds of their forefathers. In the latter ages of Roman literature attempts were made to revive many antiquated words: but no life could be restored to them; and they merely lie like the bones of the dead around a decaying body. For the regeneration of a language can never be genuine and lasting, except so far as it goes along with a regeneration of the national mind: whereas the Roman mind was dying away, and had no longer the power of incorporating the new regions of thought thrown open to it. A flood of barbarisms rusht in: Christianity came, with its host of spiritualities: all the mysteries of man's nature were to find utterance in Latin, which had always been better fitted for the forum than for the

schools. It became the language of the learned, when learning was unfortunately cut off from communion with actual life, and when the past merely lay as a huge shapeless shadow spread out over the germs of the future. Yet, so indispensable is the power of producing new words to a language, when it is applied to any practical use, Latin, even after it had ceast to be spoken, still retained a sort of life, like that which lingers in the bark of a hollow tree long after its core has mouldered away: and still for centuries it kept on putting forth a few fresh leaves. U.

A sort of English has been very prevalent during the last hundred years, in which the sentences have a meaning, but the words have little or none. As in a middling landscape the general outlines may be correct, and the forms distinguishable, while the details are hazy and indefinite and confused; so here the abstract proposition designed to be exprest is so; but hardly a word is used for which half a dozen synonyms might not have stood equally well: whereas the test of a good style, as Coleridge observes (*Biog. Lit.* ii. 160), is "its untranslatableness in words of the same language, without injury to the meaning." This may be called Scotch English; not as being exclusively the property of our northern brethren: but because the celebrated Scotch writers of the last century are in the first rank of those who have emboweled the substantial, roast-beef and

plum-pudding English of our forefathers. Their precedence in this respect is intimately connected with their having been our principal writers on metaphysical subjects since the days of Locke and Shaftesbury and Thomas Burnet and Berkeley and Butler. For metaphysical writers, especially when they belong to a school, and draw their principles from their master's cistern through conduit after conduit, instead of going to the well of Nature, are very apt to give us vapid water instead of fresh. Attaching little importance to anything but abstractions, and being almost without an eye, except for colourless shadows, they merge whatever is individual in that which is merely generic, and let this living universe of infinite variety drop out of sight in the menstruum of a technical phraseology. They lose the sent in the cry, but keep on yelping without finding out their loss: not a few too join in the cry, without having ever caught the sent. How far this will go, may be seen in the dead language of the Schoolmen, who often deal with their words just as if they were so many counters, the rust having eaten away every atom of the original impress. In like manner, when the dry rot gets into the house of a German philosopher, his disciples pick up handfuls of the dust, and fancy it will serve instead of timbers. Even Greek, notwithstanding the vivacity both of the people and the language, lost much of its life and grace in the hands of the later philosophers. Accordingly this Scotch

English is the usual style of our writers on speculative subjects.

Opposite to this, and almost the converse of it, is Irish English; in which every word taken by itself means, or is meant to mean something; but he who looks for any meaning in a sentence, might as well look for a mountain in St Gileses. Every Irishman, the saying goes, has a potato in his head: many, I think, must have a whole crop of them. At least the words of their orators are wont to roll out just like so many potatoes from the mouth of a sack, round, and knobby, and rumbling, and pothering, and incoherent. This style too is common nowadays, especially that less kindly, and therefore less Irish modification of it, where the potatoes become prickly, and every word must be smart, and every syllable must have its point, if not its sting. No style is so well suited to scriblers for magazines and journals, and other like manufacturers of squibs which are to explode at once, and which, if they did not crack and flash, would vanish without anybody's heeding them.

What then is English English? It is the combination of the two; not that vulgar combination in which they would neutralize, but that in which they strengthen and give effect to each other; where the unity of the whole is not disturbed by the elaborate thrusting forward of the parts, as that of a Dutch picture is often by a herring or an onion, a silk-gown or a rut; nor is the canvas

daubed over with slovenly haste to fill up the outline, as in many French and later Italian and Flemish pictures; but where, as in the works of Raphael and Claude, and of their common mistress, Nature, well-defined and beautiful parts unite to make up a well-defined and beautiful whole. This, like all good things, all such good things at least as are the products of human labour and thought, is rare: but it is still to be found amongst us. The exquisite purity of Wordsworth's English has often been acknowledged. An author in whose pages the combination is almost always realized, and many of whose sentences are like crystals, each separate word in them being itself a lucid crystal, has been quoted several times above. And everybody has seen the writings of another, who may convince the most desponding worshiper of bygone excellence, that our language has not yet been so diluted and enervated, but Swift, were he living in these days, would still find plain words to talk plain sense in. Nor do they stand alone. In this at least we may boast with Sthenelus, that we are better than our fathers: only they who indulge in such a boast, should remind themselves of their duty, by following it up with Hector's prayer, that our children may be much better than we are. Southey's writings in style, as in other respects, have almost every merit except the highest. Arnold's style is worthy of his manly understanding, and the noble simplicity of his character.

And the new History of Greece is the antipode to its predecessor in this quality, no less than in every other. U.

A word which has no precise meaning, can but poorly fulfill its office of being a sign and guide of thought: and if it be connected with matters interesting to the feelings, or of practical moment, it may easily become mischievous. Now in a language like ours, in which the abstract terms are mostly imported from abroad, such terms, when they get into general circulation, are especially liable to be misunderstood and perverted; inasmuch as few can have any distinct conception what their meaning really is, or how they came by it. Having neither taproots, nor lateral roots, they are easily shaken and driven out of line; and one gust may blow them on one side, another on another side. Hence arises a confusion of tongues, even within the pale of the same language; and this breeds a confusion of thoughts. Of all classes of paralogisms the most copious is that in which a word, used in one sense in the premisses, slips another sense into the conclusion.

For instance, no small part of the blunders made by modern theorizers on education may be traced to their ignorance or forgetfulness that *education* is something more than *instruction*, and that instruction is only the most prominent part of it; but the part which requires the least care, the least thought, and is practically of the least

importance. Nor is this errour confined to theorists, but has crept into every family. Most parents, of whatsoever rank or condition, fancy they have done all they need do for the education of their children, when they have had them taught such things as custom requires that persons of their class should learn: although with a view to the formation of character, the main end and object of education, it would be almost as reasonable to read a treatise on botany to a flower-bed, under a notion of making the plants grow and blossom. Nay, even those who set themselves to instruct youth, too often forget that their aim should be to unfold and discipline and strengthen the minds of their pupils, to inspire them with a love of knowledge, and to improve their faculties for acquiring it, and not merely to load and stuff them with a certain ready-made quantity of knowledge; which is only power, when it is living, firmly grounded, reproducible, and expansive.

So again there is a tribe of errours, both speculative and practical, which have arisen from the mistaking of *Administration* for *Government*, and the confounding of their appropriate provinces and functions. In our country *the Ministry* have long been vulgarly termed *the Government;* and *the Prime Minister* is strangely misnamed *the head of the Government;* although they have no constitutional existence, and are therefore removable at the pleasure of a soverein or a parliament: so that, were they indeed the Government, and not

merely the creatures and agents of a more permanent body, we should be the sport of chance and caprice, as has ever happened to a people when fallen under a doulocracy. Yet, as they have usurpt the name, so have they in great measure the executive part of the office. Thus it has come to pass that, from the Land's End to John of Groat's House, scarcely a man any longer remembers that the business of governors is to govern. Above all have those who call themselves *the Government* forgotten this, persuading themselves that their duty is to be the servants, or rather the slaves, of circumstances and of public opinion. The divine exhortation,—*He that would be chief among you, let him be your servant,* that is, by his own will and deed, whereby we are called to follow the example of Him who came, not to be ministered to, but to minister,—is popularly misread after the Jewish fashion,—*Make him your servant, yea your slave, and give him the slave's punishment of the cross.* The centralizing tendency, which rightly belongs to government, and which has been extended during the last half century to all branches of administration, both on the Continent, and latterly, after an example rather to have been shunned than followed, in England, is another instance of the same perversion. As a government is one, and should embrace all its subjects with its protecting arms, so it has been thought expedient that the rule of uniformity, the substitute of the understanding

for the principle of unity, should be carried through all parts of the State, and that the administration should have a hand, or at least a finger, in every man's business. In speculation too this leads to very erroneous judgements concerning countries and times in which juster views on the distinctive nature of Government and Administration prevailed. It must be owing to this general confusion, that in the recent ingenious and thoughtful Essay *On the Attributes of a Statesman*, though by a writer who mostly evinces the clearness of his understanding by the correctness of his language, the Statesman's real characteristics and duties are scarcely toucht upon; and he who ought to be the man of the State, whose eyes should be fixt on the State, and whose mind and heart should be full of it, shrinks up into the holder of a ministerial office.

No less general, and far more mischievous, is another delusion, by which the same word, *ministry*, is confounded with *the Church*. He who enters into the ministry of the Church, is said *to go into the Church*, as though he were not in it before: the body of the ministers too, the Clergy, are commonly called *the Church;* and by a very unfortunate, but inevitable consequence, are frequently lookt upon as forming, not merely a part, but the whole Church. Hence politically the interests of the Church are deemed to be separate from those of the State; and the Church is accounted a portion of the State: whereas it should be coextensive

and coincident therewith; nay, should be the State itself spiritualized, under a higher relation, and in a higher power. Hence too in ordinary life the still greater evil, that the more peculiar duties of the Christian profession, as distinct from those enjoined by human ethics, are held to be incumbent on the Clergy alone: whereby their labours are deprived of help which they might otherwise receive, and which they greatly need. Indeed they themselves are far too ready to monopolize their office, and to regard all interference of the Laity in spiritual or ecclesiastical matters as an impertinent intrusion. On the other hand the Laity, instead of being invited and encouraged to deem themselves integral members of the Church, and sharers in all the blessed duties of Christian fellowship, are led to fancy that these are things in which they have no concern, that all they have to do with the Church is to go on a Sunday to the building which bears its name, and that, if they only bring themselves to listen, they may leave it to the preacher to follow his own exhortations.

I am not contending that in any of these instances the perversion in the meaning of the words has been the sole, or even the main source of the corresponding practical errour. Rather has the practical errour given birth to the verbal. It is the heart that misleads the head in the first instance nine times, for once that the head misleads the heart. Still errour, as well as truth, when

it is stampt in words, gains currency, and diffuses and propagates itself, and becomes inveterate, and almost ineradicable. All that large and better meaning class, who swell the train of public opinion, and who, without energy to do right on their own bottom, would often be loth to do what they recognised to be wrong, are apt to be the lackies of words, and will follow the blind more readily than the seeing.

On the other hand, in proportion as every word is the distinct, determinate sign of the conception it stands for, does that conception form part and parcel of the nation's knowledge. Now a language will often be wiser, not merely than the vulgar, but even than the wisest of those who speak it. Being like amber in its efficacy to circulate the electric spirit of truth, it is also like amber in embalming and preserving the relics of ancient wisdom, although one is not seldom puzzled to decipher its contents. Sometimes it locks up truths, which were once well known, but which in the course of ages have past out of sight and been forgotten. In other cases it holds the germs of truths, of which, though they were never plainly discerned, the genius of its framers caught a glimpse in a happy moment of divination. A meditative man cannot refrain from wonder, when he digs down to the deep thought lying at the root of many a metaphorical term, employed for the designation of spiritual things, even of those with regard to which professing philosophers have

blundered grossly: and often it would seem as though rays of truths, which were still below the intellectual horizon, had dawned upon the Imagination as it was looking up to heaven. Hence they who feel an inward call to teach and enlighten their countrymen, should deem it an important part of their duty to draw out the stores of thought which are already latent in their native language, to purify it from the corruptions which Time brings upon all things, and from which language has no exemption, and to endeavour to give distinctness and precision to whatever in it is confused, or obscure, or dimly seen.

And they who have been studious thus to purify their native tongue, may also try to enrich it. When any new conception stands out so broadly and singly as to give it a claim for having a special sign to denote it,—if no word for the purpose can be found in the extant vocabulary of the language, no old word which, with a slight *clinamen* given to its meaning, will answer the purpose,—they may frame a new one. But he who does not know how to prize the inheritance his ancestors have bequeathed to him, will hardly better or enlarge it. A man should love and venerate his native language, as the first of his benefactors, as the awakener and stirrer of all his thoughts, the frame and mould and rule of his spiritual being, as the great bond and medium of intercourse with his fellows, as the mirror in which he sees his own nature, and

without which he could not even commune with himself, as the image in which the wisdom of God has chosen to reveal itself to him. He who thus thinks of his native language will never touch it without reverence. Yet his reverence will not withhold, but rather encourage him to do what he can to purify and improve it. Of this duty no Englishman in our times has shewn himself so well aware as Coleridge: which of itself is a proof that he possest some of the most important elements of the philosophical mind. Nor were his exertions in this way unsuccessful. Several words that he revived, some that he coined, are now become current, at least among writers on speculative subjects: and many are the terms in our philosophical vocabulary, which a while back were scattered about promiscuously, as if they all stood for pretty much the same thing, but which he has stampt afresh, so that people begin to have some notion of their meaning. Valuable contributions towards the same end are also to be found in the writings of Mr De Quincey; whose clear and subtile understanding, combined as it is with extensive and accurate learning, fits him above most men for such investigations. U.

A statesman, we are told, should follow public opinion. Doubtless . . . as a coachman follows his horses; having firm hold on the reins, and guiding them.

Suppose one's horse runs away, what is one to do?

Fling the bridle on his neck, to be sure: and then you will be fit to be prime minister of England.

But the horse might throw me.

That too would be mob-like. They are fond of trampling on those who have bent and cringed to them.—1836. U.

Ours till lately was a government of maxims, and perhaps is so in great measure still. The economists want to substitute a despotism of systems. But who, until the coming of Christ's Kingdom, can hope to see a government of principles?

When a ship has run aground, the boats take her in tow. Is not this pretty much the condition of our government, perhaps of most governments nowadays? The art of governing, even in the sense of steering a state, will soon be reckoned among the lost arts, along with architecture, sacred music, sculpture, historical painting, and epic and dramatic poetry. U.

If a government is to stand a storm, it should have a strong anchorage; and that is only to be found in the past. Custom attaches men in the long run, even more than personal affection, and far more than the clearest conviction; as we see, among many other proofs, in the difficulty of breaking off a bad habit, however bad we may acknowledge and deeply feel it to be.

The power of ancestral institutions has been strikingly manifested of late, on the one hand, in the unwillingness which the main body even of our reformers,—in spite of party zeal, in spite of the charms of rashness and presumption, in spite of the fascination exercised by the love of destroying, and of rebuilding a new edifice of our own creation, in spite of the delusions of false theories,—have shewn to assail the fundamental principles of the Constitution. On the other hand the same power has been evinced by the rapidity with which the feeling of the nation has been resuming its old level, notwithstanding what has been done to shake and pervert it, not merely by temporary excitements, but by the enormous changes in the distribution of wealth, and by the hordes of human beings that have swarmed wherever Commerce has sounded her bell.

Does any one wish to see the converse, how soon the births of yesterday grow rotten, and send up a stench in the nostrils of a whole people? There is no necessity to cast our eyes back on the ghastly pantomime exhibited in France, when constitution followed constitution, each gaudier and flimsier and more applauded and more detested than its predecessors. Alas! we are witnesses of a similar spectacle at home, where friend and foe are united in condemning and reviling what half a dozen years back was cried up as a marvellous structure of political wisdom, that was to be the glory and the bulwark of England for ages.

This is the curse which waits on man's wilfulness. Of our own works we soon grow weary: today we worship, tomorrow we loathe them. The laws we have imposed on ourselves, knowing how baseless and strengthless they are, we are impatient to throw off: and then we are glad to bow even to a yoke of iron, if it will but deliver us from the misery of being our own masters.—1836. U.

Thrift is the best means of thriving. This is one of the truths that force themselves on the understanding of very early ages, when it is almost the only means: and few truths are such favorites with that selfish, housewifely shrewdness, which has ever been the chief parent and retailer of proverbs. Hence there is no lack of such sayings as, *A pin a-day is a groat a-year. Take care of the pence; and the pounds will take care of themselves.*

Perhaps the former of these saws, which bears such strongly markt features of homelier times, may be out of date in these days of inordinate gains, and still more inordinate desires; when it seems as though nobody could be satisfied, until he has dug up the earth, and drunk up the sea, and outgallopt the sun. Many now are so insensible to the inestimable value of a regular increase, however slow, that they would probably cry out scornfully, *A fig for your groat! Would you have me be at the trouble of picking up and laying*

by a pin a-day, for the sake of being a groat the richer at the end of the year?

Still both these maxims, taken in their true spirit, are admirable prudential rules for the whole of our housekeeping through life. Nor is their usefulness limited to the purse. That still more valuable portion of our property, our time, stands equally in need of good husbandry. It is only by making much of our minutes, that we can make much of our days and years. Every stitch that is let down may force us to unravel a score.

Moreover, in the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly,—and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, are for ever starting up,—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it: and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake, than for his neighbour's. Many persons indeed are said to be penny-wise and pound-foolish: but they who are penny-foolish will hardly be pound-wise; although selfish vanity may now and then for a moment get the better of selfish indolence. For Wisdom will always have a microscope in her hand.

But these sayings are still more. They are among the highest maxims of the highest prudence, that which superintends the housekeeping

of our souls. The reason why people so ill know how to do their duty on great occasions, is, that they will not be diligent in doing their duty on little occasions. Here too let us only take care of the pence; and the pounds will take care of themselves: for God will be the paymaster. But how will He pay us? In kind doubtless: by supplying us with greater occasions, and enabling us to act worthily of them.

On the other hand, as there is a law of continuity, whereby in ascending we can only mount step by step, so is there a law of continuity, whereby they who descend must sink, and that too with an ever increasing velocity. No propagation or multiplication is more rapid than that of evil, unless it be checkt; no growth more certain. He who is in for a penny, to take another expression belonging to the same family, if he does not resolutely fly, will find he is in for a pound. U.

Few do all that is demanded of them. Few hands are steady enough to hold out a full cup, without spilling the wine. It is well therefore to have a cup which will contain something beyond the exact measure, — to require more than is absolutely necessary for the end we have in view. A.

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is, to be

its own master. Minerva should always be at hand, to restrain Achilles from blindly following his impulses and appetites, even those which are moral and intellectual, as well as those which are animal and sensual. A pond may lie quiet in a plain; but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in. U.

Is it from distrusting our reason, that we are always so anxious to have some outward confirmation of its verdicts? Or is it that we are such slaves to our senses, we cannot lift up our minds to recognise the certainty of any truths, but those which come to us through our eyes and ears? that, though we are willing to look up to the sky now and then, we want the solid ground to stand and lie on? U.

I was surprised just now to see a cobweb round a knocker: for it was not on the gate of heaven. U.

We are apt to confound the potential mood with the optative. What we wish to do, we think we can do: but when we don't wish a thing, it becomes impossible.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild. U.

Examples would indeed be excellent things,

were not people so modest that none will set, and so vain that none will follow them.

Surely half the world must be blind: they can see nothing, unless it glitters.

A person who had been up in a balloon, was askt whether he did not find it very hot, when he got so near the sun. This is the vulgar notion of greatness. People fancy they shall get near the sun, if they can but discover or devise some trick to lift them from the ground. Nor would it be difficult to point out sundry analogies between these bladders from the wind-vaults of Eolus, and the means and implements by which men attempt to raise themselves. All however that can be effected in this way is happily altogether insignificant. The further we are borne above the plain of common humanity, the colder it grows: we swell out till we are nigh to bursting: and manifold experience teaches us, that our human strength, like that of Anteus, becomes weakness, as soon as we are severed from the refreshing and renovating breast of our mighty Mother.

On the other hand, it is in the lowly valley that the sun's warmth is truly genial; unless indeed there are mountains so close and abrupt as to overshadow it. Then noisome vapours may be bred there: but otherwise in the valley may we behold the meaning of the wonderful blessing bestowed upon the meek, that they shall inherit the

earth. It is theirs for this very reason, because they do not seek it. They do not exalt their heads like icebergs,—which by the by are driven away from the earth, and cluster, or rather jostle, around the Pole; but they flow along the earth humbly and silently; and, wherever they flow, they bless it; and so all its beauty and all its richness is reflected in their pure, calm, peaceful bosoms. U.

The inheritance of the earth is promist to the godly. How inseparably is this promise bound up with the command to love our neighbours as ourselves! For what is it to inherit land? To possess it; to enjoy it; to have it as our own. Now if we did love our fellow-men *as ourselves*, if their interests, their joys, their good were as dear to us as our own, then would all their property be ours. We should have the same enjoyment from it as if it were called by our name. We can feel the truth of this in the case of a dear friend, of a brother; still more in that of a husband and wife, who, though two persons, are in every interest one. Were this love extended to all, it would once more make all mankind one people and one family. To this end the first Christians sought to have all things in common: *neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possest was his own* (*Acts* iv. 32). In proportion as we grow to think and feel that the concerns of others are no less important to us than

our own, in proportion as we learn to share their pleasures and their sorrows, to rejoice with them when they rejoice, and to suffer and mourn with them when they suffer and mourn, in the selfsame measure do we taste the blessedness of the promise that we shall inherit the earth. It is not the narrow span of our own garden, of our own field, that we then enjoy. Our own prosperity does not bound our happiness. That happiness is infinitely multiplied, as we take interest in all that befalls our neighbours, and find an ever-flowing source of fresh joy in every blessing bestowed on every soul around us. *a.*

This great Christian truth is beautifully exprest by Augustin in his 32d Treatise on St John, when he is speaking of the union between the individual Christian and the Church. "Quid enim? tu loqueris omnibus linguis? Loquor plane, quia omnis lingua mea est, id est, ejus corporis cujus membrum sum. Diffusa Ecclesia per gentes loquitur omnibus linguis: Ecclesia est corpus Christi: in hoc corpore membrum es: cum ergo membrum sis ejus corporis quod loquitur omnibus linguis, crede te loqui omnibus linguis. Unitas enim membrorum caritate concordat; et ipsa unitas loquitur quomodo tunc unus homo loquebatur.—Sed tu forsitan eorum omnium quae dixi nihil habes. Si amas, non nihil habes. Si enim amas unitatem, etiam tibi habet quisquis in illa habet aliquid. Tolle invidiam, et tuum est quod habeo: tollam invidiam, et meum est quod habes. Livor separat;

sanitas jungit. Oculus solus videt in corpore: sed numquid soli sibi oculus videt? Et manui videt, et pedi videt, et caeteris membris videt.—Rursus sola manus operatur in corpore: sed numquid sibi soli operatur? Et oculo operatur.—Sic pes ambulando omnibus membris militat: membra caetera tacent, et lingua omnibus loquitur. Habemus ergo Spiritum Sanctum, si amamus Ecclesiam."

This is the great blessing of marriage, that it delivers us from the tyranny of *Meum* and *Tuum*. Converting each into the other, it endears them both, and turns a slavish, deadening drudgery into a free and joyous service. And by bringing home to every one's heart, that he is something better than a mere self, that he is the part of a higher and more precious whole, it becomes a type of the union between the Church and her Lord. U.

To Adam Paradise was home. To the good among his descendants home is Paradise.

God's first gift to man was religion, and a glimpse of personal liberty: his second was love, and a home, and therein the seeds of civilization. His two great institutions are two great charters, bestowed on every creature that labours, and on women. Had they been respected as they ought, no poor folks would ever have been driven to their

work like oxen, and trampled down into mere creeping things; nor would any females have been degraded into brute instruments for glutting the casual passions of the male.

In giving us sisters, God gave us the best of earthly moral antiseptics; that affinity, in its habitual, intimate, domestic, desensualized intercourse of affection, presenting us with the ideal of love in sexual separation; as marriage, or total identification, does with the ideal of love in sexual union. Indeed it bears the same relation to love, that love bears to human nature; being designed to disentangle love from sense, which is love's selfishness, just as love is to disentangle man from selfishness under all its forms. Yet God again has consecrated sense in marriage; so that its delights are only called in to be purified and minted by religion. If they are forbidden to the appetite, it is to raise their character, and to endow it with a blessing; that, being thus elevated, enricht, and hallowed, they may prove the worthier gift to the chastened and subjected imagination.

Here let me cite a passage from one of the wisest and most delightful works of recent times, which, though its author is sometimes over-fanciful, and not seldom led astray by his Romish prejudices, is full of high and holy thoughts on the loftiest subjects of speculation. "La passion la plus effrénée et la plus chère à la nature humaine verse seule plus de maux sur la terre que tous les

autres vices ensemble. Nous avons horreur du meurtre : mais que sont tous les meurtres réunis, et la guerre même, comparés au vice, qui est comme le mauvais principe, *homicide dès le commencement*, qui agit sur le possible, tue ce qui n'existe point encore, et ne cesse de veiller sur les sources de la vie pour les appauvrir ou les souiller ? Comme il doit toujours y avoir dans le monde, en vertu de sa constitution actuelle, une conspiration immense pour justifier, pour embellir, j'ai presque dit, pour consacrer ce vice, il n'y en a pas sur lequel les saintes pages aient accumulé plus d'anathèmes temporels. Le sage nous dénonce les suites funestes des *nuits coupables* (iv. 6); et si nous regardons autour de nous, rien ne nous empêche d'observer l'incontestable accomplissement de ces anathèmes. La reproduction de l'homme, qui d'un côté le rapproche de la brute, l'élève de l'autre jusqu'à la pure intelligence, par les lois qui environnent ce grand mystère de la nature, et par la sublime participation accordée à celui qui s'en est rendu digne. Mais que la sanction de ces lois est terrible ! Si nous pouvions apercevoir tous les maux qui résultent des innombrables profanations de la première loi du monde, nous reculerions d'horreur. Nos enfans porteront la peine de nos fautes : nos pères les ont vengés d'avance. Voilà pourquoi la seule religion vraie est aussi la seule qui, sans pouvoir tout dire à l'homme, se soit néanmoins emparée du mariage, et l'ait soumis à de saintes

ordonnances. Je crois même que sa legislation sur ce point doit être mise au rang des preuves les plus sensibles de sa divinité." De Maistre, *Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*, i. 59—61.

There are persons who would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because He outbids the devil.

I was told once of a man, who lighted a bonfire in his park, and walkt through it, to get a foretaste of hell, and try what it felt like. Surely he who could do this must often have been present at scenes which would have furnisht him with a far better likeness. U.

Some men treat the God of their fathers as they treat their father's friend. They do not deny him; by no means: they only deny themselves to him, when he is good enough to call upon them.

Truth, when witty, is the wittiest of all things.

Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat? In the first place, all the sour faces in the world, stiffening into a yet more rigid asperity at the least glimpse of a smile. I have seen faces too, which, so long as you let them lie in their sleepy torpour, unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness, and might beguile you into suspecting their owners of being gentle: but, if they

catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they also turn sour. Nay, strange as it may seem, there have been such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellowcreatures cry than smile.

But is not this in exact accordance with the spirit which pronounces a blessing on the weeper, and a woe on the laugher?

Not in the persons I have in view. That blessing and woe are pronounced in the knowledge how apt the course of this world is to run counter to the kingdom of God. They who weep are declared to be blessed, not because they weep, but *because they shall laugh:* and the woe threatened to the laughers is in like manner, that *they shall mourn and weep.* Therefore they who have this spirit in them will endeavour to forward the blessing, and to avert the woe. They will try to comfort the mourner, so as to lead him to rejoice: and they will warn the laugher, that he may be preserved from the mourning and weeping, and may exchange his passing for lasting joy. But there are many who merely indulge in the antipathy, without opening their hearts to the sympathy. Such is the spirit found in those who have cast off the bonds of the lower earthly affections, without having risen as yet into the freedom of heavenly love,—in those who have stopt short in the state of transition between the two lives, like so many skeletons, stript of their earthly, and not yet clothed with a heavenly body. It is the

spirit of Stoicism, for instance, in philosophy, and of vulgar Calvinism, which in so many things answers to Stoicism, in religion. They who feel the harm they have received from worldly pleasures, are prone at first to quarrel with pleasure of every kind altogether: and it is one of the strange perversities of our selfwill to entertain anger, instead of pity, toward those whom we fancy to judge or act less wisely than ourselves. This however is only while the scaffolding is still standing around the edifice of their Christian life, so that they cannot see clearly out of the windows, and their view is broken up into disjointed parts. When the scaffolding is removed, and they look abroad without hindrance, they are readier than any to delight in all the beauty and true pleasure around them. They feel that it is their blessed calling, not only to *rejoice always* themselves, but likewise to *rejoice with all who do rejoice* in innocence of heart. They feel that this must be well-pleasing to Him who has filled His universe with ever-bubbling springs of gladness; so that, whithersoever we turn our eyes, through earth and sky as well as sea, we behold the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* of Nature. On the other hand, it is the harshness of an irreligious temper, clothing itself in religious zeal, and not seldom exhibiting symptoms of mental disorganization, that looks scowlingly on every indication of happiness and mirth.

Moreover there is a large class of people, who

deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of; who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips, as on a gravestone, or in a ledger. Wit and Wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indicted for bigamy were they to wed them both; but they shudder at such a union as incestuous. So, to keep clear of temptation, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the younger out of doors; and if they see or hear of anybody taking her in, they are positive he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world. Now to escape being so is not very difficult for those whom Nature has so favoured that Wit with them is always at zero, or below it. And as to their Wisdom, since they are careful never to overfeed her, she jogs leisurely along the turnpike-road, with lank and meagre carcass, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust. She feels no inclination to be frisky, but, if a coach or a waggon passes her, is glad, like her rider, to run behind a thing so big. Now all these people take grievous offense, if any one comes near them better mounted; and they are in a tremour lest the neighing and snorting and prancing should be contagious.

Surely however ridicule implies contempt: and so the feeling must be condemnable, subversive of gentleness, incompatible with kindness?

Not necessarily so, or universally: far from it. The word *ridicule*, it is true, has a narrow, onesided meaning. From our proneness to mix up personal feelings with those which are more purely objective and intellectual, we have in great measure restricted the meaning of *ridicule*, which would properly extend over the whole region of the *ridiculous*, the laughable, where we may disport ourselves innocently, without any evil emotion; and we have narrowed it so that in common usage it mostly corresponds to *derision*, which does indeed involve personal and offensive feelings. As the great business of Wisdom in her speculative office is to detect and reveal the hidden harmonies of things, those harmonies which are the sources and the everflowing emanations of Law, the dealings of Wit on the other hand are with incongruities. And it is the perception of incongruity, flashing upon us, when unaccompanied, as Aristotle observes (*Poet.* c. v), by pain, or by any predominant moral disgust, that provokes laughter, and excites the feeling of the ridiculous. But it no more follows that the perception of such an incongruity must breed or foster haughtiness or disdain, than that the perception of anything else that may be erroneous or wrong should do so. You might as well argue, that a man must be proud and scornful, because he sees that there is such a thing as sin, or such a thing as folly in the world. Yet, unless we blind our eyes, and gag our ears, and hoodwink our minds, we shall

seldom pass through a day, without having some form of evil brought in one way or other before us. Besides the perception of incongruity may exist, and may awaken laughter, without the slightest reprobation of the object laught at. We laugh at a pun, surely without a shade of contempt either for the words punned upon or for the punster: and if a very bad pun be the next best thing to a very good one, this is not from its flattering any feeling of superiority in us, but because the incongruity is broader and more glaring. Nor, when we laugh at a droll combination of imagery, do we feel any contempt, but often admiration, at the ingenuity shewn in it, and an almost affectionate thankfulness toward the person by whom we have been amused, such as is rarely excited by any other display of intellectual power; as those who have ever enjoyed the delight of Professor Sedgwick's society will bear witness.

It is true, an exclusive attention to the ridiculous side of things is hurtful to the character, and destructive of earnestness and gravity. But no less mischievous is it to fix our attention exclusively or even mainly, on the vices and other follies of mankind. Such contemplations, unless counteracted by wholesomer thoughts, harden or rot the heart, deaden the moral principle, and make us hopeless and reckless. The objects toward which we should turn our minds habitually, are those which are great and good and pure, the

throne of Virtue, and she who sits upon it, the majesty of Truth, the beauty of Holiness. This is the spiritual sky through which we should strive to mount, "springing from crystal step to crystal step," and bathing our souls in its living, life-giving ether. These are the thoughts by which we should whet and polish our swords for the warfare against evil, that the vapours of the earth may not rust them. But in a warfare against evil, under one or other of its forms, we are all of us called to engage: and it is a childish dream to fancy that we can walk about among mankind without perpetual necessity of remarking that the world is full of many worse incongruities, beside those which make us laugh.

Nor do I deny that a laugher may often be a scoffer and a scorner. Some jesters are fools of a worse breed than those who used to wear the cap. Sneering is commonly found along with a bitter, splenetic misanthropy: or it may be a man's mockery at his own hollow heart, venting itself in mockery at others. Cruelty will try to season, or to palliate its atrocities by derision. The hyena grins in its den; most wild beasts over their prey. But, though a certain kind of wit, like other intellectual gifts, may coexist with moral depravity, there has often been a playfulness in the best and greatest men,—in Phocion, in Socrates, in Luther, in Sir Thomas More,—which, as it were, adds a bloom to the severer graces of their character, shining forth with amaranthine brightness when

storms assail them, and springing up in fresh blossoms under the axe of the executioner. How much is our affection for Hector increast by his tossing his boy in his arms, and laughing at his childish fears! Smiles are the language of love: they betoken the complacency and delight of the heart in the object of its contemplation. Why are we to assume that there must needs be bitterness or contempt in them, when they enforce a truth, or reprove an errour? On the contrary, some of those who have been richest in wit and humour, have been among the simplest and kindest-hearted of men. I will only instance Fuller, Bishop Earle, Lafontaine, Matthes Claudius, Charles Lamb. "Le méchant n'est jamais comique," is wisely remarkt by De Maistre, when canvassing the pretensions of Voltaire (*Soirées*, i. 273): and the converse is equally true: *le comique, le vrai comique, n'est jamais méchant.* A laugh, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart; but without kindness there can be no true joy. And what a dull, plodding, tramping, clanking would the ordinary intercourse of society be, without wit to enliven and brighten it! When two men meet, they seem to be kept at bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their hearts to each other. Nor does anything spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party, or an assembly of people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; Imagination glorifies the poet,

and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial: but, if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby Wit lightens our everyday life, I hardly know what power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.

Surely too it cannot be requisite to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Or is there less of sincerity in Nature during her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? Does not the bird's blithe caroling come from the heart, quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with Truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as on a kind father or mother, and to sport with it and hold light and merry talk with it as with a loved brother or sister, and to fondle it and play with it as with a child? No otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakspeare. This playfulness of Truth is beautifully represented by Landor, in the Conversation between Marcus Cicero and his brother, in an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of Plato. On the other hand the outcries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a bleat, as derogatory to Truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the truth in question, as of the

dignity of the person by whom that truth is maintained. It is our vanity, our self-conceit, that makes us so sore and irritable. To a grave argument we may reply gravely, and fancy that we have the best of it: but he who is too dull or too angry to smile, cannot answer a smile, except by fretting and fuming? Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the Clown.

For the full expansion of the intellect moreover, to preserve it from that narrowness and partial warp, which our proneness to give ourselves up to the sway of the moment is apt to produce, its various faculties, however opposite, should grow and be trained up side by side, should twine their arms together, and strengthen each other by love-wrestles. Thus will it be best fitted for discerning and acting upon the multiplicity of things which the world sets before it. Thus too will something like a balance and order be upheld, and our minds be preserved from that exaggeration on the one side, and depreciation on the other side, which are the sure results of exclusiveness. A poet for instance should have much of the philosopher in him; not indeed thrusting itself forward at the surface,—this would only make a monster of his work, like the Siamese twins, neither one thing, nor two,—but latent within: the spindle should be out of sight; but the web should be spun by the Fates. A philosopher on the other hand should have much of the poet in him. A

historian cannot be great, without combining the elements of the two minds. A statesman ought to unite those of all the three. A great religious teacher, such as Socrates, Bernard, Luther, Schleiermacher, needs the statesman's practical power of dealing with men and things, as well as the historian's insight into their growth and purpose: he needs the philosopher's ideas, impregnated and impersonated by the imagination of the poet. In like manner our graver faculties and thoughts are much chastened and bettered by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that "the sable cloud" may "turn forth her silver lining on the night:" while our lighter thoughts require the graver to substantiate them and keep them from evaporating. Thus Socrates is said in Plato's *Banquet* to have maintained that a great tragic poet ought likewise to be a great comic poet: an observation the more remarkable, because the tendency of the Greek mind, as at once manifested in their Polytheism, and fostered by it, was to insulate all its ideas, and as it were to split up the intellectual world into a cluster of Cyclades; whereas the appetite of union and fusion, often leading to confusion, is the characteristic of modern times. The combination however was realized in himself, and in his great pupil; and may perhaps have been so to a certain extent in Eschylus, if we may judge from the fame of his satyric dramas. At all events the assertion, as has been remarkt more than once, — for instance by Coleridge

(*Remains* ii. 12),—is a wonderful prophetical intuition, which has received its fulfilment in Shakspeare. No heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello, except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and *the Midsummer Night's Dream*. He too is an example that the perception of the ridiculous does not necessarily imply bitterness and scorn. Along with his intense humour, and his equally intense piercing insight into the darkest, most fearful depths of human nature, there is still a spirit of universal kindness, as well as universal justice, pervading his works: and Ben Jonson has left us a precious memorial of him, where he calls him "My *gentle* Shakspeare." This one epithet sheds a beautiful light on his character: its truth is attested by his wisdom; which could never have been so perfect, unless it had been harmonized by the gentleness of the dove. A similar union of the graver and lighter powers is found in several of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and in many others among the greatest poets of the modern world; in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Chaucer, in Goethe, in Tieck: so was it in Walter Scott.

But He who came to set us an example how we ought to walk, never indulged in wit or ridicule, and thereby shewed that such levities are not becoming in those who profess to follow Him.

I have heard this argument alledged, but could never feel its force. Jesus did indeed set us an example, which it behoves us to follow in

all things: we cannot follow it too closely, too constantly. It is the spirit of His example however, that we are to follow, not the letter. We are to endeavour that the principles of our actions may be the same which He manifested in His, but not to cleave servilely to the outward form. For, as He did many things, which we cannot do,—as He had a power and a wisdom, which lie altogether beyond our reach,—so are there many things which beseem us in our human, earthly relations, but which it did not enter into His purpose to sanction by His express example. Else on the selfsame grounds it might be contended, that it does not befit a Christian to be a husband or a father, seeing that Jesus has set us no example of these two sacred relations. It might be contended with equal justice, that there ought to be no statesmen, no soldiers, no lawyers, no merchants,—that no one should write a book,—that poetry, history, philosophy, science, ought all to be thrown overboard, and banisht for ever from the field of lawful human occupations. As rationally might it be argued, that, because there are no trees or houses in the sky, it is therefore profane and sinful to plant trees and build houses on the earth. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Exhortation to the Imitation of the Life of Christ*, when speaking of the things which Christ did, but which are not "imitable by us," touches on this very point (Vol. ii. p. LXVII): "We never read (he says) that Jesus laught, and but once that He rejoiced

in spirit: but the declensions of our natures cannot bear the weight of a perpetual grave deportment, without the intervals of refreshment and free alacrity."

In fact the aim and end of all our Lord's teaching,—to draw men away from sin to the knowledge and love of God,—was such, that wit and ridicule, even had they been compatible with the pure heavenliness of His spirit, could have found no place in it. For the dealings of Wit are with incongruities, regarded intellectually, rather than morally,—with absurdities and follies, rather than with vices and sins: and when it attacks the latter, it tries chiefly to point out their absurdity and folly, the moral feeling being for the time kept half in abeyance. But though there is no recorded instance of our Lord's making use of any of the weapons of wit,—nor is it conceivable that He ever did so,—a severe taunting irony is sanctioned by the example of the Hebrew prophets,—as in Isaiah's sublime invective against idolatry, and in Elijah's controversy with the priests of Baal,—and by that of St Paul especially in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Surely too one may say with Milton, in his *Animadversions on the Remonstrant*, that "this vein of laughing hath ofttimes a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting;" and that, "if it be harmful to be angry, and withal to cast a lowering smile, when the properest object calls for both, it will be long enough ere any be able to

say, why those two most rational faculties of human intellect, anger and laughter, were first seated in the breast of man." In like manner Schleiermacher, who was gifted with the keenest wit, and who was the greatest master of irony since Plato, deemed it justifiable and right to make use of these powers, as Pascal also did, in his polemical writings. Yet all who knew him well declare that the basis of his character, the keynote of his whole being, was love ;—and so, when I had the happiness of seeing him, I felt it to be ;—a love which delighted in pouring out the boundless riches of his spirit for the edifying of such as came near him, and strove with unwearable zeal to make them partakers of all that he had. Hereby was his heart kept fresh through the unceasing and often turbulent activity of his life, so that the subtilty of his understanding had no power to corrode it ; but, when he died, he was still, as one of his friends said of him, *ein fünf-und-sechzigjähriger Jüngling.* To complain of his wit and irony, as some do, is like complaining of a sword for being sharp. So long as errour and evil passions lift up their heads in literature, the soldiers of Truth must go forth against them : and seldom will it be practicable to fulfill the task imposed upon Shylock, and cut out a noxious opinion, especially where there is an inflammable habit, without shedding a drop of blood. In fact would it not be something like a mockery, when we deem it our duty to wage battle, were we to shrink from

using the weapons which God has placed in our hands? Only we must use them fairly, lawfully, for our cause, not for display, still less in mangling or wantonly wounding our adversaries.

After all however I allow that the feeling of the ridiculous can only belong to the imperfect condition and relations of humanity. Hence I have always felt a shock of pain, almost of disgust, at reading that passage in *Paradise Lost*, where, in reply to Adam's questions about the stars, Raphael says,

> the Great Architect
> Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
> His secrets, to be scanned by them who ought
> Rather admire; or, if they list to try
> Conjecture, He His fabric of the heavens
> Hath left to their disputes, *perhaps to move*
> *His laughter at their quaint opinions wide*
> *Hereafter*. When they come to model heaven,
> And calculate the stars, how they will wield
> The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
> To save appearances, how gird the sphere
> With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,—
> Already by thy reasoning this I guess.

Milton might indeed appeal to certain passages in the Old Testament, such as *Psalm* ii. 4, *Prov.* i. 26: but the bold and terrible anthropopathy of those passages can nowise justify a Christian in attributing such a feeling to God; least of all as excited by a matter of purely speculative science, without any moral pravity. For in the sight of God the only folly is wickedness. The errours of

His creatures, so far as they are merely errours of the understanding, are nothing else than the refraction of the light, from the atmosphere in which He has placed them. Even we can perceive and acknowledge how the aberrations of Science are necessary stages in her progress: and an astronomer nowadays would only shew his own ignorance, and his incapacity of looking beyond what he sees around him, if he were to mock at the Ptolemaic system, or could not discern how in its main principles it was the indispensable prelude to the Copernican. While the battle is pending, we may attack an inveterate errour with the missiles of ridicule, as well as in close fight, reason to reason: but, when the battle is won, we are bound to do justice to the truth which lay at its heart, and which was the source of its power. In either case it is a sort of blasphemy to attribute our puny feelings to Him, before whom the difference between the most ignorant man and the least ignorant is only that the latter has learnt a few more letters in the alphabet of knowledge. Above all is it offensive to represent the Creator as purposely throwing an appearance of confusion over His works, that He may enjoy the amusement of laughing at the impotent attempts of His creatures to understand them. U

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and heartily too, at his friend, can be said to have a true and thorough love for him: and on the other hand it

would betray a sorry want of faith, to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few persons, I believe, are much worth loving, in whom there is not something well worth laughing at. That frailty, without some symptoms of which man has never been found, and which in the bad forms the gangrene for their vices to rankle and fester in, shews itself also in the best men, and attaches itself even to their virtues. Only in them it appears mainly in occasional awkwardnesses and waywardnesses, in their falling short or stepping aside now and then, rather than in their absolute abandonment of the path of duty. It is the earthly particle which tints the colourless ray, and without which that ray is no object of human vision. It gives them their determinate features and characteristic expression, constituting them real persons, instead of mere personified ideas. This too is the very thing that enables us to sympathize with them as with our brethren, under deeper and gentler feelings than those of a stargazing wonder. Now this incongruity and incompleteness, this contrast between the pure, spiritual principle and the manner and form of its actual manifestation, contain the essence of the ridiculous. The discord, coming athwart the tune, and blending with it, when not harsh enough to be painful, is ludicrous.

At times too the very majesty of a principle will make, what in another case would scarcely have attracted notice, appear extravagant. The

higher a tree rises, the wider is the range of its oscillations: and thus it comes to pass that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Nor is it merely that the effect is deepened by the contrast. There is ever a Socratic playfulness in true magnanimity; so that, feeling the inadequateness of all earthly raiment,—finding too that, even when it comes to its home, it must come as a stranger and an alien,—it is not unwilling to clothe itself, like the godlike Ulysses, in rags. At nothing else can one laugh with such goodwill, and at the same time with such innocence and good-humour. Nor can any laugh be freer from that contempt, which has so erroneously been supposed to be involved in the feeling of the ridiculous. The stedfast assurance and unshakable loyalty of love are evinced, not in blinking and looking aside from the object we profess to regard, and leering on some imaginary counterfeit, some puppet of our own fancies, trickt out in such excellences as our gracious caprice may bestow on it; but in gazing fixedly at our friend such as he is, admiring what is great in him, approving what is good, delighting in what is amiable, and retaining our admiration and approbation and delight unsullied and unimpaired, at the very moment when we are vividly conscious that he is still but a man, and has something in him of human weakness, something of whimsical peculiarity, or something of disproportionate enthusiasm. U.

Every age has its besetting sins; every condition its attendant evils; every state of society its diseases, that it is especially liable to be attackt by. One of the pests which dog Civilization, the more so the further it advances, is the fear of ridicule: and seldom has the contagion been so noxious as in England at this day. Is there anybody living, among the upper classes at least, who has not often been laught out of what he ought to have done, and laught into what he ought not to have done? Who has not sinned? who has not been a runagate from duty? who has not stifled his best feelings? who has not mortified his noblest desires? solely to escape being laught at? and not once merely; but time after time; until that which has so often been checkt, becomes stunted, and no longer dares lift up its head. And then, after having been laught down ourselves, we too join the pack who go about laughing down others.

The robbers and monsters of the olden times no longer infest the world: but the race of scoffers have jumpt into their shoes. Your silver and gold you may carry about you securely: of your genius and virtue the best part must be lockt up out of sight. For the man of the world is the Procrustes, who lays down his bed across the high-road, and binds all passers-by to it. To fall short of it indeed is scarcely possible; and so none need fear being pulled out: but whatever transgresses its limits is cut off without mercy. One of these

beds, of a newly invented kind, set up mainly for authors, has blue curtains with yellow trimmings; the drapery of a second is of a dingy, watery mud-colour: for in this respect Procrustes has grown more refined with the age: his bed has got curtains. Unfortunately there is no Theseus to rid us of him: and the hearts of the rabble are with him, and lift up a shout as every new victim falls into his clutches. Nor do the direct outrages committed by such men make up the whole of their mischief. Their baneful influence spreads far more widely. Doing no good to those whom they attack, but merely maiming or irritating them, they at the same time check and frighten others; and delude and warp the judgement, while they pamper the malignant passions of the multitude.

But do not these evils amply justify a sentence of transportation for life against jesting and ridicule? and would it not be well if we could banish our wits to grin amuck with savages and monkies?

By no means. If people would discern and distinguish, instead of confusing and confounding, they would see that the best way of putting down the abuse of a thing, is to make it useful. Would you lop off everybody's hands, because they might be turned to picking and stealing? Neither is the intellect to be shorn of any of its members; seeing that, though they may all be perverted, they may all minister to good. The busy have no time to

be fidgety. He who is following his plough, will not be breaking windows with the mob. Little is gained by overthrowing and sweeping away an idol, unless you restore the idea of which it is the shell and sediment. Nor will you find any plan so effective for keeping folks from doing harm, as teaching them to employ their faculties in doing good, and giving them plenty of good work to do. U.

No one stumbles so readily as the blind: no one is so easily scandalized as the ignorant; or at least as the half-knowing, as those who have just taken a bite at the apple of knowledge, and got a smattering of evil, without an inkling of good.

But are we not to beware lest we *offend any of these little ones?*

Assuredly: we are to beware of it from love; or, if love cannot constrain us, from fear. No wise man, as was remarkt above (p. 225), will offend the weak, in that which pertains to their faith. For this is a portion of the offense condemned in the Gospel: it is offending *the little ones who believe in Christ.* In the whole too of his direct intercourse with others, the wise man's principle will be the same: for he will be desirous of instructing, not of imposing, and, that he may be able to teach, will try to conciliate. Thus will he act, after the example of him, in whom, above all men, we behold the conscious

self-abasement and reasonable self-sacrifice of the loftiest and mightiest intellect, the Apostle Paul. Like St Paul, every wise man will to the weak become as weak, that he may gain the weak: like him he will be made all things to all men; not in that worldly spirit which is made all things to all men for its own ends, but in order that he may by whatsoever means benefit some. He who wishes to edify, does not erect a column, as it were a gigantic I, a huge mark of admiration at himself, within which none can find shelter, and which contains nothing beyond a stair to mount through it. He will build the lowly cottage for the lowly, as well as the lordly castle for the lordly, and the princely palace for the princely, and the holy church for the holy. Or, if to effect all this surpass the feebleness of a single individual, he will do what he can. He will lay out and garnish such a banquet as his means enable him to provide; taking care indeed that no dish, which in itself is poisonous or unwholesome, be set on his table: and so long as he does not invite those who are likely to be disgusted or made sick, he is nowise to blame, if they choose to intrude among his guests, and to disgust themselves. When they find themselves out of their places, let them withdraw: the meek will. A man's servants complained of his feeding them on salmon and venison: the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego did not like bread or wine: reason enough for not forcing what they disliked down their

throats: but no reason at all for not giving bread and wine to a European, or for not placing salmon and venison before such as relish them.

They who would have no milk for babes, are in the wrong. They who would have no strong meat for strong men, are not in the right. U.

Neither the ascetics, nor the intolerant anti-ascetics, seem to be aware that the austere Baptist and the social Jesus are merely opposite sides of the same tapestry.

It is a strange way of shewing our humble reverence and love for the Creator, to be perpetually condemning and reviling everything that He has created. Were you to tell a poet that his poems are detestable, would he thank you for the compliment? The evil on which it behoves us to fix our eyes, is that within ourselves, of our own begetting; the good without. The half religious are apt just to reverse this. U.

If the Bible be, what it professes, a publisht code of duty, conventional morality at best consists only of man's conjectural emendations. Generally they are mere fingermarks.

The difference between man's law and God's law is, that, whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more

we advance in striving to fulfill the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us. *a.*

When a man is told that the whole of Religion and Morality is summed up in the two commandments, to love God, and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in Gebir, at the first sight of the sea, *Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?* Yes! all: but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; lanch out upon it; sail abroad over it: you will find it has no end: it will carry you round the world. U.

He who looks upon religion as an antidote, may soon grow to deem it an anodyne: and then he will not have far to sink, before he takes to swallowing it as an opiate, or, it may be, to swilling it as a dram. U.

The only way of setting the Will free is to deliver it from wilfulness. U.

Nothing in the world is lawless, except a slave.

What hypocrites we seem to be, whenever we talk of ourselves! Our words sound so humble, while our hearts are so proud. *a.*

Many men are fond of displaying their fortitude in bearing pain. But I never saw any one

courting blame, to shew how well he can stand it. They who do speak ill of themselves, do so mostly as the surest way of proving how modest and candid they are. U.

There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground, if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up. U.

How coarse is our use of words! of such at least as belong to spiritual matters. *Pride* and *Vanity* are for ever spoken of side by side; and many suppose that they are merely different shades of the same feeling. Yet, so far are they from being akin, they can hardly find room in the same breast. A proud man will not stoop to be vain: a vain man is so busy in bowing and wriggling to catch fair words from others, that he can never lift up his head into pride. U.

Pride in former ages may have been held in too good repute: Vanity is so now. Pride, which is the fault of greatness and strength, is sneered at and abhorred: to Vanity, the froth and consummation of weakness, every indulgence is shewn. For Pride stands aloof by itself; and that we are too mob-like to bear: Vanity is unable to stand, except by leaning on others, and is careful therefore of giving offense; nay, is ready to fawn on those by whom it hopes to be fed. This is one of the main errours in Miss Edgeworth's views on education,

that she is not only indulgent to Vanity, but almost encourages and fosters it: and this errour renders her books for children mischievous, notwithstanding her strong sense, and her familiarity with their habits and thoughts. Indeed this is the tendency of all our modern education. Of old it was deemed the first business of education to inculcate humility and obedience: nowadays its effect, and not seldom its avowed object, is to inspire selfconceit and selfwill. U.

In the Bible the body is said to be more than raiment. But many people still read the Bible Hebrew-wise, backward: and thus the general conviction now is that raiment is more than the body. There is so much to gaze and stare at in the dress, one's eyes are quite dazzled and weary, and can hardly pierce through to that which is clothed upon. So too is it with the mind and heart, scarcely less than with the body. a.

A newborn child may be like a person carried into a forein land, where everything is strange to him, manners, customs, sentiments, language. Such a person, however old, would have all these things to learn, just like a child.

The religious are often charged with judging uncharitably of others: and perhaps the charge may at times be deserved. With our narrow,

partial views, it is very difficult to feel the evil of an errour strongly, and yet to think kindly of him in whom we see it. U.

Man's first word is *Yes;* his second, *No;* his third and last, *Yes.* Most stop short at the first: very few get to the last. U.

Who are the most godlike of men? The question might be a puzzling one, unless our language answered it for us: the godliest. U.

What is the use of the lower orders?

To plough . . and to dig in one's garden . . and to rub down one's horses . . and to feed one's pigs . . and to black one's shoes . . and to wait upon one.

Nothing else?

O yes! to be laught at in a novel, or in a droll Dutch picture . . and to be cried at in Wilkie, or in a sentimental story.

Is that all?

Why! yes . . no . . what else can they be good for? except to go to church.

Ay? that is well thought of. That must be the meaning of the words, *Blessed are the poor: for theirs is the Kingdom of God.* U.

At first sight there seems to be a discrepancy between the two statements of the first beatitude given by St Matthew and by St Luke (v. 3. vi.

20). But the experience of missionaries in all ages and countries has reconciled them, and has shewn that the Kingdom of Heaven is indeed the Kingdom both of the poor in spirit and of the poor. U.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain. A.

There are two worlds, that of the telescope, and that of the microscope; neither of which can we see with the unassisted natural eye. O. L.

Surely Shakspeare must have had a prophetic vision of the nineteenth century, when he threw off that exquisite description of "purblind Argus, all eyes, and no sight." U.

Some people seem to look upon priests as smuglers, who bring in contraband goods from heaven: and so a company, who call themselves philosophers, go out on the preventive service. U.

Ajax ought to be the hero of all philosophers. His prayer should be theirs: Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. U.

It has been a matter of argument, whether Poetry or History is the truer.

Has it? Who could ever feel a doubt on the

point? History tells us everything that has really happened: whereas Poetry deals only with fictions, as they are called; that is, in plain English, with lies.

Gently! gently! Very few histories tell us what has really happened. They tell us what somebody or other once conceived to have happened, somebody liable to all the infirmities, physical, intellectual, and moral, by which man's judgement is distorted. Even this seldom comes to us except at third or fourth, or, it may be, at twentieth hand; and a tale, we know, is sure to get a new coat of paint from every successive tenant. Often too they merely tell us what the writer is pleased to think about such a tale, or about half a dozen or a dozen of them that pull each other to pieces.

Then all histories must be good for nothing.

Softly again! There is no better sport than jumping at a conclusion: but it is prudent to look a while before you leap; for the ground has a trick of giving way. Many histories, or, if you like a bigger word, we will say most, are worth very little. Some are only fagots of dry sticks, chopt from trees of divers kinds, and bundled up together. Others are baskets of fruit, over-ripe and half-ripe, chiefly windfalls, crammed in without a leaf to part them, and pressing against and mashing one another. Others again are mere bags of soot swept down from the chimney through which the fire of human action once blazed. Still

there are histories the worth of which is beyond estimation. Almost all autobiographies have a value scarcely inferior to their interest; not only where the author has Stilling's simple naivety, or Goethe's clearsighted Socratic irony, and power of representing every object with the hues and spirit of life; but even where his vanity stings him to make himself out a prodigy of talents, like Cellini, or a prodigy of worthlessness, like Rousseau. Other biographies, in proportion as they approach to the character of autobiography, when they are written by those who loved and were familiar with their subjects, who had an eye for the tokens of individual character, and could pick up the words as they dropt from their lips, are wholesome and nourishing reading. There is much that is beautiful in Walton's Lives, though mixt with a good deal of gossip; and few books so refresh and lift up one's heart, as the Life of Oberlin, Lucy Hutchinson's of her husband, and Roper's of Sir Thomas More. Memoirs too, such as Xenophon's and Cesar's, those of Frederic the Great, of Sir William Temple, and many others, in which the author relates the part he himself took in public life, and the affairs he was directly concerned in, contain much instructive information, more especially for those who follow a like calling. The richness of the French in memoirs, arising from their social spirit, has tended much to foster and cultivate that spirit, and schooled and trained them to that diplomatic skill, for

which they have so long been celebrated. Still more precious is the story of his own time recorded by a statesman, who has trod the field of political action, and has stood near the source of events, and lookt into it, when he has indeed a statesman's discernment, and knows how men act, and why. Such are the great works of Clarendon, of Tacitus, of Polybius, above all of Thucydides. The latter has hitherto been, and is likely to continue unequaled. For the sphere of history since his time has been so manifoldly enlarged, it is scarcely possible now for any one mind to circumnavigate it. Besides the more fastidious nicety of modern manners shrinks from that naked exposure of the character as well as of the limbs, which the ruder ancients took no offense at: and machinery is scarcely doing less toward superseding personal energy in politics and war, than in our manufactures; so that history may come ere long to be written without mention of a name. In Thucydides too, and in him alone, there is that union of the poet with the philosopher, which is essential to form a perfect historian. He has the imaginative plastic power, which makes events pass in living array before us, combined with a profound reflective insight into their causes and laws; and all his other faculties are under the dominion of the most penetrative practical understanding.

Well then! good history after all is truer than that lying . . .

I must again stop you, recommending you in future, when the wind changes, to tack like a skilful seaman, not to veer round like a weather-cock. The latter is too commonly the practice of those who are beginning to generalize. They are determined to point at something, and care little at what. When you have more experience, you will find out that general propositions, like the wind, are very useful to those who trim their sails by them, but of no use at all to those who point at them: the former go on; the latter go round. Thucydides, true and profound as he is, cannot be truer or profounder than his contemporary, Sophocles; whom as well in these qualities, as in the whole tone of his genius and even of his style, he strongly resembles: he cannot be truer or more profound than Shakspeare. So Herodotus is not more true than Homer, and scarcely less: nor would Froissart yield the palm to Chaucer; nor take it from him. You might fairly match Euripides against Xenophon, barring his *Anabasis:* and Livy, like Virgil, would be distanced, were truth to be the winning-post: at least, if he came in first, it would be as the greater poet. To draw nearer home, Goldsmith's poems, even without reckoning the best of them, his inimitable *Vicar,* are truer than his Histories: so, beyond comparison, are Smollett's no
his; and Walter Scott's than his;
taire's tales than his. Nothing,
well be truer than Defoe's *History*

unless it be his *Robinson Crusoe.* Machiavel indeed found better play for his serpentine wisdom in the intrigues of public than of private life; just as one would rather see a boa coil round a tiger than round a cat. But while Schiller's *Wallenstein* carries us amid the real struggle of the Thirty Years War, in his History it is more like a shamfight at a review. As to your favorite, Hume, he wrote no novels or tales that I know of, except his *Essays;* and full of fiction and truthless as they are, they are hardly more so than his History.

What do you mean? History, good history at least, Thucydides, if you choose, tells us facts; and nothing can be so true as a fact.

Did your never hear a story told two ways?

Yes, a score of ways.

Were they all true?

Probably not one of them.

There may be accounts of facts then, which are not true.

To be sure, when people tell lies.

Often, very often, without. There is not half the falsehood in the world that the falsehearted fancy; much as there may be; and greatly as the quantity is increast by suspicion, scratching, as it always does, round every sore place. Three fourths of the mistatements and misrepresentations that we hear, have a different origin. In a number, perhaps the majority of instances, the feelings of the relater give a tinge to what he sees,

which his understanding is not free and self-possest enough to rub off. Manifold discrepancies will arise from differences in the perceptive powers of the organs by which the object was observed; whether those differences be natural, or result from cultivation, or from peculiar habits of thought. Very often people cannot help seeing diversely, because they are not looking from the same point of view. One man may see a full face; another, a profile; another, merely the back of the head: let each describe what he has seen: the accounts will differ entirely: are they therefore false? The cloud which Hamlet, in bitter mockery at his own weakness and vacillation, points out to Polonius, is at one moment a camel, the next a weasel, the third a whale: just so is it with those vapoury, cloudlike, changeface things, which we call facts. The selfsame action may to one man's eyes appear patient and beneficent, to another man crafty and selfish, to a third stupid and porpoise-like. Nay, the same man may often find his view of it alter, as he beholds it in a fainter or fuller light, displaying less or more of its motives and character. But would you not like to take another turn round? Every fact, you say, if correctly stated, is a truth.

Of course: it is only another word for the same thing.

Rather would I assert that a fact cannot be truth.

You will not easily persuade me of that.

I do not want to persuade you of anything, except to follow the legitimate dictates of your own reason. I would convince you, or rather help you to convince yourself, that a fact is merely the outward form and sign of a truth, its visible image and body; and that, of itself and by itself, it can no more be a truth, than a body by itself is a man: although common opinion in the former case, and common parlance in the latter, has trodden down the distinction.

I will not dispute this. But in the account of a fact or an action I include a full exposition of its causes and motives.

It has been said of some books richly garnisht with notes, that the sauce is worth more than the fish; which with regard to the *Pursuits of Literature* may be true, yet the sauce be insipid enough. In like manner would your stuffing seem to be worth a good deal more than your bird. This is the very point where I wish to see you. A historian then has something else to do beside relating naked facts: a file of newspapers would not be a history. He has to unfold the origin of events, and their connexion, to shew how they hook and are linkt into the "never-ending still-beginning" chain of causes and consequences, and to carry them home to their birthplace among the ever-multiplying family of Fate. It was the consciousness of this that led the Father of History to preface his account of the wars between the Greeks and Persians with the fables of the reciprocal

outrages committed by the Asiatics and Europeans in the mythical ages; and to begin his continuous narrative with the attack of the Lydians on the Ionians. Moreover, as the theme of History is human actions,—for physical occurrences, except so far as they exercise an influence on man, belong to Natural History or to Science;—the events, I say, which a historian has to relate, being brought about by the agency of man, he has not merely to represent them in their maturity and completion, as actually taking place, but as growing in great measure out of the character of the actors, and having their form and complexion determined thereby. So that human character, as modifying and modified by circumstances, man controlling and controlled by events, must be the historian's ultimate object. Having to represent the actions of men, he can only do this effectively, and so as to awaken an interest and fellowfeeling, by representing men in action. Now this is the first object of the poet: he starts, where the historian ends.

But the historian's facts are true; the poet's are acknowledgedly fictitious. When I have read Herodotus, I know for certain that Xerxes invaded Greece: after reading Homer, I am left in doubt whether Agamemnon ever sailed against Troy.

And what are you the wiser for being certain of the former fact? or what the less wise for being left in doubt as to the latter? Your mind may

be more or less complete as a chronological table: but that is all. The human, the truly philosophical interest in the two stories is much the same, whether the swords were actually drawn, and the blood shed, or no. Or do you think you should be wiser still, could you tell who forged the swords, and from what mine the metal came, and who dug it up? and then again, who made the spades used in the digging, and so on? or how many ounces of blood were shed, and how many corpses were strewn on the plain, and what crops they fattened, and by what birds they were devoured, and by what winds their bones were bleacht? Much information at all events you learn from Homer, of the most trustworthy and valuable kind, the knowledge of his age, of its manners, arts, institutions, habits, its feelings, its spirit, and its faith. Indeed with few ages are we equally familiar: where we are, we must draw our familiarity from other sources beside history. Nay, assume that the facts of the Iliad never took place, that Agamemnon and Achilles and Ajax and Ulysses and Diomede and Helen were never born of woman, nor ever lived a life of flesh and blood, yet assuredly they did live a higher and more enduring and mightier life in the hearts and minds of their countrymen. So it has been questioned of late years whether William Tell actually did shoot the apple on his boy's head; because a similar story is found among the fables of other countries. I cannot now examine the grounds on which that

doubt has been raised: but be they what they may, travel through Switzerland, and you will see that the story of Tell is true; for it lives in the heart of every Swiss, high and low, young and old, learned and simple. A representation of it is to be found, or was so till lately, in every marketplace, almost in every house: and many a boy has had the love of his country, and the resolution to live and die for her freedom, kindled in him by the thought of Tell's boy; many a father, when his eyes were resting on his own children, has blest him who delivered them from the yoke of the stranger, and from the possibility of being exposed to such a fearful trial, and has said to himself, *Yes..I too would do as he did.* The true knowledge to be learnt, whether from Poetry or from History, the knowledge of real importance to man for the study of his own nature,—the knowledge which may give him an insight into the sources of his weakness and of his strength, and which may teach him how to act upon himself and upon others,—is the knowledge of the principles and the passions by which men in various ages have been agitated and swayed, and by which events have been brought about; or by which they might have been brought about, if they were not. Thus in other sciences it matters little whether any particular phenomena were witnest on such a day at suc provided we have made out the pri f and the laws which reg

Yet how can a poet teach us this with anything like the same certainty as a historian?

Just as a chemist may illustrate the operations of Nature by an experiment of his own devising, with greater clearness and precision than any outward appearances will allow of. The poet has his principles of human nature, which he is to embody and impersonate; for to deny his having a mind stored with such principles, is to deny his being a poet. The historian on the other hand has his facts, which he is to set in order and to animate. The first has the foot to measure and make a shoe for: the latter has a ready-made shoe, and must hunt for a foot to put into it. Which shoe is the likeliest to fit well?

That made on purpose for the foot, if the fellow knows anything of his craft.

Doubtless. But in so saying you have yielded the very point we have been arguing? You have even admitted more than the equality I pleaded for: you say, the poet is more likely to bring his works into harmony with the principles of human nature than the historian. I believe you are right. An illustration from a kindred art may throw some light on our path. A portrait-painter has all the advantages a historian can have, with a task incomparably less arduous; his subject being so definite, and of such narrow compass: whereas a poet is in much the same condition with a person drawing a head for what is not very aptly termed *a historical picture:* the

adjective *ideal*, or *imaginative*, or *poetical*, would more fitly describe it. In the former case the artist has the features set before him, and is to breathe life and characteristic expression into them; a life which shall have the calm of permanence, not the fitful flush of the moment; an expression which shall exhibit the entire and enduring character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary feeling. Hereby, as well as by the absence of that complacency with which people are wont to contemplate their own features, and of the effort to put on their sweetest faces, which is not unnatural when their own eyes are to feast on them, ought a portrait to be distinguisht from an image in a glass. Yet, notwithstanding the facilities which the portrait-painter has, when compared with a historian, or even a biographer, how few have accomplisht anything like what I have been speaking of! in how few of their works have the very best painters come quite up to it! Raphael indeed has always; Holbein, Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, often; and a few others of the greatest painters now and then. But a head, which is at once an ideal and a real head, that is, in which the features, while they have the vividness and distinctness of actual life, are at the same time correct exponents and symbols of character, will more frequently be met with in a poetical picture. As to *a historical picture*, rightly deserving of that name,—a picture representing a historical event, with the persons who

actually took part in it,—such a work seems almost to have been regarded as hopeless. When anything of the sort has been attempted, it has been rather as a historical document, than for any purpose of art: and the result has been little else than a collection of portraits; which is no more a historical picture, than a biographical dictionary is a history.

Is it not notorious however, that historical, or poetical painters, as you call them, are for ever introducing living persons?

Yes: the greatest have done so. Raphael, whose heart was the home of every gentle affection, has left many records of his love for his master, and for his friend Pinturicchio, by painting himself along with them among the subordinate characters or lookers-on. The Fornarina too seems to have furnisht the type for the head of the mother in *the Transfiguration*, and perhaps for other heads in other pictures. When he makes use of a living head however, in representing one of his dramatical or poetical personages, he does not set it on the canvas, as Rubens through poverty of imagination is wont to do, in its bare outward reality, but idealizes it. He takes its general form and outlines, and animates it with the character and feelings which he wishes to express, purifying it from whatever is at variance with them. Or rather perhaps, when he was embodying his idea, he almost unconsciously drew a likeness of the features on which he loved to

gaze. In fact no painter, however great his genius or inventive power may be, will neglect the study of living subjects, and content himself with poring over the phantoms of his imagination, or the puppets of his theory; any more than a poet will turn away from the world of history and of actual life. For the painter's business is not to produce a new creature of his own, but to reproduce that which Nature produces now and then in her happiest moments, to give permanence to the rapture of transient inspiration, and unity and entireness to what in real life is always more or less disturbed by marks of earthly frailty, and by the intrusion of extraneous, if not uncongenial and contradictory elements. You know the story of Leonardo,—who himself wrote a theoretical treatise on painting,—how he is said to have sat in the market-place at Milan, looking out for heads to bring into his picture of *the Last Supper*. Hence, as Goethe observes (Vol. xxxix. p. 124), we may understand how he might be sixteen years at his work, yet neither finish the Saviour nor the Traitor. For it is a difficulty, which presses on all such as have ever made a venture into the higher regions of thought, to discover anything like answerable realities,—to atone their ideas with their perceptions: and the difficulty is much enhanced, when we are not allowed to deal freely with such materials as our senses supply, but have to bring down our thoughts to a kind of forced wedlock with some one thing just as it is. This is the

meaning of what Raphael says with such delightful simplicity in his letter to Castiglione: *Essendo carestia di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente.*

There is something too in the immediate presence of an outward reality, which in a manner overawes the mind, so as to hinder the free play of its speculative and imaginative powers. We cannot at such a moment separate that which is essential in an object, from that which is merely accidental, the permanent from the transitory: nor, as we were made for action far more than for contemplation, is it desirable that we should do so. That which strikes us at sight must needs be that which comes forward the most prominently: this however can by no means be relied on as characteristic; least of all in the actions of men, who have learnt the arts of clothing and masking their souls as well as their bodies. Besides we may easily be too near a thing to see it in its unity and totality: and unless we see it as a whole, we cannot discern the proportion and importance and purpose of its parts. Yet there before us the object stands: the spell of reality is upon us: it is, we know not what: we only know that it is, and that there is something in it which to us is a mystery. We cannot enter into it, to look what is stirring and working at its heart: we cannot unfold and anatomize it: our senses, like leading-strings, half uphold and guide, half check and pull in our understandings. If what we see were only

different from what it is, then we could understand it. But it is obstinate, stubborn, changeless, and will not bend to our will. So we are fain to let it remain as it is, half felt, half understood, with roots diving down out of sight, and branches losing themselves among the tops of the neighbouring trees. Thus, whenever reality comes athwart our minds, they are sure to suffer more or less of an eclipse. We must get out of the shadow of an object, to see it: we must recede from it, to comprehend it: we must compare the present with all our past impressions, to make out the truth common to them all. When one calls to mind how hard it is, to think oneself into a thing, and to think its central thought out of it, one is little surprised that Lavater, who on such a point must be allowed to have a voice, should say in a letter to Jacobi, "I hold it to be quite impossible for any man of originality to be painted: I am a lover of portraits; and yet there is nothing I hate so much as portraits."

You cannot need that I should point out to you how all these difficulties are magnified and multiplied in history. The field of operation is so vast and unsurveyable; so much of it lies wrapt up in thick, impenetrable darkness, while other portions are obscured by the mists which the passions of men have spread over them, and a spot here and there shines out dazzlingly, throwing the adjacent parts into shade; the events are so inextricably intertwisted and conglomerated, sometimes

thrown together in a heap,—often rushing onward and spreading out like the Rhine, until they lose themselves in a morass,—and now and then, after having disappeared, rising up again, as was fabled of the Alpheus, in a distant region, which they reach through an unseen channel; the peaks, which first meet our eyes, are mostly so barren, while the fertilizing waters flow secretly through the vallies; the statements of events, as we have already seen, are so perpetually at variance, and not seldom irreconcilably contradictory; the actors on the ever-shifting stage are so numerous and promiscuous; so many indistinguishable passions, so many tangled opinions, so many mazy prejudices, are ever at work, rolling and tossing to and fro in a sleepless conflict, in which every man's hand and heart seem to be against his neighbour, and often against himself; it is so impossible to discern and separate the effects brought about by man's will and energy, from those which are the result of outward causes, of circumstances, of conjunctures, of all the mysterious agencies summed up under the name of chance; and it requires so much faith, as well as wisdom, to trace anything like a pervading, overruling law through the chaos of human affairs, and to perceive how the banner which God has set up, is still borne pauselessly onward, even while the multitudinous host seems to be straggling waywardly, busied in petty bickerings and personal squabbles; that a perfect, consummate history of

the world may not unreasonably be deemed the loftiest achievement that the mind of man can contemplate; although no one able to take the measure of his own spiritual stature will dream that it could ever be accomplisht, except by an intellect far more penetrative and comprehensive than man's. No mortal eye can embrace the whole earth, or more than a very small part of it.

Indeed how could it be otherwise? Seeing that the history of the world is one of God's own great poems, how can any man aspire to do more than recite a few brief passages from it? This is what man's poems are, the best of them. The same principles and laws, which sway the destinies of nations, and of the whole human race, are exhibited in them on a lower scale, and within a narrower sphere; where their influence is more easily discernible, and may be brought out more singly and palpably. This too is what man's histories would be, could other men write history in the same vivid, speaking characters, in which Shakspeare has placed so many of our kings in imperishable individuality before us. Only look at his *King John:* look at any historian's. Which gives you the liveliest, faithfullest representation of that prince, and of his age? the poet? or the historians? Which most powerfully exposes his vices, and awakens the greatest horrour at them? Yet in Shakspeare he is still a man, and, as such, comes within the range of

our sympathy: we can pity, even while we shudder at him: and our horrour moves us to look inward, into the awful depths of the nature which we share with him, instead of curdling into dead hatred and disgust. In the historians he is a sheer monster, the object of cold, contemptuous loathing, a poisonous reptile, whom we could crush to death with as little remorse as a viper. Or do you wish to gain an insight into the state and spirit of society in the latter half of the last century, during that period of bloated torpour out of which Europe was startled by the feverfit of the Revolution? I hardly know in what historian you will find more than a register of dates and a bulletin of facts. There are a number of Memoirs indeed, which shew us what a swarm of malignant passions were gathered round the heart of society, and how out of that heart did in truth proceed *evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, malice, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness.* Nay, as our Lord's words have often been misinterpreted, many of those Memoirs might tempt us to fancy, that these are the only fruits which the heart of man can bring forth. Would you understand the true character of that age however, its better side as well as its worse, its craving for good as well as its voracity for evil? would you watch the powers in their living fermentation, instead of dabbling in their dregs? In Goethe's

novels, and in some of his dramas, will you most clearly perceive how homeless and anchorless and restless mankind had become, from the decay of every ancestral feeling, and the undermining of every positive institution; how they drifted about before the winds, and prided themselves on their drifting, and mockt at the rocks for standing so fast. In them you will see how the heart, when it had cast out faith, was mere emptiness, a yawning gulf, sucking in all things, yet never the fuller; how Love, when the sanctity of marriage had faded away, was fain to seek a sanctity in itself, and threw itself into the arms of Nature, and could not tear itself from her grasp save by death; how men, when the bonds of society and law had lost their force, were still led by their social instinct to enter into secret unions, and nominally for good purposes, but such as flattered and fostered personal vanity, disburthening them from that yoke, which we are always eager to cast off, in the delusive imagination of asserting our freedom, but which alone can make us truly free, as it alone can make us truly happy, when we bear it readily and willingly,—the yoke of Duty. Here, as in so many other cases, while the historians give you the body, and often no more than the carcass, of history, it is in the poet that you must seek for its spirit.

But surely it is part of a historian's office to explain by what principles and passions the persons in his history were actuated.

Undoubtedly: so far as he can. Sundry difficulties however impede him in doing this, which do not stand in the way of the poet. A historian has to confine himself to certain individuals, not such as he himself would have selected to exemplify the character of the age, but those who from their station happened to act the most prominent parts in it. Now these in monarchal states will often be insignificant. Hence modern historians are under a great disadvantage, when compared with those of Greece and Rome; where the foremost men could hardly be without some personal claims to distinction. Even Cleon and Clodius were not so: they belong to the picture of their age, as Thersites does to that of the Iliad; and they are important as samples of the spirit that was hastening the ruin of their country. Nor can a historian place his persons in such situations, and make them so speak and act, as to set off their characters. He must keep to those circumstances and actions which have chanced to gain the most notoriety, and for which he can produce the best evidence. This is one of the reasons which led Aristotle to declare that Poetry is a more excellent and philosophical thing than History; because, as he says, the business of Poetry is with general truth, that of History with particulars. Or, if you will take up that volume, you will find the same thing well exprest by Davenant in the Preface to *Gondibert*. There is the passage: "Truth narrative and past is the idol of historians, who

worship a dead thing; and Truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason." That is, the poet may choose such characters, and may bring them forward in such situations, as shall be typical of the truths which he wishes to embody: whereas the historian is tied down to particular actions, most of them performed officially, and rarely such as display much of character, unless in moments of exaggerated vehemence. Indeed many histories give you little else than a narrative of military affairs, marches and countermarches, skirmishes and battles: which, except during some great crisis of a truly national war, afford about as complete a picture of a nation's life, as an account of the doses of physic a man may have taken, and the surgical operations he may have undergone, would of the life of an individual. Moreover a historian has to proceed analytically, in detecting the motives and impulses of the persons whose actions he has to relate. He is to make out what they were, from what they are recorded to have done. Afterward, it is true, he ought to invert the process, and to give a synthetical unity to the features he has made out in detail. But very few historians have had this twofold power. This may be one of the reasons why, among the hundreds of characters in Walter Scott's novels, hardly one has not far more life and reality than his portrait of Bonaparte. The former spring freshly from his genius:

the latter is put together, like a huge mammoth, of fragments pickt up here and there, many of which ill fit into the others; and is scarcely more than a skeleton with a gaudy chintz dressing-gown thrown round him. As historians have themselves had to go behind the scenes to examine what was doing there, they are fond of taking and keeping us behind them also, and bid us mark how the actors are rouged, and what tawdry tinsel they wear, and by what pullies the machinery is workt. Poets on the other hand would have you watch and listen to the performance. Suppose it were a drama by any human poet, from which position would you best understand its meaning and purpose?

From the latter: there cannot be a doubt.

The same position will best enable you to discern the meaning and purpose of the Almighty Poet; in other words, to know truth. Were you to live inside of a watch, you could neither use it, nor know its use. Were our sight fixt on the inner workings of our bodies, as that of persons in a magnetic trance is said to be, we should have no conception what a man is, or does, or was made for. Sorry too would be the notion of the earth pickt up at the bottom of a mine. In like manner, to understand men's characters, one must contemplate them as living wholes, in their energy of action or of suffering, not creep maggotlike into them, and crawl about from one rotten motive to

another, turning that rotten with our touch, which is not so already.

Yet in this respect you surely cannot deny that History is much truer than Poetry. For, when reading poetry, you may at times be beguiled into fancying that there are people who will act nobly and generously and disinterestedly: whereas from history you learn to look askance upon every man with prudent suspicion and jealousy. Almost all the historians I ever read concur in shewing that the world is wholly swayed by the love of money and of power; and that nobody ever did a good deed, unless it slipt from him by mistake, except because he could not just then do a bad deed, or wanted to gain a purchase for doing a bad deed with less risk and more profit at some future time.

Did you never act rightly yourself, purposing so to act, without any evil design, or any thought of what you were to gain?

Do you mean to insult me? I hope I do so always.

Are all your friends a pack of heartless, worthless knaves?

Good morning, sir! I have no friend who is not an honest man; and civility and courtesy are among their estimable qualities.

Wait a few moments. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and only wish you not to suppose that you stand alone in it. I would have you judge of others, as you would have them judge

of you. I would have you believe that there are other honest men in the world, beside yourself and your friends.

But how can I believe it, when every historian teaches me the contrary?

How can you believe that you and your friends are so totally different from the rest of mankind?

I don't know. This used to puzzle me; but, as I could not clear it up, I left off troubling my head about it.

Let me give you a piece of advice. When your feelings tell you anything, and your understanding contradicts them, — more especially should your understanding be merely echoing the verdict of another man's,—be not overhasty in sacrificing what you feel, to what you fancy you understand. You cannot do it in real life, as you proved just now: a running stream is not to be gagged with paper. But beware also of doing it in speculation: for, though erroneous opinions do not exercise an absolute sway over the heart and conduct, any more than the knowledge of truth does, still each has no slight influence, and errour the most; inasmuch as it stifles all efforts and aspirations after anything better, which truth would kindle and foster. Endeavour to reconcile the disputants where you can. As the speediest and surest means of effecting this, try to get to the bottom of the difference, to make out its origin and extent: try not only to understand your feelings,

but your understanding: for the latter is every whit as likely to stray, and to lead you astray. You have just been touching on the very point in common history which is the falsest. On this ground above all would I assert that, on whichever side the preponderance of truth may lie, with regard to untruth and falsehood there is no sort of comparison.

To be sure, none. History is all true; and poetry is all false.

Alack! this is just the usual course of an argument. After an hour's discussion, carried on under the notion that some progress has been made, and some convictions establisht, we find we have only been running round a ring, and must start anew: the original position is reasserted as stoutly as ever. Well! you remember the old way of settling a dispute, by throwing a sword into the scale: let me throw in Frederic the Great's pen, which is almost as trenchant, and to which his sword lends some of its power. Look at the words with which he opens his History: "La plupart des histoires que nous avons sont des compilations de mensonges mêlés de quelques vérités." I do not mean to stand up for the strict justice of this censure. But he is a historian of your own school, an asserter and exposer of the profligacy of mankind. Thus much too is most certain, that circumstantial accuracy with regard to facts is a very ticklish matter; as will be acknowledged by every one who has tried to

investigate an occurrence even of yesterday, and in his own neighbourhood, when interests and passions have been pulling opposite ways. In this sense too may we say, as Raleigh says in a different sense, that, "if we follow Truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out our eyes." Therefore, on comparing the truthfulness of History and Poetry, it appears that History will inevitably have to record many facts as true, which are not true; while the facts in Poetry, being avowedly fictitious, are not false. On the other hand, in the representation of character, Poetry portrays men in their composite individuality, mixt up of evil and good, as they are in real life: whereas historians too often anatomize men; and then, being unable to descry the workings of life, which has past away, busy themselves in tracing the more perceptible operations of disease. Hence it comes that they give us such false representations of human character: one of their chief defects is, that they have seldom enough of the poet in them.

You would have them conjure away all the persons who have really existed, and call up a fantasmagoria of imaginary ideals in their stead.

I would have them animate the dry bones of history, that they may rise up as living beings. Goethe calls the Memoirs of his life *Dichtung und Wahrheit, Imagination and Truth;* not meaning thereby that any of the events narrated are fictitious, but that they are related imaginatively, as

seen by a poet's eye, and felt by a poet's heart. Indeed so far are they from being fictions, that through this very process they come forward in their highest, completest reality: so that Jacobi, in a letter to Dohm, when speaking of this very book, says: "I was a party to many of the events related, and can bear witness that the accounts of them are truer than the truth itself."

How is that possible? how can anything be truer than the truth itself?

Did you ever hear of Coleridge's remark on Chantrey's admirable bust of Wordsworth,—"that it is more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth himself is." This, we found just now, a portrait or bust ought always to be. It ought to represent a man in his permanent character, in his true self; not, as we mostly see people, with that self encumbered and obscured by trivial, momentary feelings, and other frippery and rubbish. Now, as it requires a poet's imagination to draw forth a man's character from its lurking-place, and to bring out the central principle in which all his faculties and feelings unite; so is the same power needed to seize and arrange the crowd of incidents that go to the making up of an event, and to exhibit them vividly and distinctly, yet in such wise that each shall only take its due station, according to its dramatic importance, as member of a greater whole. Even for the representation of events, as well as of characters, a historian ought to be much of a poet: else his narrative will be flat,

fragmentary, and confused. Look at a landscape on a chill, cloudy day: it seems dotted or patcht with objects: the parts do not blend, but stand sulkily or frowningly alone. Look at the same landscape under a clear, bright sunshine: the hills, rocks, woods, cornfields, meadows, will be just the same: and yet how different will they be! When bathed in light, their latent beauties come out: each separate object too becomes more distinct; and at the same time a harmonizing smile spreads over them all. This exactly illustrates the workings of the Imagination, which are in like manner at once individualizing and atoning; and which, like the sunshine, brings out the real, essential truth of its objects more palpably than it would be perceptible by the sunless, unimaginative eye. The sunshine does indeed give much to the landscape; yet what it gives belongs to the objects themselves: just as joy and love awaken the dormant energies of a man's heart, and make him feel he has much within him that he never dreamt of before. Sunshine, poetry, love, joy, enrich us infinitely: but what makes their riches so precious is, that what they give us is our own: it is our own spirit that they free from its bondage, that they rouse out of its torpour. They give us ourselves. Hence, because the true nature both of events and characters cannot even be discerned, much less portrayed, without a poet's eye, is it of such importance that a historian should be not scantily endowed with imaginative power; not

indeed with an imagination like Walter Scott's, which would lead him to represent the whole pantomime of life; but with an imagination more akin to Shakspeare's, so that he may perceive and embody the powers which have striven and struggled in the drama of life. If historians had oftener been gifted with this truthseeing faculty, we should find many more characters in history to admire and love, and fewer to hate and despise. Often too, when forced to condemn, we should still see much to move our pity.

After all, what you say amounts to this, that a historian wants imagination to varnish over men's vices.

He wants imagination to conceive a man's character, without which it is impossible to comprehend his conduct. We are all prone, you know, to accuse or excuse one another, — a proneness which is so far valuable, as it is a witness of our moral nature: but unhappily we shew it much oftener by accusing than by excusing. From our tendency to generalize all our conclusions, — a tendency which also is valuable, as a witness that we are made for the discernment of law, — we are wont to try every one that ever lived by our own standard of right and wrong. Now that standard is an exceedingly proper one to try the only persons we never try by it .. ourselves. But to others it cannot justly be applied, without being modified more or less by a reference to their outward circumstances and condition, to their

education and habits,—nay, to the inward bent and force of their feelings and passions. No reasonable man will demand the same virtues from a heathen as from a Christian, or quarrel with Marcus Aurelius because he was not St Louis. Nor will he look for the same qualities in Alcibiades as in Socrates, or for the same in Alexander as in Aristotle. Nor again would it be fair to condemn Themistocles, because he did not act like Aristides; or Luther, because he differed from Melanchthon. Only when we have caught sight of the central principle of a man's character,—when we have ascertained the purpose he set himself,—when we have carefully weighed the difficulties he had to contend against, within his own heart as well as without,—can we be qualified for passing judgement on his conduct: and they who are thus qualified will mostly refrain from pronouncing a peremptory sentence. To attain to such an insight however requires imagination; it requires candour; it requires charity: it requires a mind in which the main ingredients of wisdom are duly combined and balanced. On this point you will find some excellent remarks in Coleridge's notes on Hacket's Life of Bishop Williams (*Remains* iii. 185). "In the history of the morality of a people prudence, yea cunning, is the earliest form of virtue. This is exprest in Jacob and in Ulysses, and all the most ancient fables. It will require the true philosophic calm and serenity to distinguish and appreciate the character of the morality of

our great men from Henry VIII. to the close of James I.,—*nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia,*— and of those of Charles I. to the Restoration. The difference almost amounts to contrast." And again (p. 194): "I can scarcely conceive a greater difficulty, than for an honest, warmhearted man of principle of the present day so to discipline his mind by reflexion on the circumstances and received moral system of the Stuarts age (from Elizabeth to the death of Charles I.), and its proper place in the spiral line of ascension, as to be able to regard the Duke of Buckingham as not a villain, and to resolve many of the acts of those Princes into passions, conscience-warpt and hardened by half-truths, and the secular creed of prudence, as being itself virtue, instead of one of her handmaids, when interpreted by minds constitutionally and by thier accidental circumstances imprudent and rash, yet fearful and suspicious, and with casuists and codes of casuistry as their conscience-leaders."

On the other hand historians are apt to write mainly from the Understanding, and therefore presumptuously and narrowmindedly. Dwelling amid abstractions, the Understanding has no eye for the rich varieties of real life, but only sees its own forms and fictions. Hence no faculty is more monotonous; a Jew's harp itself is scarcely more so; while the Imagination embraces and comprehends the full, perfect, magnificent diapason of Nature. The Understanding draws a circle

around itself, and fences itself in with rules ; and every other circle it pronounces to be awry ; whatever lies without those rules, it declares to be wrong. Above all is it perverse and delusive in its chase after motives. Beholding all things under the category of cause and effect, it lays down, as its prime axiom, that every action must have a motive. Then, as its dealings are almost wholly with outward things, it determines that the motive of every action must lie in something external. Now, since all actions, inasmuch as they manifest themselves in time and space, must needs come under the category of causation, there is little difficulty in tracing them to such a motive, and none in insisting that it must be the only one. But the outward motive of an action, when it stands alone, must always be imperfect : it can only receive a higher sanction from an inward, spiritual principle : very often too it will be corrupt. So that this source will mostly be impure : or, if it be too pure and clear, nothing is easier than to trouble it : you have only to tear up a flower from the brink, and to throw it in. Every good deed does good even to the doer : this is God's law. It does him good, not merely by confirming and strengthening the better principle within him, by purifying and refreshing his spirit, and unsealing the fountains of joy and peace : it is also fraught more or less, according to the laws of the universe, with outward blessings ; with health, security, honour, esteem, confidence, and

at times even with some of the lower elements of worldly prosperity. Every doer of good is worthy of admiration and praise and trust: this is man's instinctive way of realizing and fulfilling God's law. No good deed is done, except for the sake of the good the doer is to get from it: this is man's intelligent way of blaspheming, and, so far as in him lies, annulling God's law. This is the lesson which the school of selfish philosophers have learnt from their father and prototype, who prided himself on his craft, when he askt that searching question, *Does Job fear God for nought?*

You, my young friend, know that it is otherwise with you. Your conscience, enlightened by your reason, commands you to uphold that no action can be good, except such as you perform without a thought of any benefit accruing to yourself from it. You conceive, and rightly, I doubt not, that you sometimes act thus yourself. You are confident that your friends do. Hold fast that confidence: cleave to it: preserve and cherish it, as you would your honour, that sacred palladium of your soul. Do more: extend it to all: enlarge it, until, as the rainbow embraces the earth, it embraces all those whom God has made in His image. Cast away that dastardly, prudential maxim, that you are to trust no one until you have tried him. Let this be your comfortable and hopeful watchword, never to distrust any one, until you have tried him, and found him fail. Nay, after he has failed, trust him again,

even until seven times, even until seventy times seven: so peradventure may your good thoughts of him win him to entertain better thoughts of himself. And be assured that in this respect, above all others, Poetry knows far more of God's world; with whatever justice History may brag of knowing the most about the Devil's world. U.

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